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THE

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THE

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BY far the most considerable change which has taken place in the world of letters, in our days, is that by which the wits of Queen Anne's time have been gradually brought down from the supremacy which they had enjoyed, without competition, for the best part of a century. When we were at our studies, some twenty-five years ago, we can perfectly remember that every young man was set to read Pope, Swift and Addison, as regularly as Virgil, Cicero and Horace. All who had any tincture of letters were familiar with their writings and their history; allusions to them abounded in all popular discourses and all ambitious conversation; and they and their contemporaries were universally acknowledged as our great models of excellence, and placed without challenge at the head of our national literature. New books, even when allowed to have merit, were never thought of as fit to be placed in the same class, but were generally read and forgotten, and passed away like the transitory meteors of a lower sky; while *they* remained in their brightness, and were supposed to shine with a fixed and unalterable glory.

All this, however, we take it, is now pretty well altered; and in so far as persons of our antiquity can judge of the training and habits of the rising generation, those celebrated writers no longer form the manual of our studious youth, or enter necessarily into the institution of a liberal education. Their names, indeed, are still familiar to our ears; but their writings no long-

er solicit our habitual notice, and their subjects begin already to fade from our recollection. Their high privileges and proud distinctions, at any rate, have evidently passed into other hands. It is no longer to them that the ambitious look up with envy, or the humble with admiration; nor is it in their pages that the pretenders to wit and eloquence now search for allusions that are sure to captivate, and illustrations that cannot be mistaken. In this decay of their reputation they have few advocates, and no imitators: And from a comparison of many observations, it seems to be clearly ascertained, that they are declined considerably from 'the high meridian of their glory,' and may fairly be apprehended to be 'hastening to their setting.' Neither is it time alone that has wrought this obscuration; for the fame of Shakespeare still shines in undecaying brightness; and that of Bacon has been steadily advancing and gathering new honours during the whole period which has witnessed the rise and decline of his less vigorous successors.

There are but two possible solutions for phenomena of this sort. Our taste has either degenerated—or its old models have been fairly surpassed; and we have ceased to admire the writers of the last century, only because they are too good for us—or because they are not good enough. Now, we confess we are no believers in the absolute and permanent corruption of national taste; on the contrary, we think that it is, of all faculties, that which is most sure to advance and improve with time and experience; and that, with the exception of those great physical or political disasters which have given a check to civilization itself, there has always been a sensible progress in this particular; and that the general taste of every successive generation is better than that of its predecessors. There are little capricious fluctuations, no doubt, and fits of foolish admiration or fastidiousness which cannot be so easily accounted for: But the great movements are all progressive: And though the progress consists at one time in withholding toleration from gross faults, and at another in giving their high prerogative to great beauties, this alternation has no tendency to obstruct the general advance; but, on the contrary, is the best and the safest course in which it can be conducted.

We are of opinion, then, that the writers who adorned the beginning of the last century have been eclipsed by those of our own time; and that they have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy in which they have thus been supplanted. There is not, however, in our judgment, any thing very stupendous in this triumph of our contemporaries; and the greater wonder with us, is, that it was so long delayed, and left for them to

achieve. For the truth is, that the writers of the former age had not a great deal more than their judgment and industry to stand on; and were always much more remarkable for the fewness of their faults than the greatness of their beauties. Their laurels were won much more by good conduct and discipline, than by enterprizing boldness or native force;—nor can it be regarded as any very great, merit in those who had so little of the inspiration of genius, to have steered clear of the dangers to which that inspiration is liable. Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy—no pathos, and no enthusiasm;—and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth or originality. They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear and reasonable; but for the most part cold, timid, and superficial. They never meddle with the great scenes of nature, or the great passions of man; but content themselves with just and sarcastic representations of city life, and of the paltry passions and meaner vices that are bred in that lower element. Their chief care is to avoid being ridiculous in the eyes of the witty, and above all to eschew the ridicule of excessive sensibility or enthusiasm—to be witty and rational themselves with a good grace, and to give their countenance to no wisdom, and no morality, which passes the standards that are current in good company.—Their Inspiration, accordingly, is little more than a sprightly sort of good sense; and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Little gleams of pleasantry, and sparkles of wit, glitter through their compositions; but no glow of feeling—no blaze of imagination—no flashes of genius, ever irradiate their substance. They never pass beyond 'the visible diurnal sphere,' or deal in any thing that can either lift us above our vulgar nature, or ennoble its reality. With these accomplishments, they may pass well enough for sensible and polite writers,—but scarcely for men of genius; and it is certainly far more surprizing, that persons of this description should have maintained themselves, for near a century, at the head of the literature of a country that had previously produced a Shakespeare, a Bacon, and a Taylor, than that, towards the end of that long period, doubts should have arisen as to the legitimacy of the title by which they laid claim to that high station. Both parts of the phenomenon, however, we dare say, had causes which better expounders might explain to the satisfaction of all the world. We see them but imperfectly, and have room only for an imperfect sketch of what we see.

Our first literature consisted of saintly legends, and romances

of chivalry,—though Chaucer gave it a more national and popular character by his original descriptions of external nature, and the familiarity and gayety of his social humour. In the time of Elizabeth, it received a copious infusion of classical images and ideas: But it was still intrinsically romantic—serious—and even somewhat lofty and enthusiastic. Authors were then so few in number, that they were looked upon with a sort of veneration, and considered as a kind of inspired persons;—at least they were not yet so numerous, as to be obliged to abuse each other, in order to obtain a share of distinction for themselves;—and they neither affected a tone of derision in their writings, nor wrote in fear of derision from others. They were filled with their subjects, and dealt with them fearlessly in their own way; and the stamp of originality, force, and freedom, is consequently upon almost all their productions. In the reign of James I., our literature, with some few exceptions, touching rather the form than the substance of its merits, appears to us to have reached the greatest perfection to which it has yet attained; though it would probably have advanced still farther in the succeeding reign, had not the great national dissensions which then arose, turned the talent and energy of the people into other channels—first to the assertion of their civil rights, and afterwards to the discussion of their religious interests. The graces of literature suffered of course in those fierce contentions; and a deeper shade of austerity was thrown upon the intellectual chronicler of the nation. Her genius, however, though less captivating and adorned than in the happier days which preceded, was still active, fruitful and commanding; and the period of the civil wars, besides the mighty minds that guided the public councils, and were absorbed in public cares, produced the giant powers of Taylor, and Hobbes, and Barrow—the muse of Milton—the learning of Coke—and the ingenuity of Cowley.

The Restoration introduced a French court—under circumstances more favourable for the effectual exercise of court influence than ever before existed in England: But this of itself would not have been sufficient to account for the sudden change in our literature which ensued. It was seconded by causes of a more general operation. The Restoration was undoubtedly a popular act;—and, indefensible as the conduct of the army and the civil leaders was on that occasion, there can be no question that the severities of Cromwell, and the extravagance of the sectaries, had made republican professions hateful, and religious ardour ridiculous, in the eyes of the people at large. All the eminent writers of the preceding period, however, had inclined to the party that was now overthrown; and their writings had not

merely been accommodated to the character of the government under which they were produced, but were deeply imbued with its obnoxious principles, as those of their respective authors. When the restraints of authority were taken off, therefore, and it became profitable, as well as popular, to discredit the fallen party, it was natural that the leading authors should affect a style of levity and derision, as most opposite to that of their opponents, and best calculated for the purposes they had in view. The nation, too, was now for the first time essentially divided in point of character and principle, and a much greater proportion were capable both of writing in support of their own notions, and of being influenced by what was written. Add to all this, that there were real and serious defects in the style and manner of the former generation; and that the grace, and brevity, and vivacity of that gayer manner which was now introduced from France, were not only good and captivating in themselves, but had then all the charms of novelty and of contrast; and it will not be difficult to understand how it came to supplant that which had been established of old in the country, —and that so suddenly, that the same generation, among whom Milton had been formed to the severe sanctity of wisdom, and the noble independence of genius, lavished its loudest applauses on the obscenity and servility of such writers as Rochester and Wycherly.

This change, however, like all sudden changes, was too fierce and violent to be long maintained at the same pitch; and when the wits and profligates of King Charles had sufficiently insulted the seriousness and virtue of their predecessors, there would probably have been a revulsion towards the accustomed taste of the nation, had not the party of the innovators been reinforced by champions of more temperance and judgment. The result seemed at one time suspended on the will of Dryden—in whose individual person the genius of the English and of the French school of literature may be said to have maintained a protracted struggle. But the evil principle prevailed. Carried by the original bent of his genius, and his familiarity with our older models to the cultivation of our native style, to which he might have imparted more steadiness and correctness—for in force and in sweetness it was already matchless—he was unluckily seduced by the attractions of fashion, and the dazzling of the dear wit and gay rhetoric in which it delighted, to lend his powerful aid to the new corruptions and refinements; and to prostitute his great gifts to the purposes of party rage or licentious ribaldry.

The sobriety of the succeeding reigns allayed this fever of

profanity; but no genius arose sufficiently powerful to break the spell that still withheld us from the use of our own peculiar gifts and faculties. On the contrary, it was the unfortunate ambition of the next generation of authors, to improve and perfect the new style, rather than to return to the old one;—and it cannot be denied that they did improve it. They corrected its gross indecency—increased its precision and correctness—made its pleasantry and sarcasm more polished and elegant—and spread through the whole of its irony, its narration, and its reflection, a tone of clear and condensed good sense, which recommended itself to all who had, and all who had not any relish for higher beauties. This is the praise of Queen Anne's wits—and to this praise they are justly entitled. This was left for them to do, and they did it well. They were invited to it by the circumstances of their situation, and do not seem to have been possessed of any such bold or vigorous spirit, as either to neglect or to outgo the invitation. Coming into life immediately after the consummation of a bloodless revolution, effected much more by the cool sense, than the angry passions of the nation, they seem to have felt, that they were born in an age of reason, rather than of fancy; and that men's minds, though considerably divided and unsettled upon many points, were in a much better temper to relish judicious argument and cutting satire, than the glow of enthusiastic passion, or the richness of a luxuriant imagination. To these accordingly they made no pretensions; but, writing with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured, at least while the manner was new, as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen; and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison. Men grew ashamed of admiring, and afraid of imitating writers of so little skill and smartness; and the opinion became general, not only that their faults were intolerable, but that even their beauties were puerile and barbarous, and unworthy the serious regard of a polite and distinguishing age.

These, and similar considerations, will go far to account for the celebrity which those authors acquired in their day; but it is not quite so easy to explain how they should have so long retained their ascendant. One cause undoubtedly was, the real excellence of their productions, in the style which they had adopted. It was hopeless to think of surpassing them in that style; and, recommended as it was, by the felicity of their exe-

cution, it required some courage to depart from it, and to recur to another, which seemed to have been so lately abandoned for its sake. The age which succeeded, too, was not the age of courage or adventure. There never was, on the whole, a quieter time than the reigns of the two first Georges, and the greater part of that which ensued. There were two little provincial rebellions indeed, and a fair proportion of foreign war; but there was nothing to stir the minds of the people at large, to rouse their passions, or excite their imaginations—nothing like the agitations of the Reformation in the 16th century, or of the civil wars in the 17th. They went on, accordingly, minding their old business, and reading their old books, with great patience and stupidity: And certainly there never was so remarkable a dearth of original talent—so long an interruption of native genius—as during about 60 years in the middle of the last century. The dramatic art was dead 50 years before—and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, however, showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. Gray, with the talents, rather of a critic than a poet—with learning, fastidiousness, and scrupulous delicacy of taste, instead of fire, tenderness or invention—began and ended a small school, which we could scarcely have wished to become permanent—admirable in many respects as some of its productions are—being far too elaborate and artificial, either for grace or for fluency, and fitter to excite the admiration of scholars, than the delight of ordinary men. However, they had the merit of not being in any degree French, and of restoring to our poetry the dignity of seriousness, and the tone at least of force and energy. The Whartons, both as critics and as poets, were of considerable service in discrediting the high pretensions of the former race, and in bringing back to public notice the great stores and treasures of poetry which lay hid in the records of our antient literature. Akenside attempted a sort of classical and philosophical rapture, which no elegance of language could easily have rendered popular, but which had merits of no vulgar order for those who could study it. Goldsmith wrote with perfect elegance and beauty, in a style of mellow tenderness and elaborate simplicity. He had the harmony of Pope without his quaintness, and his selectness of diction without his coldness and eternal vivacity. And, last of all, came Cowper, with a style of complete originality,—and, for the first time, made it apparent to readers of all descriptions, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the models of English poetry.

In philosophy and prose writing in general, the case was

nearly parallel. The name of Hume is by far the most considerable which occurs in the period to which we have alluded. But, though his thinking was English, his style is entirely French; and being naturally of a cold fancy, there is nothing of that eloquence or richness about him, which characterizes the writings of Taylor, and Hooker, and Bacon—and continues, with less weight of matter, to please in those of Cowley and Clarendon. Warburton had great powers; and wrote with more force and freedom than the wits to whom he succeeded—but his faculties were perverted by a paltry love of paradox, and rendered useless to mankind by an unlucky choice of subjects, and the arrogance and dogmatism of his temper. Adam Smith was nearly the first who made deeper reasonings, and more exact knowledge popular among us; and Junius and Johnson the first who again familiarized us with more glowing and sonorous diction—and made us feel the tameness and poorness of the serious style of Addison and Swift.

This brings us down almost to the present times—in which the revolution in our literature has been accelerated and confirmed by the concurrence of many causes. The agitations of the French revolution, and the discussions as well as the hopes and terrors to which it gave occasion—the genius of Edmund Burke, and some others of his country—the impression of the new literature of Germany, evidently the original of our lake-school of poetry, and of many innovations in our drama—the rise or revival of a general spirit of methodism in the lower orders—and the vast extent of our political and commercial relations, which have not only familiarized all ranks of people with distant countries, and great undertakings, but have brought knowledge and enterprise home, not merely to the imagination, but to the actual experience of almost every individual.—All these, and several other circumstances, have so far improved or excited the character of our nation, as to have created an effectual demand for more profound speculation, and more serious emotion than was dealt in by the writers of the former century, and which, if it has not yet produced a corresponding supply in all branches, has at least had the effect of decrying the commodities that were previously in vogue, as unsuited to the altered condition of the times.

Of those ingenious writers, whose characteristic certainly was not vigour, any more than tenderness or fancy, SWIFT was indisputably the most vigorous—and perhaps the least tender or fanciful. The greater part of his works being occupied with politics and personalities that have long since lost all interest, can now attract but little attention, except as memorials of the manner in which politics and personalities were then conducted.

In other parts, however, there is a vein of peculiar humour and strong satire, which will always be agreeable—and a sort of heartiness of abuse and contempt of mankind, which produces a greater sympathy and animation in the reader than the more elaborate sarcasms that have since come into fashion. Altogether his merits appear to be more *unique* and inimitable than those of any of his contemporaries—and as his works are connected in many parts with historical events which it must always be of importance to understand, we conceive that there are none, of which a new and careful edition is so likely to be acceptable to the public, or so worthy to engage the attention of a person qualified for the undertaking. In this respect, the projectors of the present publication must be considered as eminently fortunate—the celebrated person who has here condescended to the functions of an Editor, being almost as much distinguished for the skill and learning required for that character, as for the creative genius which has given such unexampled popularity to his original compositions—and uniting to the minute knowledge and patient research of the Malones and Chalmerses, a vigour of judgment, and a vivacity of style to which they had no pretensions. In the exercise of these comparatively humble functions, he has acquitted himself, we think, on the present occasion, with great judgment and ability. The edition, upon the whole, is much better than that of Dryden. It is less loaded with long notes and illustrative quotations; while it furnishes all the information that can reasonably be desired, in a simple and compendious form. It contains upwards of a hundred letters, and other original pieces of Swift's, never before published—and, among the rest, all that has been preserved of his correspondence with the celebrated Vanessa. Explanatory notes and remarks are supplied with great diligence to all the passages over which time may have thrown any obscurity; and the critical observations that are prefixed to the more considerable productions, are, with a reasonable allowance for an editor's partiality to his author, very candid and ingenious.

The Life is not every where extremely well written in a literary point of view; but is drawn up, in substance, with great intelligence, liberality and good feeling. It is quite fair and moderate in politics; and perhaps rather too indulgent and tender towards individuals of all descriptions,—more full, at least, of kindness and veneration for genius and social virtue, than of indignation at baseness and profligacy. Altogether, it is not much like the production of a mere man of letters, or a fastidious speculator in sentiment and morality; but exhibits throughout, and in a very pleasing form, the good sense

and large toleration of a man of the world,—with much of that generous allowance for the

'Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise,'

which genius too often requires, and should therefore always be most forward to show. It is impossible, however, to avoid noticing, that Mr Scott is by far too favourable to the personal character of his author, whom we think, it would really be injurious to the cause of morality to allow to pass, either as a very dignified or a very amiable person. The truth is, we think, that he was extremely ambitious, arrogant and selfish; of a morose, vindictive and haughty temper; and, though capable of a sort of patronizing generosity towards his dependants, and of some attachment towards those who had long known and flattered him, his general demeanour, both in public and private life, appears to have been far from exemplary. Destitute of temper and magnanimity—and, we will add, of principle, in the former; and, in the latter, of tenderness, fidelity or compassion.

The transition of a young Whig into an old Tory—the gradual falling off of prudent men from unprofitable virtues, is, perhaps, too common an occurrence, to deserve much notice, or justify much reprobation. But Swift's desertion of his first principles was neither gradual nor early,—and was accompanied by such circumstances as really require to be exposed a little, and cannot well be passed over in a fair account of his life and character. He was bred a Whig under Sir William Temple—he took the title publicly in various productions; and, during all the reign of King William, was a strenuous, and indeed an intolerant advocate of Revolution principles and Whig pretensions. His first patrons were Somers, Portland and Halifax; and, under that ministry, the members of which he courted in private, and defended in public, he received church preferment to the value of near 400*l.* a year (equal at least to 1200*l.* at present), with the promise of still farther favours. He was dissatisfied, however, because his livings were not in England; and having been sent over on the affairs of the Irish clergy in 1710, when he found the Whig ministry in a tottering condition, he temporized for a few months, till he saw that their downfal was inevitable; and then, without even the pretext of any public motive, but on the avowed ground of not having been sufficiently rewarded for his former services, he went over in the most violent and decided manner to the prevailing party; for whose gratification he abused his former friends and benefactors, with a degree of virulence and rancour, to which it would not be too much to apply the term of brutality: And, in

the end, when the approaching death of the Queen, and their internal dissensions made his services of more importance to his new friends, openly threatened to desert them also, and retire from the scene, unless they made a suitable provision for him; and having, in this way, extorted the deanery of St Patrick's, which he always complained of as quite inadequate to his merits, he counselled measures that must have involved the country in a civil war, for the mere chance of keeping his party in power; and, finally, on the Queen's death, retired in a state of despicable despondency and bitterness to his living, where he continued, to the end of his life, to libel liberty and mankind with unrelenting and pitiable rancour—to correspond with convicted traitors to the constitution they had sworn to maintain—and to lament as the worst of calamities, the dissolution of a ministry which had no merit but that of having promised him advancement, and of which several of the leading members immediately indemnified themselves by taking office in the court of the Pretender.

As this part of his conduct is passed over a great deal too slightly by his biographer; and as nothing can be more pernicious than the notion, that the political sins of eminent persons should be forgotten in the estimate of their merits, we must beg leave to verify the comprehensive sketch we have now given, by a few references to the documents that are to be found in the volumes before us. Of his original Whig professions, no proof will probably be required, the fact being notorious, and admitted by all his biographers. Abundant evidence, however, is furnished by his first successful pamphlet in defence of Lord Somers, and the other Whig Lords impeached in 1701;—by his own express declaration in another work (vol. 3. p. 240.), that 'having been long conversant with the Greek and Latin authors, and therefore a lover of liberty, he was naturally inclined to be what they call a Whig in politics;'—by the copy of verses in which he deliberately designates himself 'a Whig, and one who wears a gown;'—by his exulting statement to Tisdal, whom he reproaches with being a Tory, and says—'To cool your insolence a little, know that the Queen, and Court, and House of Lords, and half the Commons almost, are Whigs, and the number daily increases:'—And, among innumerable other proofs, by the memorable verses on Whitehall, in which, alluding to the execution of King Charles in front of that building, he is pleased to say, with more zeal than good prosody,

> 'That theatre produced an action truly great,
> On which eternal acclamations wait,' &c.

Such being the principles, by the zealous profession of which he had first obtained distinction and preferment, and been admitted to the friendship of such men as Somers, Addison, and Steele, it only remains to be seen on what occasion, and on what considerations, he afterwards renounced them. It is, of itself, a tolerably decisive fact, that this change took place just when the Whig ministry went out of power, and their adversaries came into full possession of all the patronage and interest of the government. The whole matter, however, is fairly spoken out in various parts of his own writings:—and we do not believe there is any where on record a more barefaced avowal of political apostasy, undisguised and unpalliated by the slightest colour or pretence of public or conscientious motives. It is quite a singular fact, we believe, in the history of this sort of conversion, that he nowhere pretends to say that he had become aware of any danger to the country from the continuance of the Whig ministry—nor ever presumes to call in question the patriotism or penetration of Addison and the rest of his former associates, who remained faithful to their first professions. His only apology, in short, for this sudden dereliction of the principles which he had maintained for near forty years—for it was at this ripe age that he got the first glimpse of his youthful folly—is a pretence of ill usage from the party with whom he had held them; a pretence—to say nothing of its inherent baseness—which appears to be utterly without foundation, and of which it is enough to say, that no mention is made, till that same party is overthrown. While they remain in office, they have full credit for the sincerity of their good wishes, (see vol. xv. p. 250, &c.):—and it is not, till it becomes both safe and profitable to abuse them, that we hear of their ingratitude. Nay, so critically and judiciously timed is this discovery of their unworthiness, that, even after the worthy author's arrival in London in 1710, when the movements had begun which terminated in their ruin, he continues, for some months, to keep on fair terms with them, and does not give way to his well considered resentment, till it is quite apparent that his interest must gain by the indulgence. He says, in the Journal to Stella, a few days after his arrival, 'The Whigs would gladly lay hold on me, as a twig, while 'they are drowning,—and their great men are making me their 'clumsy apologies. But my Lord Treasurer (Godolphin) received me with a great deal of coldness, which has enraged me 'so, that I am almost vowing revenge.' In a few weeks after —the change being by that time complete—he takes his part definitively, and makes his approaches to Harley, in a manner which we should really imagine no *rat* of the present day could

have confidence enough to imitate. In mentioning his first interview with that eminent person, he says, 'I had prepared 'him before by another hand, where he was very intimate, and 'got *myself represented* (which I might justly do) *as one extreme-* 'ly *ill used by the last ministry*, after some obligation, because I 'refused to go certain lengths they would have me.' (vol. xv. p. 350.) About the same period, he gives us farther lights into the conduct of this memorable conversion, in the following passages of the Journal.

'Oct. 7. He (Harley) told me he must bring Mr St John and me acquainted; and spoke so many things of personal kindness and esteem, that I am inclined to believe what some friends had told me, that he would do every thing *to bring me over.*' He desired me to dine with him on Tuesday; and, after four hours being with him, set me down at St James's coffee-house in a hackney-coach.

'I must tell you a great piece of refinement in Harley. He charged me to come and see him often; I told him I was loath to trouble him, in so much business as he had, and desired I might have leave to come at his levee; which he immediately refused, and said, 'That was no place for friends.'

'I believe never was any thing compassed so soon: and purely done by my personal credit with Mr Harley; who *is so excessively obliging, that I know not what to make of it, unless to show the rascals of the other party, that they used a man unworthily who had deserved better.* He speaks all the kind things to me in the world. —Oct. 14. I stand with the new people ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' *Life*, Vol. I. p. 126.

'Nov. 8. Why should the Whigs think I came to England to leave them? But who the devil cares what they think? Am I under obligations in the least to any of them all? Rot them, ungrateful dogs. I will make them repent their usage of me, before I leave this place. They say the same thing here *of my leaving the Whigs; but they own they cannot blame me, considering the treatment I have had,*' &c. &c.

If he scrupled about going lengths with his Whig friends, he seems to have resolved, that his fortune should not be hurt by any delicacy of this sort in his new connexion;—for he took up the cudgels this time with the ferocity of a hireling, and the rancour of a renegade. In taking upon himself the conduct of the paper called 'The Examiner,' he gave a new character of acrimony and bitterness to the contention in which he mingled,—and not only made the most furious and unmeasured attacks upon the body of the party to which it had formerly been his boast that he belonged, but singled out, with a sort of savage discourtesy, a variety of his former friends and benefactors, and made them, by name and description, the objects of the most malignant abuse. Lord

Somers, Godolphin, Steele, and many others with whom he had formerly lived in intimacy, and from whom he had received obligations, were successively attacked in public with the most rancorous personalities, and often with the falsest insinuations: In short, as he has himself emphatically expressed it in the Journal, he 'libelled them all round.' While he was thus abusing men he could not have ceased to esteem, it is quite natural, and in course, to find him professing the greatest affection for those he hated and despised. A thorough partisan is a thorough despiser of sincerity; and no man seems to have got over that weakness more completely than the reverend person before us. In every page of the Journal to Stella, we find a triumphant statement of things he was writing or saying to the people about him, in direct contradiction to his real sentiments. We may quote a line or two from the first passage that presents itself. 'I desired my Lord Radnor's brother to let my Lord 'know I would call on him at six, which I did; and was ar-'guing with him three hours to bring him over to us; and I 'spoke so closely, that I believe he will be tractable. But he is a 'scoundrel; *and though I said I only talked from my love to him,* '*I told a lie; for I did not care if he were hanged: But every one* 'gained over is of consequence.'—Vol. III. p. 2. We think there are not many even of those who have served a regular apprenticeship to corruption and jobbing, who could go through their base task with more coolness and hardihood than this pious neophyte.

These few references are, of themselves, sufficient to show the spirit and the true motives of this dereliction of his first principles; and seem entirely to exclude the only apology which the partiality of his biographer has been able to suggest, viz. that though, from first to last, a Whig in politics, he was all along still more zealously a High-Churchman as to religion; and left the Whigs merely because the Tories seemed more favourable to ecclesiastical pretensions. It is obvious, however, that this is quite inadmissible. The Whigs were as notoriously connected with the Low-Church party when he joined and defended them, as when he deserted and reviled them;—nor is this anywhere made the specific ground of his revilings. It would not have been very easy, indeed, to have asserted such a principle as the motive of his libels on the Earl of Nottingham, who, though a Whig, was a zealous High-Churchman, or his eulogies on Bolingbroke, who was pretty well known to be no churchman at all. It appears pretty plain, indeed, that Swift's High-Church principles were merely a part of his selfishness and ambition, and meant nothing else than a desire to raise the consequence of the order to which he happened to belong. If

he had been a layman, we have no doubt he would have treated the pretensions of the priesthood, as he treated the persons of all priests who were opposed to him, with the most bitter and irreverent disdain. Accordingly, he is so far from ever recommending Whig principles of government to his High-Church friends, or from confining his abuse of the Whigs to their tenets in matters ecclesiastical, that he goes the whole length of proscribing the party, and proposing, with the desperation of a true apostate, that the Monarch should be made substantially absolute by the assistance of a military force, in order to make it impossible that their principles should ever again acquire any preponderance in the country. It is impossible, we conceive, to give any other meaning to the advice contained in his 'Free Thoughts on the State of Affairs,' which he wrote just before the Queen's death, and which Bolingbroke himself thought too strong for publication even at that critical period. His leading injunction there, is to adopt a system of the most rigorous exclusion of all Whigs from any kind of employment; and that, as they cannot be too much or too soon disabled, they ought to be proceeded against with as strong measures as can possibly consist with the lenity of our government; so that in no time to come it should be in the power of the Crown, even if it wished it, to choose an ill majority in the House of Commons. This great work, he adds very explicitly, could only be well carried on by an entire new-modelling of *the army*, and especially of the royal guards, which, as they then stood, he chooses to allege were fitter to guard a prince to the bar of a high court of justice, than to secure him on the throne (vol. V. p. 404.) This, Mr Scott himself is so little able to reconcile with the alleged Whig principles of his author, that he is forced to observe upon it, that it is 'daring uncompromising counsel, better suited to 'the genius of the man who gave it, than to that of the British 'nation, and most likely, if followed, to have led to a civil 'war.' After this admission, it really is not very easy to understand by what singular stretch of charity the learned editor conceives he may consistently hold, that Swift was always a good Revolution Whig as to politics, and only sided with the Tories—reluctantly, we must suppose, and with great tenderness to his political opponents—out of his overpowering zeal for the Church.

While he thus stooped to the dirtiest and most dishonourable part of a partisan's drudgery, it was not to be expected that he should decline any of the mean arts by which a Court party may be maintained. Accordingly, we find him regular in his attendance upon Mrs Masham, the Queen's favourite; and, after reading the contemptuous notices that occur of her in some

of his Whig letters, as 'one of the Queen's dressers, who, by great intrigue and flattery, had gained an ascendant over her,' it is very edifying to find him writing periodical accounts of the progress of her pregnancy, and 'praying God to preserve her life, which is of great importance to this nation,' &c. &c.

A connexion thus begun upon an avowed dissatisfaction with the reward of former services, cannot, with consistency, be supposed to have had any thing but self-interest as its foundation: And though Swift's love of power, and especially of the power of wounding, was probably gratified by his exertions in behalf of the triumphant party, no room is left for doubting that these exertions were substantially prompted by a desire to better his own fortune, and that his opinion of the merits of the party depended entirely upon their power and apparent inclination to perform this first of all duties. The thing is spoken out continually in the confidential Journal to Stella; and though he was very angry with Harley for offering him a bank note for fifty pounds, and refused to be his chaplain, this was very plainly because he considered these as no sufficient pay for his services—by no means because he wished them to be received without pay. Very soon after his profession of Toryism, he writes to Stella—'This is the last sally I shall ever make; but *I hope it will turn to some account.* I have done more for these, and I think they are more honest than the last.' And a little after—'My new friends are very kind; and I have promises enough. To return without some mark of distinction, would look extremely little; and I *would likewise gladly be somewhat richer than I am.*' At last, he seems to have fairly asked for the see of Hereford (vol. XVI. p. 45.); and when this is refused, he says, 'I dined with Lord Treasurer, who chid me for being absent three days. Mighty kind with a p—! Less of civility, and more of interest!' At last, when the state of the Queen's health made the duration of the ministry extremely precarious, and the support of their friends more essential, he speaks out like a true Swiss, and tells them that he will run away and leave them, if they do not instantly make a provision for him. In the Journal to Stella, he writes, that having seen the warrants for three deaneries, and none of them for him, he had gone to the Lord Treasurer, and 'told him I had nothing to do but to go back to Ireland immediately; for I could not, with any reputation, stay longer here, *unless I had something honourable immediately given to me.* He afterwards told me he had stopped the warrants, and hoped something might be compassed for me,' &c. And in the page following we find, that all his love for his dear friend the Lord Treasurer, would not

induce him ever to see him again, if he was disappointed in this object of ambition. 'The warrants for the deaneries are still 'stopped, for fear I should be gone. Do you think any thing 'will be done? In the mean time, I prepare for my journey, 'and see no great people;—*nor will I see Lord Treasurer any 'more*, if I go.' (vol. III. p.207.) It is under this threat that he extorts the Deanery of St Patrick's,—which he accepts with much grumbling and discontent, and does not enter into possession till all hope of further preferment seems for the time at an end. In this extremity he seems resolved, however, to make the most of it; and finding that the expenses of his induction and the usual payments to government on the occasion come to a considerable sum, he boldly resolves to ask a thousand pounds from the ministers, on the score of his past services, in order to make himself easy. This he announces to Stella soon after the appointment. 'I hope in time they will be persuaded *to give 'me some money* to clear off these debts. They expect I shall 'pass the next winter here; and *then I will drive them to give 'me a sum of money.*' And a little after—'I shall be sadly 'cramped, unless the Queen will give me a thousand pounds. 'I am sure she owes me a great deal more. Lord Treasurer 'rallies me upon it, and, I am sure, intends it—but *quando?*' And again—'Lord Treasurer uses me barbarously. He laughs 'when I mention a thousand pounds—though a thousand 'pounds is a very serious thing.' It appears, however, that this modest request never was complied with; for, though Bolingbroke got the Queen's warrant for it, to secure Swift's attachment after he had turned out Harley, yet her Majesty's immediate death rendered the gift unavailing.

If any thing were wanting to show that his change of party and his attachment to that which was now uppermost, was wholly founded on personal, and in no degree on public considerations, it would be supplied by the innumerable traits of personal vanity, and the unrestrained expressions of eulogy or abuse, according as that vanity was gratified or thwarted, that are scattered over the whole Journal and Correspondence,—and which are utterly irreconcileable with the conduct of a man who was acting on any principle of dignity or fairness. With all his talent and all his pride, indeed, it appears that Swift exhibited, during this period of favour, as much of the ridiculous airs of a *parvenu*—of a low-bred underling brought suddenly into contact with wealth and splendour, as any of the base understrappers that ever made party disgusting. The studied rudeness and ostentatious arrogance with which he withheld

the usual tribute of respect that all well-bred persons pay to rank and office, may be reckoned among the signs of this. But for a fuller picture, we would refer to the Diary of Bishop Kennet, who thus describes the demeanour of this politic partisan in the year 1713.

'Dr Swift came into the coffeehouse, and had a bow from every body but me. When I came to the antichamber to wait before prayers, Dr Swift was the principal man of talk and business, and acted as a master of requests. He was soliciting the Earl of Arran to speak to his brother the Duke of Ormond, to get a chaplain's place established in the garrison of Hull for Mr Fiddes, a clergyman in that neighbourhood, who had lately been in jail, and published sermons to pay fees. He was promising Mr Thorold to undertake with my Lord-Treasurer, that, according to his petition, he should obtain a salary of 200*l. per annum*, as minister of the English church at Rotterdam. He stopped F. Gwynne, Esq., going in with the red bag to the Queen, and told him aloud he had something to say to him from my Lord-Treasurer. He talked with the son of Dr Davenant to be sent abroad, and took out his pocket-book, and wrote down several things, as *memoranda*, to do for him. He turned to the fire, and took out his gold watch, and telling the time of the day, complained it was very late. A gentleman said, "he was too fast."—How can I help it," says the Doctor, "if the courtiers give me a watch that won't go right?" Then he instructed a young nobleman, that the best poet in England was Mr Pope (a Papist), who had begun a translation of Homer into English verse, for which "he must have them all subscribe;"—"for," says he, "the author *shall not* begin to print till *I have* a thousand guineas for him." Lord-Treasurer, after leaving the Queen, came through the room, beckoning Dr Swift to follow him: both went off *just before prayers.*' *Life*, Vol. I. p. 139, 140.

We are very unwilling, in any case, to ascribe to unworthy motives, what may be sufficiently accounted for upon better considerations; but we really have not charity enough to impute Swift's zealous efforts to prevent the rupture between Harley and Bolingbroke, or his continued friendship with both after that rupture took place, to his personal and disinterested affection for these two individuals. In the first place, he had a most manifest interest to prevent their disunion, as that which plainly tended to the entire dissolution of the ministry, and the ruin of the party on which he depended; and, as to his remaining the friend of both after they had become the most rancorous enemies of each other, it must be remembered that they were still respectively the two most eminent individuals with whom he had been connected; and that, if ever that party should be restored to power, from which alone he could now look for preferment, he who stood well with *both* these statesmen would have a dou-

ble chance of success. Considering, indeed, the facility with which he seems to have cast off friendships far more intimate than the inequality of their condition renders it possible that those of Oxford or Bolingbroke could be with him, whenever party interest interfered with them;—considering the disrespect with which he spoke of Sir William Temple's memory, after he had abjured his principles;—the coarseness with which he calls Lord Somers 'a false deceitful rascal,' after having designated him as the modern Aristides, for his blameless integrity;—and the unfeeling rancour with which he exposes the personal failings and pecuniary embarrassments of Steele, with whom he had been long so closely united;—it would seem to require something more than the mere personal attachment of a needy pamphleteer to two rival peers, to account for his expressions of affection for both, after one had supplanted the other. The natural solution, indeed, seems to lie sufficiently open.—After the perfidy he had shown to the Whig party, and the virulence with which he had revenged his own apostasy, there was no possibility of his being again received by them. His only chance, therefore, was in the restoration of the Tories, and his only policy to keep well with both their great leaders.

Mr Scott, indeed, chuses to represent him as actuated by a romantic attachment to Lord Oxford, and pronounces an eloquent encomium on his devoted generosity for applying for leave of absence, upon that Nobleman's disgrace, in order to be able to visit him in his retirement. Though he talks of such a visit, however, it is certain that he did not pay it; and that he was all the time engaged in the most friendly correspondence with Bolingbroke, from whom, the very day after he had kicked out his dear friend with the most undisguised anger and contempt, he condescended to receive an order for the thousand pounds he had so long solicited from his predecessor in vain. The following, too, are the terms in which Bolingbroke, at that very time, thought there was no impropriety, and could be no offence, in writing of Oxford, in a private confidential letter to this his dear devoted friend. 'Your state of late passages is right enough. I reflect upon them with indignation; and shall never forgive myself for having trusted so long to so much real pride and awkward humility;—to an air of such familiar friendship, and a heart so void of all tenderness;—to such a temper of engrossing business and power, and so perfect an incapacity to manage one, with such a tyrannical disposition to abuse the other,' &c. &c. (Vol. XVI. p. 219.) If Swift's feelings for Oxford had borne any resemblance to those which Mr Scott has imputed to him, it is not conceivable that

he should have continued upon a footing of the greatest cordiality with the man who, after supplanting him, could speak in those terms of his fallen rival. Yet Swift's friendship, as they called it, with Bolingbroke, continued as long as that with Oxford; and we find him not only giving him his advice how to act in the government which had now fallen entirely into his hands, but kindly offering, 'if his own services may be of any 'use, to attend him by the beginning of winter.' (Id. p. 215.) Those who know of what stuff political friendships are generally made, indeed, will not require even this evidence to prove the hollowness of those in which Swift was now connected. The following passage, in a letter from Lewis, the most intimate and confidential of all his coadjutors, dated only a week or two before Oxford's disgrace, gives a delicious picture, we think, of the whole of those persons for whom the learned Dean was thus professing the most disinterested attachment, and receiving, no doubt, in return, professions not less animated and sincere. It is addressed to Swift in July 1714.

'I meet with no man or woman, who pretend upon any probable grounds to judge who will carry the great point. Our female friend (Mrs Masham) told the dragon (Lord Oxford) in her own house, last Thursday morning, these words: "You never did the Queen any service, nor are you capable of doing her any." He made no reply, *but supped with her and Mercurialis* (Bolingbroke) *that night at her own house.*—His *revenge is not the less meditated for that.* He tells the words clearly and distinctly to all mankind. *Those who range under his banner, call her ten thousand bitches and kitchen-wenches. Those who hate him do the same.* And from my heart, I grieve that she should give such a loose to her passion: for she is susceptible of true friendship, and has many social and domestic virtues. The great attorney (Lord Chancellor Harcourt), who made you the sham offer of the Yorkshire living, had a long conference with the dragon on Thursday, *kissed him at parting,* and *cursed him at night!*' XVI. p. 173, 174.

The death of Queen Anne, however, which happened on the 1st of August thereafter, speedily composed all those dissensions, and confounded the victors and the vanquished in one common proscription. Among the most miserable and downcast of all the mourners on that occasion, we confess we were somewhat surprised to find our reverend author. He who, but a few months before, was willing to have hazarded all the horrors of a civil war, for the chance of keeping his party in office, sunk instantly into pitiable and unmanly despondency upon the final disgrace of that party. We are unwilling to believe, and we do not in fact believe, that Swift was privy to the designs of Bolingbroke, Ormond, and Mar, to bring in the

Pretender on the Queen's demise, and are even disposed to hold it doubtful whether Oxford concurred in those measures; but we are sure that no man of common firmness could have felt more sorrow and despair, if the country had been conquered by a lawless invader, than this friend of the Act of Settlement did upon the quiet and regular transmission of the sceptre to the appointed heir, and the discomfiture of those ministers who are proved to have traitorously conspired to accomplish a counter revolution, and restore a dynasty which he always affected to consider as justly rejected. How all this sorrow is to be reconciled to the character of a good Revolution Whig, we leave it to the learned editor, who has invested him with that character, to discover. To us it merely affords new evidence of the selfishness and ambition of the individual, and of that utter and almost avowed disregard of the public, which constituted his political character. Of the sorrow and despondency itself, we need produce no proofs,—for they are to be found in every page of his subsequent writings. His whole life, indeed, after this event, was one long fit of spleen and lamentation: and, to the very end of his days, he never ceases bewailing the irreparable and grievous calamity which the world had suffered in the death of that most imbecile princess. He speaks of it, in short, throughout, as a pious divine might be supposed to speak of the fall of primeval man from the state of innocence. The sun seems darkened for ever in his eyes, and mankind to be degenerated beyond the toleration of one who was cursed with the remembrance of their former dignity! And all this for what?—because the government was, with the full assent of the nation, restored to the hands of those whose talents and integrity he had once been proud to celebrate—or rather, because it was taken from those who would have attempted, at the evident risk of a civil war, to defeat that solemn settlement of which *he* had always approved, and in virtue of which alone the late Sovereign had succeeded;—because the liberties of the nation were again to be secured in peace, under the same councils which had carried its glories so high in war—and the true friends of the Revolution of 1688 to succeed to that patronage which had previously been exercised by its virtual enemies! Such were the public calamities which he had to lament as a patriot;—and the violence done to his political attachments seems to have been of the same character. His two friends were Bolingbroke and Oxford: and both these had been abusing each other, and endeavouring to supplant each other, with all their might, for a long period of time;—and, at last, one of them did this good office to the other, in the most insulting and malignant manner he could devise: And yet the worthy Dean had charity enough to

love them both just as dearly as ever. He was always a zealous advocate, too, for the Act of Settlement; and has in twenty places expressed his abomination of all who could allow themselves to think of the guilt of calling in the Pretender. If, therefore, he could love and honour and flatter Bolingbroke, who not only turned out his beloved Oxford, but actually went over to the Pretender, it is not easy to see why he should have been so implacable towards those older friends of his, who only turned out Bolingbroke, in order to prevent the Pretender from being brought in. On public grounds, in short, there is nothing to be said for him;—nor can his conduct or feelings ever receive any explanation upon such principles. But every thing becomes plain and consistent when we look to another quarter—when we consider, that by the extinction of the Tory party, his hopes of preferment were also extinguished, and that he was no longer to enjoy the dearer delight of bustling in the front of a triumphant party—of inhaling the incense of adulation from its servile dependants—and of insulting with impunity the principles and the benefactors he had himself deserted.

That this was the true key to his feelings, on this and on every other occasion, may be concluded indeed with safety, not only from his former, but from his after life. His Irish politics may all be referred to one principle—a desire to insult and embarrass the government by which he was neglected, and with which he despaired of being reconciled;—A single fact is decisive upon this point. While his friends were in power, we hear nothing of the grievances of Ireland; and to the last we hear nothing of its radical grievance, the oppression of its Catholic population. His object was, not to do good to Ireland, but to vex and annoy the English ministry. To do this however with effect, it was necessary that he should speak to the interests and the feelings of some party who possessed a certain degree of power and influence. This unfortunately was not the case in that day with the Catholics; and though this gave them only a stronger title to the services of a truly brave or generous advocate, it was sufficient to silence Swift. They are not so much as named above two or three times in his writings—and then only with scorn and reprobation. In the topics which he does take up, it is no doubt true, that he frequently inveighs against real oppressions and acts of indisputable impolicy; yet it is no want of charity to say, that it is quite manifest that this was not his motive for bringing them forward, and that he had just as little scruple to make an outcry, where no public interest was concerned, as where it was apparent. It was sufficient for him, that the subject was likely to excite popular prejudice and clamour,—or that he had some personal

pique or animosity to gratify. The Drapier's letters are a sufficient proof of the influence of the former principle; and the Legion Club, and the numberless brutalities against Tighe and Betesworth, of the latter. Every body is now satisfied of the perfect harmlessness, and indeed of the great utility of Wood's scheme for a new copper coinage; and the only pretexts for the other scurrilities to which we have alluded were, that the Parliament had shown a disposition to interfere for the alleviation, in some inconsiderable particulars, of the intolerable oppression of the tithe system,—to the detriment, as Swift imagined, of the order to which he himself belonged; and that Mr Tighe had obtained for a friend of his own, a living which Swift had wished to secure for one of his dependants.

His main object in all this, we make no doubt, was personal pique and vengeance;—yet it is probable, that there was occasionally, or throughout, an expectation of being again brought into the paths of power and preferment, by the notoriety which these publications enabled him to maintain, and by the motives which they held out to each successive ministry, to secure so efficient a pen in their favour. That he was willing to have made his peace with Walpole, even during the reign of George I., is admitted by Mr Scott,—though he discredits the details which Lord Chesterfield and others have given, apparently from very direct authority, of the humiliating terms upon which he was willing to accede to the alliance:—and it is certain, that he paid his court most assiduously to the successor of that Prince, both while he was Prince of Wales, and after his accession to the throne. The manner in which he paid his court, too, was truly debasing, and especially unworthy of a High-Churchman and a public satirist. It was chiefly by flatteries and assiduity to his mistress, Mrs Howard, with whom he maintained a close correspondence, and upon whom he always professed mainly to rely for advancement. When George I. died, Swift was among the first to kiss the hands of the new Sovereign, and indulged anew in the golden dreams of preferment. Walpole's recall to power, however, soon overcast those visions; and he then wrote to the mistress, humbly and earnestly entreating her, to tell him sincerely what were his chances of success. She flattered him for a while with hopes; but at last he discovered that the prejudice against him was too strong to be overcome, and ran back in terrible humour to Ireland, where he railed ever after with his usual vehemence against the King, the Queen, and the favourite. The truth, it seems, was, that the latter was disposed to favour him, but that her influence with the King was subordinate to that of the Queen, who made

it a principle to thwart all applications which were made through that channel.

Such, we think, is a faithful sketch of the political career of this celebrated person;—and if it be correct in the main, or even in any material particulars, we humbly conceive that a more unprincipled and base course of proceeding never was held up to the contempt and abhorrence of mankind. To the errors and even the inconsistencies of honest minds, we hope we shall always be sufficiently indulgent, and especially to such errors in practical life as are incident to literary and ingenious men. For Swift, however, there is no such apology. His profession, through life, was much more that of a politician than of a clergyman or an author. He was not led away in any degree by heated fancy, or partial affection—by deluding visions of impossible improvements, or excessive indignation at incurable vices. He followed, from first to last, the eager, but steady impulse of personal ambition and personal animosity; and in the dirty and devious career into which they impelled him, he never spared the character or the feelings of a single individual who appeared to stand in his way. In no respect, therefore, can he have any claim to lenity;—and now, when his faults are of importance only as they may serve the purpose of warning or misleading to others, we consider it as our indispensable duty to point them out in their true colours, and to show that, even when united to talents as distinguished as his, political profligacy and political rancour must lead to universal distrust and avoidance during the life of the individual, and to contempt and infamy thereafter.

Of Swift's personal character, his ingenious biographer has given almost as partial a representation, as of his political conduct;—a great part of it indeed has been anticipated, in tracing the principles of that conduct,—the same arroganee and disdain of mankind, leading to profligate ambition and scurrility in public life, and to domineering and selfish habits in private. His character seems to have been radically overbearing and tyrannical;—for though, like other tyrants, he could stoop low enough where his interests required it, it was his delight to exact an implicit compliance with his humours and fancies, and to impose upon all around him the task of observing and accommodating themselves to his habits, without the slightest regard to their convenience or comfort. Wherever he came, the ordinary forms of society were to give way to his pleasure; and every thing, even to the domestic arrangements of a family, to be suspended for his caprice.—If he was to be introduced to a person of rank, he insisted that the first advances and the first

visit should be made to him. If he went to see a friend in the country, he would order an old tree to be cut down, if it obstructed the view from his window—and was never at his ease unless he was allowed to give nicknames to the lady of the house, and make lampoons upon her acquaintance. On going for the first time into any family, he frequently prescribed before hand the hours for their meals, sleep, and exercise: and insisted rigorously upon the literal fulfilment of the capitulation. From his intimates he uniformly exacted the most implicit submission to all his whims and absurdities; and carried his prerogative so far, that he sometimes used to chase the Grattans, and other accommodating friends, through the apartments of the Deanery, and up and down stairs, driving them like horses, with a large whip, till he thought he had enough of exercise. All his jests have the same character of insolence and coarseness. When he first came to his curate's house, he announced himself as 'his master;'—took possession of the fireside, and ordered his wife to take charge of his shirts and stockings. When a young clergyman was introduced to him, he offered him the dregs of a bottle of wine, and said, he always kept a poor parson about him to drink up his dregs. Even in hiring servants, he always chose to insult them, by inquiring into their qualifications for some filthy and degrading office. And though it may be true, that his after conduct was not exactly of a piece with those preliminaries, it is obvious, that as no man of proper feelings could submit to such impertinence, so no man could have a right to indulge in it it. Even considered merely as a manner assumed to try the character of those with whom he lived, it was a test which no one but a tyrant could imagine himself entitled to apply;—and Swift's conclusion from it was just the reverse of what might be expected. He attached himself to those only who were mean enough to bear this usage, and broke with all who resented it. While he had something to gain or to hope from the world, he seems to have been occasionally less imperious; but, after he retired to Ireland, he gave way without restraint to the native arrogance of his character; and, accordingly, confined himself almost entirely to the society of a few easy tempered persons, who had no talents or pretensions to come in competition with his; and who, for the honour of his acquaintance, were willing to submit to the dominion he usurped.

A singular contrast to the rudeness and arrogance of this behaviour to his friends and dependants, is afforded by the instances of extravagant adulation and base humility, which occur in his addresses to those upon whom his fortune depended. After he gets into the society of Bolingbroke and Oxford,

and up to the age of forty, these are composed in something of a better taste; but the true models are to be found in his addresses to Sir William Temple, the first and most honoured of his patrons, upon whose sickness and recovery he has indited a heroic epistle and a Pindaric ode, more fulsome and extravagant than any thing that had then proceeded from the pen even of a poet-laureate; and to whom, after he had left his family in bad humour, he sends a miserable epistle, entreating a certificate of character, in terms which are scarcely consistent with the consciousness of deserving it; and are, at all events, infinitely inconsisent with the proud and peremptory tone which he assumed to those who would bear it. A few lines may be worth quoting. He was then full 27 years of age, and a candidate for ordination. After explaining this, he adds—

'I entreat that your honour will consider this, and will please to send me some certificate of my behaviour during almost three years in your family; wherein I shall stand in need of all your goodness to excuse my many weaknesses and oversights, much more to say any thing to my advantage. The particulars expected of me are what relate to morals and learning, and the reasons of quitting your honour's family, that is, whether the last was occasioned by any ill actions. They are all left entirely to your honour's *mercy*, though in the first I think I cannot reproach myself any farther than for *infirmities*.

'This is all I dare beg at present from your honour, under circumstances of life not worth your regard. What is left me to wish (next to the health and prosperity of your honour and family) is, that Heaven would one day allow me the opportunity of leaving my acknowledgments at your feet for so many favours I have received; which, whatever effect they have had upon my fortune, shall never fail to have the greatest upon my mind, in approving myself, upon all occasions, your honour's most obedient and most dutiful servant.' Vol. XV. p. 230, 231.

By far the most characteristic, and at the same time the most discreditable and most interesting part of Swift's history, however, is that which relates to his connexion with the three unfortunate women, whose happiness he ruined, and whose reputation he did what was in him to destroy. We say, the three women—for though *Varina* was cast off before he had fame or practice enough in composition to celebrate her in song like *Stella* or *Vanessa*, her injuries seem to have been nearly as great, and altogether as unpardonable as those of the other two. Soon after leaving college, he appears to have formed, or at best professed, an attachment to a Miss Jane Waryng, the sister of a fellow student, to whom his assiduities seem to have rendered him acceptable, and with whom he corresponded for a

series of years, under the preposterous name of Varina. There appear to be but two letters of this correspondence preserved, both written by Swift, one in the height of his passion, and the other in its decline—and both extremely characteristic and curious. The first is dated in 1696, and is chiefly remarkable for its extreme badness and stupidity, though it is full enough of love and lamentation. The lady, it seems, had long before confessed a mutual flame; but prudential considerations made her averse to an immediate union,—upon which the lover raves and complains in the following deplorable sentences,—written, it will be observed, when he was on the borders of thirty, and proving, along with his early poems, how very late he came to the use of his faculties.

'Madam—Impatience is the most inseparable quality of a lover, and indeed of every person who is in pursuit of a design whereon he conceives his greatest happiness or misery to depend. It is the same thing in war, in courts, and in common business. Every one who hunts after pleasure or fame, or fortune, is still restless and uneasy till he has hunted down his game; and all this is not only very natural, but something reasonable too; for a violent desire is little better than a distemper, and therefore men are not to blame in looking after a cure. *I find myself hugely infected with this malady,* and am easily vain enough to believe it has some very good reasons to excuse it. For indeed, in my case, there are some circumstances which will admit pardon for more than ordinary disquiets. That dearest object upon which all my prospect of happiness entirely depends, is in perpetual danger to be removed for ever from my sight. Varina's life is daily wasting; and though one just and honourable action would furnish health to her, and unspeakable happiness to us both, yet some power that repines at human felicity has that influence to hold her continually doating upon her cruelty, and me on the cause of it.

'Would to heaven you were but a while sensible of the thoughts into which my present distractions plunge me; *they hale me a thousand ways, and I not able to bear them. It is so, by Heaven:* The love of Varina is of more tragical consequence than her cruelty. Would to God you had treated and scorned me from the beginning. It was your pity opened the first way to my misfortune; and now your love is finishing my ruin: and is it so then? In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina; and (I wonder) will she weep at parting, a little to justify her poor pretences of some affection to me?

'Surely, Varina, you have but a very mean opinion of the joys that accompany a true, honourable, unlimited love; yet either nature *and our ancestors* have highly deceived us, or else all other sublunary things are dross in comparison. Is it possible you can be yet insensible to the prospect of a rapture and delight so innocent and so exalted? *By Heaven, Varina, you are more experienced*

and have less virgin innocence than I. Would not your conduct make one think you were hugely skilled in all the little politic methods of intrigue? Love, with the gall of too much discretion, is a thousand times worse than with none at all. It is a peculiar part of nature which art debauches, but cannot improve.

'Farewell, madam; and may love make you a while forget your temper to do me justice. Only remember, *that if you still refuse to be mine, you will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that has resolved to die as he has lived, all yours,* JON. SWIFT.' Vol. XV. p. 232–237.

Notwithstanding these tragic denunciations, he neither died —nor married—nor broke off the connexion, for four years thereafter; in the latter part of which, having been at last presented to two livings in Ireland, worth near 400*l.* a year, the lady seems to have been reduced to remind him of his former impatience, and fairly to ask him, whether his affections had suffered any alteration. His answer to this appeal is contained in the second letter;—and is, we think, one of the most complete patterns of meanness, selfishness and brutality, we have ever met with. The truth undoubtedly was, that his affections were estranged, and had probably settled by this time on the unfortunate Stella: But instead of either fairly avowing this inconstancy, or honourably fulfilling engagements, from which inconstancy perhaps could not release him, he thinks fit to write, in the most frigid, insolent, and hypocritical terms, undervaluing her fortune and person, and finding fault with her humour;—and yet pretending, that if she would only comply with certain conditions, which he specifies, he might still be persuaded to venture himself with her into the perils of matrimony. It will be recollected, that when he urged immediate marriage so passionately in 1696, he had no provision in the world, and must have intended to live on her fortune, which yielded about 100*l.* a year, and that he thought her health as well as happiness would be saved by the match. In 1700, when he had got two livings, he addresses her as follows—

'I desire, therefore, you will let me know if your health be otherwise than it was when you told me the doctors advised you against marriage, as what would certainly hazard your life. Are they or you grown of another opinion in this particular? are you in a condition to manage domestic affairs, with an income of less (perhaps) than three hundred pounds a-year? (it must have been near 500*l.*) have you such an inclination to my person and humour, as to comply with my desires and way of living, and endeavour to make us both as happy as you can? can you bend your love and esteem and indifference to others the same way as I do mine? shall I have so much power in your heart, or you so much government of your pas-

sions, as to grow in good humour upon my approach, though provoked by a ———? have you so much good nature as to endeavour by soft words to smooth any rugged humour occasioned by the cross accidents of life? shall the place wherever your husband is thrown be more welcome than courts or cities without him? *In short, these are some of the necessary methods to please men, who, like me, are deep read in the world; and to a person thus made, I should be proud in giving all due returns towards making her happy.*' Vol. xv. p. 247, 248.

He then tells her, that if every thing else were suitable, he should not care whether her person were beautiful, or her fortune large.

'Cleanliness in the first, and competency in the other, is all I look for. I desire, indeed, a plentiful revenue, but would rather it should be of my own; though I should bear from a wife to be reproached for the greatest.' Vol. xv. p. 248.

To complete the picture of his indifference, or rather his ill-disguised disinclination, he adds—

'The dismal account you say I have given you of my livings I can assure you to be a true one; and, since it is a dismal one even in your own opinion, *you can best draw consequences from it.* The place where Dr Bolton lived is upon a living which he keeps with the deanery; but the place of residence for that they have given me is within a mile of a town called Trim, twenty miles from hence; and there is no other way but to hire a house at Trim, or build one on the spot: the *first is hardly to be done, and the other I am too poor to perform at present.*' Vol. xv. p. 246.

The lady, as was to be expected, broke off all correspondence after this letter—and so ended Swift's first matrimonial engagement, and first eternal passion!—What became of the unhappy person, whom he thus heartlessly abandoned, with impaired health and mortified affections, after a seven-years courtship, is no where explained. The fate of his next victim is at least more notorious.

Esther Johnson, better known to the readers of Swift's works by the name of *Stella*, was the child of a London merchant, who died in her infancy, when she went with her mother, who was a friend of Sir W. Temple's sister, to reside at Moorpark, where Swift was then domesticated. Some part of the charge of her education devolved upon him;—and though he was twenty years her senior, the interest with which he regarded her, appears to have ripened into something as much like affection as could find a place in his selfish bosom. Soon after Sir William's death, he got his Irish livings, besides a considerable legacy;—and as she had a small independence of her own, it is obvious that there was nothing to prevent their honourable and immediate union. Some cold-blooded vanity or ambition, how-

ever, or some politic anticipation of his own possible inconstancy, deterred him from this onward and open course, and led him to an arrangement which was dishonourable and absurd in the beginning, and in the end productive of the most accumulated misery. He prevailed upon her to remove her residence from the bosom of her own family in England, to his immediate neighbourhood in Ireland, where she took lodgings with an elderly companion, of the name of Mrs Dingley—avowedly for the sake of his society and protection, and on a footing of intimacy so very strange and unprecedented, that whenever he left his parsonage house for England or Dublin, these ladies immediately took possession, and occupied it till he came back. —A situation so extraordinary and undefined, was liable of course to a thousand misconstructions; and must have been felt as degrading by any woman of spirit and delicacy: And accordingly, though the master of this Platonic seraglio seems to have used all manner of paltry and insulting practices, to protect a reputation which he had no right to bring into question,—by never seeing her except in the presence of Mrs Dingley, and never sleeping under the same roof with her,—it is certain both that the connexion was regarded as indecorous by persons of her own sex, and that she felt it to be humiliating and improper. Accordingly, within two years after her settlement in Ireland, it appears that she encouraged the addresses of a clergyman of the name of Tisdall, between whom and Swift there was a considerable intimacy; and that she would have married him, and thus sacrificed her earliest attachment to her freedom and her honour, had she not been prevented by the private dissuasions of that false friend, who did not chuse to give up his own claims to her, although he had not the heart or the honour to make her lawfully his own. She was then a blooming beauty, of little more than twenty, with fine black hair, delicate features, and a playful and affectionate character. It seems doubtful to us, whether she originally felt for Swift any thing that could properly be called love—and her willingness to marry another in the first days of their connexion, seems almost decisive on the subject: But the ascendancy he had acquired over her mind, and her long habit of submitting her own judgment and inclinations to his, gave him at least an equal power over her, and moulded her pliant affections into too deep and exclusive a devotion. Even before his appointment to the Deanery of St Patrick's, it is utterly impossible to devise any apology for his not marrying her, or allowing her to marry another; the only one that he ever appears to have stated himself, viz. the want of a sufficient fortune to sustain the expenses

of matrimony, being palpably absurd in the mouth of a man born to nothing, and already more wealthy than nine-tenths of his order: But, after he obtained that additional preferment, and was thus ranked among the well beneficed dignitaries of the establishment, it was plainly an insult upon common sense to pretend that it was the want of money that prevented him from fulfilling his engagements. Stella was then 27, and he near 45; and both had hitherto lived very far within an income that was now more than doubled. That she now expected to be made his wife, appears from the pains he takes in the Journal indirectly to destroy that expectation; and though the awe in which he habitually kept her, probably prevented her either from complaining, or inquiring into the cause, it is now certain that a new attachment, as heartless, as unprincipled, and as fatal in its consequences as either of the others, was at the bottom of this cruel and unpardonable proceeding.

During his residence in London, from 1710 to 1712, he had leisure, in the intervals of his political labours, to form the acquaintance of Miss Esther Vanhomrigh, whose unfortunate love he has recorded with no great delicacy, under the name of Vanessa. This young lady, then only in her twentieth year, joined to all the attractions of youth, fashion and elegance, the still more dangerous gifts of a lively imagination, a confiding temper, and a capacity of strong and permanent affection.—Swift, regardless of the ties which bound him to Stella, allowed himself to be engaged by those qualities; and, without explaining the nature of those ties to his new idol, strove by his assiduities to obtain a return of affection—while he studiously concealed from the unhappy Stella the wrong he was conscious of doing her. We willingly borrow the words of his partial biographer, to tell the rest of a story, which, we are afraid, we should tell with little temper ourselves.

'While Vanessa was occupying much of his time, and much doubtless of his thoughts, she is never once mentioned in the Journal directly by name, and is only twice casually indicated by the title of Vanhomrigh's eldest daughter. There was, therefore, a consciousness on Swift's part, that his attachment to his younger pupil was of a nature which could not be gratifying to her predecessor, although he probably shut his own eyes to the consequences of an intimacy which he wished to conceal from those of Stella. Miss Vanhomrigh, in the mean while, conscious of the pleasure which Swift received from her society, and of the advantages of youth and fortune which she possessed, and ignorant of the peculiar circumstances in which he stood with respect to another, naturally, and surely without offence either to reason or virtue, gave way to the hope of forming an union with a man whose talents had first attracted her admir-

ation, and whose attentions, in the course of their mutual studies, had, by degrees, gained her affections, and seemed to warrant his own. It is easy for those who look back on this melancholy story, to blame the assiduity of Swift, or the imprudence of Vanessa. But the first deviation from the strait line of moral rectitude, is, in such a case, so very gradual, and, on the female side, the shades of colour which part esteem from affection, and affection from passion, are so imperceptibly heightened, that they who fail to stop at the exact point where wisdom bids, have much indulgence to claim from all who share with them the frailties of mortality. The imprudent friends continued to use the language of friendship, but with the assiduity and earnestness of a warmer passion, until Vanessa rent asunder the veil, by intimating to Swift the state of her affections; and in this, as she conceived, she was justified by his own favourite, though dangerous maxim, of doing that which seems in itself right, without respect to the common opinion of the world. We cannot doubt that he actually felt the "shame, disappointment, guilt, surprise," expressed in his celebrated poem, though he had not courage to take the open and manly course of avowing those engagements with Stella, or other impediments which prevented him from accepting the hand and fortune of her rival.—Without, therefore, making this painful but just confession, he answered the avowal of Vanessa's passion, at first in raillery, and afterwards by an offer of devoted and everlasting friendship, founded on the basis of virtuous esteem. Vanessa seems neither to have been contented nor silenced by the result of her declaration; but to the very close of her life persisted in endeavouring, by entreaties and arguments, to extort a more lively return to her passion, than this cold proffer was calculated to afford.

'The effect of his increasing intimacy with the fascinating Vanessa, may be plainly traced in the Journal to Stella, which, in the course of its progress, becomes more and more cold and indifferent,—breathes fewer of those aspirations after the quiet felicity of a life devoted to M. D. and the willows at Laracor,—uses less frequently the affectionate jargon, called the "little language," in which his fondness at first displays itself,—and, in short, exhibits all the symptoms of waning affection. Stella was neither blind to the altered style of his correspondence, nor deaf to the rumours which were wafted to Ireland. Her letters are not preserved; but, from several passages of the Journal, it appears that they intimated displeasure and jealousy, which Swift endeavours to appease.

'Upon Swift's return to Ireland, we may guess at the disturbed state of his feelings, wounded at once by ungratified ambition, and harassed by his affection being divided between two objects, each worthy of his attachment, and each having great claims upon him, while neither was likely to remain contented with the limited return of friendship in exchange for love, and that friendship too divided with a rival. The claims of Stella were preferable in point of date;

and, to a man of honour and good faith, in every respect irresistible. She had resigned her country, her friends, and even hazarded her character, in hopes of one day being united to Swift. But if Stella had made the greater sacrifice, Vanessa was the more important victim. She had youth, fortune, fashion; all the acquired accomplishments and information in which Stella was deficient; possessed at least as much wit, and certainly higher powers of imagination. She had, besides, enjoyed the advantage of having in a manner compelled Swift to hear and reply to the language of passion. There was, in her case, no Mrs Dingley, no convenient third party, whose presence in society and community in correspondence, necessarily imposed upon both a restraint, convenient perhaps to Swift, but highly unfavourable to Stella. Vanessa could address Swift directly in her own name, and, as he was obliged to reply in the same manner, there is something in the eloquence of affection that must always extort a corresponding answer. There is little doubt, therefore, that Swift, at this time, gave Vanessa a preference in his affection, although, for a reason hereafter to be hinted, it is probable, that the death or removal of one of these far-famed rivals, would not have accelerated his union with the other. At least we are certain, that, could the rivals have laid jealousy and desire to sleep, the lover's choice would been to have bounded his connexion with both within the limits of Platonic affection. That he had no intention to marry Vanessa, is evident from passages in his letters, which are inconsistent with such an arrangement; as, on the other hand, their whole tenor excludes that of a guilty intimacy.—On the other hand, his conduct, with respect to Stella, was equally dubious. So soon as he was settled in the Deanery-house, his first care was to secure lodgings for Mrs Dingley and Stella, upon Ormond's Quay, on the other side of the Liffy; and to resume, with the same guarded caution, the intercourse which had formerly existed between them. But circumstances soon compelled him to give that connexion a more definite character.

'Mrs Vanhomrigh was now dead. Her two sons survived her but a short time; and the circumstances of the young ladies were so far embarrassed by inconsiderate expenses, as gave them a handsome excuse for retiring to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Celbridge. The arrival of Vanessa in Dublin excited the apprehensions of Swift, and the jealousy of Stella. However imprudently the Dean might have indulged himself and the unfortunate young lady, by frequenting her society too frequently during his residence in England, there is no doubt that he was alive to all the hazards that might accrue to the reputation and peace of both, by continuing the same intimacy in Dublin. But the means of avoiding it were no longer in his power, although his reiterated remonstrances assumed even the character of unkindness. She importuned him with complaints of neglect and cruelty; and it was obvi-

ous, that any decisive measure to break their correspondence, would be attended with some such tragic consequence, as, though late, at length concluded their story. Thus engaged in a labyrinth, where perseverance was wrong, and retreat seemed almost impossible, Swift resolved to temporize, in hopes, probably, that time, accident, the mutability incident to violent affections, might extricate himself and Vanessa from the snare in which his own culpable imprudence had involved them. Meanwhile, he continued to bestow on her those marks of regard which it was impossible to refuse to her feelings towards him, even if they had not been reciprocal. But the conduct which he adopted as kindest to Miss Vanhomrigh, was likely to prove fatal to Stella. His fears and affections were next awakened for that early favourite, whose suppressed grief and jealousy, acting upon a frame naturally delicate, menaced her health in an alarming manner. The feelings with which Swift beheld the wreck which his conduct had occasioned, will not bear description. Mrs Johnson had forsaken her country, and clouded even her reputation, to become the sharer of his fortunes, when at their lowest; and the implied ties by which he was bound to make her compensation, were as strong as the most solemn promise, if indeed even promises of future marriage had not been actually exchanged between them. He employed Dr St George Ashe, bishop of Clogher, his tutor and early friend, to request the cause of her melancholy; and he received the answer which his conscience must have anticipated—it was her sensibility to his recent indifference, and to the discredit which her own character sustained from the long subsistence of the dubious and mysterious connexion between them. To convince her of the constancy of his affection, and to remove her beyond the reach of calumny, there was but one remedy. To this communication Swift replied, that he had formed two resolutions concerning matrimony:—one, that he would not marry till possessed of a competent fortune; the other, that the event should take place at a time of life which gave him a reasonable prospect to see his children settled in the world. The independence proposed, he said, he had not yet achieved, being still embarrassed by debt; and, on the other hand, he was past that term of life after which he had determined never to marry. Yet he was ready to go through the ceremony for the ease of Mrs Johnson's mind, providing it should remain a strict secret from the public, and that they should continue to live separately, and in the same guarded manner as formerly. To these hard terms Stella subscribed; they relieved her own mind at least from all scruples on the impropriety of their connexion; and they soothed her jealousy, by rendering it impossible that Swift should ever give his hand to her rival. They were married in the garden of the deanery, by the Bishop of Clogher, in the year 1716.' I. 229–238.

Even admitting all the palliations that are here suggested, it is plain that Swift's conduct is utterly indefensible—and that his ingenious biographer thinks nearly as ill of it as we do. Sup-

posing it possible that a man of his penetration should have inspired an innocent young girl with a violent passion, without being at all aware of it, what possible apology can there be for his not disclosing his engagements with Mrs Johnson, and peremptorily breaking off all intercourse with her rejected rival?—He was bound to *her* by ties even more sacred than those of actual marriage—and was no more at liberty, under such circumstances, to disguise that connexion than the other:—or if he had himself unconsciously imbibed an irresistible passion for his younger admirer, it would have been far less guilty or dishonourable to have avowed this to Stella, and followed the impulse of such a fatal attachment. In either of these ways, he would have spared at least one of his victims. But he had not the apology of any such passion; and, desirous apparently of saving himself the shock of any unpleasant disclosure, or wishing to secure to himself the gratification of both their attachments, he endeavoured basely to conceal from each the share which the other had in his affections, and sacrificed the peace of both to the indulgence of this mean and cold-blooded duplicity. The same disgusting and brutal selfishness is, if possible, still more apparent, in the mortifying and degrading conditions he annexed to his nominal marriage with Stella, for the concealment of which no reason can be assigned, to which it is possible to listen with patience,—at least after the death of Vanessa had removed all fear of its afflicting or irritating that unhappy rival. This tragical event, of which Swift was as directly and as guiltily the cause, as if he had plunged a dagger into her heart, is described with much feeling by Mr Scott, who has added a fuller account of her previous retirement than any former editor.

'About the year 1717, she retired from Dublin to her house and property near Celbridge, to nurse her hopeless passion in seclusion from the world. Swift seems to have foreseen and warned her against the consequences of this step. His letters uniformly exhort her to seek general society, to take exercise, and to divert, as much as possible, the current of her thoughts from the unfortunate subject which was preying upon her spirits. He even exhorts her to leave Ireland. But these admonitions are mingled with expressions of tenderness, greatly too warm not to come from the heart, and too strong to be designed merely to soothe the unfortunate recluse. Until the year 1720, he never appears to have visited her at Celbridge; they only met when she was occasionally in Dublin. But in that year, and down to the time of her death, Swift came repeatedly to Celbridge; and, from the information of a most obliging correspondent, I am enabled to give account of some minute particulars attending them.

'Marley Abbey, near Celbridge, where Miss Vanhomrigh resided, is built much in the form of a real cloister, especially in its external appearance. An aged man (upwards of ninety by his own account) showed the grounds to my correspondent. He was the son of Mrs Vanhomrigh's gardener, and used to work with his father in the garden when a boy. He remembered the unfortunate Vanessa well, and his account of her corresponded with the usual description of her person, especially as to her *embonpoint*. He said she went seldom abroad, and saw little company: her constant amusement was reading, or walking in the garden. Yet, according to this authority, her society was courted by several families in the neighbourhood, who visited her, notwithstanding her seldom returning that attention,—and he added, that her manners interested every one who knew her. But she avoided company, and was always melancholy save when Dean Swift was there, and then she seemed happy. The garden was to an uncommon degree crowded with laurels. The old man said, that when Miss Vanhomrigh expected the Dean, she always planted, with her own hand, a laurel or two against his arrival. He showed her favourite seat, still called Vanessa's Bower. Three or four trees, and some laurels, indicate the spot. They had formerly, according to the old man's information, been trained into a close arbour. There were two seats and a rude table within the bower, the opening of which commanded a view of the Liffey, which had a romantic effect; and there was a small cascade that murmured at some distance. In this sequestered spot, according to the old gardener's account, the Dean and Vanessa used often to sit, with books and writing-materials on the table before them.

'Vanessa, besides musing over her unhappy attachment, had, during her residence in this solitude, the care of nursing the declining health of her younger sister, who at length died about 1720. This event, as it left her alone in the world, seems to have increased the energy of her fatal passion for Swift, while he, on the contrary, saw room for still greater reserve, when her situation became that of a solitary female, without the society or countenance of a female relation. But Miss Vanhomrigh, irritated at the situation in which she found herself, determined on bringing to a crisis those expectations of an union with the object of her affections, to the hope of which she had clung amid every vicissitude of his conduct towards her. The most probable bar was his undefined connexion with Mrs Johnson, which, as it must have been perfectly known to her, had, doubtless, long excited her secret jealousy: although only a single hint to that purpose is to be found in their correspondence, and that so early as 1713, when she writes to him, then in Ireland, "If you are very happy, it is ill-natured of you not to tell me so, *except 'tis what is inconsistent with mine.*" Her silence and patience under this state of uncertainty, for no less than eight years, must have been partly owing to her awe for Swift, and partly perhaps to the weak state of her rival's health, which, from year

to year, seemed to announce speedy dissolution. At length, however, Vanessa's impatience prevailed; and she ventured on the decisive step of writing to Mrs Johnson herself, requesting to know the nature of that connexion. Stella, in reply, informed her of her marriage with the Dean; and, full of the highest resentment against Swift for having given another female such a right in him as Miss Vanhomrigh's inquiries implied, she sent to him her rival's letter of interrogation, and, without seeing him, or awaiting his reply, retired to the house of Mr Ford, near Dublin. Every reader knows the consequence. Swift, in one of those paroxysms of fury to which he was liable, both from temper and disease, rode instantly to Marley Abbey. As he entered the apartment, the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the fiercer passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and, instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed, yet cherished hopes, which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview, is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.' *Life*, Vol. I. p. 248—253.

Among the novelties of the present edition, is what is called a complete copy of the correspondence betwixt Swift and this unfortunate lady. To us it is manifest, that it is by no means a complete copy;—and, on the whole, the parts that are now published for the first time, are of less moment than those that had been formerly printed. But it is altogether a very interesting and painful collection; and there is something to us inexpressibly touching in the innocent fondness, and almost childish gaiety, of Vanessa at its commencement, contrasted with the deep gloom into which she sinks in its later stages; while the ardour of affection which breathes through the whole, and the tone of devoted innocence and simplicity of character which are every where preserved, make us both hate and wonder at the man who could deliberately break a heart so made to be beloved. We cannot resist the temptation of extracting a little of the only part of this publication in which any thing like heart or tenderness is to be discovered. His first letter is written immediately after their first separation, and whilst she yet believed that his slowness in returning her passion arose, as he had given her ample warrant to suppose, (see the whole of the poem of Cadmus and Vanessa, Vol. XIV.) from nothing but a sense of the unsuitableness of their years and habits, which would give way to the continued proofs of its constancy and ardour. He

had written her a cold note on his journey, to which she thus rapturously answers.

'Now you are good beyond expression, in sending me that dear voluntary from St Albans. It gives me more happiness than you can imagine, or I describe, to find that your head is so much better already. I do assure you all my wishes are employed for the continuance of it. I hope the next will tell me they have been of force. Pray why did not you remember me at Dunstable, as well as Moll? Lord! what a monster is Moll grown since. But nothing of poor Hess, except that the mark will be in the same place of Davila where you left it. Indeed, it is not much advanced yet, for I have been studying of Rochefoucault to see if he described as much of love as I found in myself a Sunday, and I find he falls very short of it. I am very impatient to hear from you at Chester. It is impossible to tell you how often I have wished you a cup of coffee and an orange at your inn.' Vol. XIX. p. 403, 404.

Upon hearing of his arrival in Ireland, she writes again in the same spirit,

'Here is now three long weeks passed since you wrote to me. Oh! happy Dublin, that can employ all your thoughts, and happy Mrs Emerson, that could hear from you the moment you landed. Had it not been for her, I should be yet more uneasy than I am. I really believe, before you leave Ireland, I shall give you just reason to wish I did not know my letters, or at least that I could not write; and I had rather you should wish so, than entirely forget me. Mr Lewis has given me "*Les Dialogues des Morts,*" and I am so charmed with them, that I am resolved to quit my *body*, let the consequence be what it will, except you will talk to me, for I find no conversation on earth comparable, but your's; so, if you care I should stay, do but talk, and you will keep me with pleasure.' Vol. XIX. p. 407—9.

There is a great deal more of this trifling of a heart at ease, and supported by enchanting hopes. It is miserable to think how sadly the style is changed, when she comes to know better the object on whom she had thus irretrievably lavished her affections. The following is the first letter that appears after she followed him to Ireland in 1714; and it appears to us infinitely more touching and pathetic, in the truth and simplicity of the wretchedness it expresses, than all the eloquent despair of all the heroines of romance. No man with a heart, we think, could receive such letters and live.

'You bid me be easy, and you'd see me as often as you could: you had better have said as often as you could get the better of your inclinations so much; or as often as you remembered there was such a person in the world. If you continue to treat me as you do, you will not be made uneasy by me long. 'Tis impossible to describe what I have suffered since I saw you last; I am sure I could have

born the rack much better than those killing, killing words of yours. Sometimes I have resolved to die without seeing you more, but those resolves, to your misfortune, did not last long: for there is something in human nature that prompts one so to find relief in this world; I must give way to it, and beg you'd see me, and speak kindly to me, for I am sure you would not condemn any one to suffer what I have done, could you but know it. The reason I write to you is, because I cannot tell it you, should I see you; for when I begin to complain, then you are angry, and there is something in your look so awful, that it strikes me dumb. Oh! that you may but have so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you. Forgive me, and believe I cannot help telling you this, and live.'—Vol. XIX. p. 421.

And a little after,

'I am, and cannot avoid being in the spleen to the last degree. Every thing combines to make me so. Yet this and all other disappointments in life I can bear with ease, but that of being neglected by . . . . Spleen I cannot help, so you must excuse it. I do all I can to get the better of it; and it is too strong for me. I have read more since I saw Cad, than I did in a great while passed, and chose those books that required most attention, on purpose to engage my thoughts, but I find the more I think the more unhappy I am.

'I had once a mind not to have wrote to you, for fear of making you uneasy to find me so dull, but I could not keep to that resolution, for the pleasure of writing to you. The satisfaction I have in your remembering me, when you read my letters, and the delight I have in expecting one from Cad, makes me rather choose to give you some uneasiness, than to add to my own.' Vol. XIX. p. 431, 432.

As the correspondence draws to a close, her despair becomes more eloquent and agonizing. The following two letters are dated in 1720.

'Believe me, it is with the utmost regret that I now complain to you;—yet what can I do? I must either unload my heart, and tell you all its griefs, or sink under the inexpressible distress I now suffer by your prodigious neglect of me. 'Tis now ten long weeks since I saw you, and in all that time I have never received but one letter from you, and a little note with an excuse. Oh, how have you forgot me! You endeavour by severities to force me from you, nor can I blame you; for with the utmost distress and confusion, I behold myself the cause of uneasy reflections to you, yet I cannot comfort you, but here declare, that 'tis not in the power of time or accident to lessen the inexpressible passion which I have for . . . . .

'Put my passion under the utmost restraint,—send me as distant from you as the earth will allow,—yet you cannot banish those charms

ing ideas which will ever stick by me whilst I have the use of memory. Nor is the love I bear you only seated in my soul, for there is not a single atom of my frame that is not blended with it. Therefore, don't flatter yourself that separation will ever change my sentiments; for I find myself unquiet in the midst of silence, and my heart is at once pierced with sorrow and love. For Heaven's sake, tell me what has caused this prodigious change on you, which I have found of late. If you have the least remains of pity for me left, tell me tenderly. No: Don't: Tell it so that it may cause my present death, and don't suffer me to live a life like a languishing death, which is the only life I can lead, if you have lost any of your tenderness for me.' Vol. xix. p. 441, 442.

'Tell me sincerely, if you have once wished with earnestness to see me, since I wrote last to you. No, so far from that, you have not once pitied me, though I told you how I was distressed. Solitude is insupportable to a mind which is not at ease. I have worn on my days in sighing, and my nights with watching and thinking of . . . . who thinks not of me. How many letters must I send you before I shall receive an answer? Can you deny me in my misery the only comfort which I can expect at present? Oh! that I could hope to see you here, or that I could go to you. I was born with violent passions, which terminate all in one, that inexpressible passion I have for you. Consider the killing emotions which I feel from your neglect, and show some tenderness for me, or I shall lose my senses. Sure you cannot possibly be so much taken up, but you might command a moment to write to me, and force your inclinations to do so great a charity. I firmly believe, could I know your thoughts, which no human creature is capable of guessing at, (because never any one living thought like you), I should find you have often in a rage wished me religious, hoping then I should have paid my devotions to Heaven; but that would not spare you,—for was I an enthusiast, still you'd be the deity I should worship. What marks are there of a deity, but what you are to be known by?—you are at present everywhere; your dear image is always before mine eyes. Sometimes you strike me with that prodigious awe, I tremble with fear; at other times a charming compassion shines through your countenance, which revives my soul. Is it not more reasonable to adore a radiant form one has seen, than one only described?' Vol. xix. p. 442, 443.

From this heart-breaking scene we turn to another, if possible, still more deplorable. Vanessa was now dead. The grave had heaped its tranquillizing mould on her agitated heart, and given her tormentor assurance, that he should no more suffer from her reproaches on earth; and yet, though with her the last pretext was extinguished for refusing to acknowledge the wife he had so infamously abused, we find him, with this dreadful example before his eyes, persisting to withhold from his remaining victim, that late and imperfect justice to which her

claim was so apparent, and from the denial of which she was sinking before his eyes in sickness and sorrow to the grave. It is utterly impossible to suggest any excuse or palliation for such cold-blooded barbarity. Even though we were to believe with Mr Scott, that he had ceased to be a man, this would afford no apology for his acting like a beast. He might still have acknowledged his wife in public, and restored to her the comfort and the honour of which he had robbed her, without the excuse of violent passion, or thoughtless precipitation. He was rich, far beyond what either of them could have expected when their union was first contemplated; and had attained a name and a station in society which made him independent of riches. Yet, for the sake of avoiding some small awkwardness or inconvenience to himself—to be secured from the idle talking of those who might wonder why, since they were to marry, they did not marry before—or perhaps merely to retain the object of his regard in more complete subjection and dependence, he could bear to see her pining, year after year, in solitude and degradation, and sinking at last into an untimely grave, prepared by his hard and unrelenting refusal to clear her honour to the world, even at her dying hour. There are two editions of this dying scene—one on the authority of Mr Sheridan, the other on that of Mr Theophilus Swift, who is said to have received it from Mrs Whiteway. Mr Scott, who is unable to discredit the former, and is inclined at the same time to prefer the least disreputable for his author, is reduced to the necessity of supposing, that both may be true, and that Mr Sheridan's story may have related to an earlier period than that reported by Mrs Whiteway. We shall lay both before our readers. Mr Sheridan says,

'"A short time before her death, a scene passed between the Dean and her, an account of which I had from my father, and which I shall relate with reluctance, as it seems to bear more hard on Swift's humanity than any other part of his conduct in life. As she found her final dissolution approach, a few days before it happened, in the presence of Dr Sheridan, she addressed Swift in the most earnest and pathetic terms to grant her dying request; "That, as the ceremony of marriage had passed between them, though for sundry considerations they had not cohabited in that state, in order to put it out of the power of slander to be busy with her fame after death, she adjured him by their friendship to let her have the satisfaction of dying at least, though she had not lived, his acknowledged wife."

'"Swift made no reply, but, turning on his heel, walked silently out of the room, nor ever saw her afterward during the few days she lived. This behaviour threw Mrs Johnson into unspeakable agonies, and for a time she sunk under the weight of so cruel a dis-

appointment. But soon after, roused by indignation, she inveighed against his cruelty in the bitterest terms; and, sending for a lawyer, made her will, bequeathing her fortune by her own name to charitable uses. This was done in the presence of Dr Sheridan, whom she appointed one of her executors." ' Vol. I. p. 357.

If this be true, Swift must have had the heart of a monster; and it is of little consequence, whether, when her death was nearer, he pretended to consent to what his unhappy victim herself then pathetically declared to be 'too late;' and to what, at all events, certainly never was done. Mrs Whiteway's statement is as follows—

' " When Stella was in her last weak state, and one day had come in a chair to the Deanery, she was with difficulty brought into the parlour. The Dean had prepared some mulled wine, and kept it by the fire for her refreshment. After tasting it, she became very faint, but having recovered a little by degrees, when her breath (for she was asthmatic), was allowed her, she desired to lie down. She was carried up stairs, and laid on a bed; the Dean sitting by her, held her hand, and addressed her in the most affectionate manner. She drooped, however, very much. Mrs Whiteway was the only third person present. After a short time, her politeness induced her to withdraw to the adjoining room, but it was necessary, on account of air, that the door should not be closed,—it was half shut: the rooms were close adjoining. Mrs Whiteway had too much honour to listen, but could not avoid observing, that the Dean and Mrs Johnson conversed together in a low tone; the latter, indeed, was took weak to raise her voice. Mrs Whiteway paid no attention, having no idle curiosity, but at length she heard the Dean say, in an audible voice, " *Well, my dear, if you wish it, it shall be owned,* " to which Stella answered with a sigh, " *It is too late.* " ' Vol. I. p. 355, 356.

With the consciousness of having thus barbarously destroyed all the women for whom he had ever professed affection, it is not wonderful that his latter days should have been overshadowed with gloom and dejection: But it was not the depression of late regret, or unavailing self-condemnation, that darkened his closing scene. It was but the rancour of disappointed ambition, and the bitterness of proud misanthropy: and we verily believe, that if his party had got again into power, and given him the preferment he expected, the pride and joy of his vindictive triumph would have been but little allayed by the remembrance of the innocent and accomplished women of whom we have no hesitation to pronounce him the murderer. In the whole of his later writings, indeed, we shall look in vain for any traces of that penitential regret, which was due to the misery he had occasioned, even if it had arose without his guilt, or even of that humble and solemn self-reproach, which is apt to beset thoughtful men in the decline of life and animation, even when their con-

duct has been generally blameless, and the judgment of the candid finds nothing in them to condemn: On the contrary, there is no where to be met with, a tone of more insolent reproach, and intolerant contempt to the rest of the world, or so direct a claim to the possession of sense and virtue, which that world was no longer worthy to employ. Of women, too, it is very remarkable, that he speaks with unvaried rudeness and contempt, and rails indeed at the whole human race, as wretches with whom he thinks it an indignity to share a common nature. All this, we confess, appears to us intolerable; for, whether we look to the fortune, or the conduct of this extraordinary person, we really recollect no individual who was less entitled to be either discontented or misanthropical—to complain of men or of accidents. Born almost a beggar, and neither very industrious nor very engaging in his early habits, he attained, almost with his first efforts, the very height of distinction, and was rewarded by appointments, which placed him in a state of independence and respectability for life. He was honoured with the acquaintance of all that was distinguished for rank, literature, or reputation;—and, if not very generally beloved, was, what he probably valued far more, admired and feared by most of those with whom he was acquainted. When his party was overthrown, neither his person nor his fortune suffered;—but he was indulged, through the whole of his life, in a license of scurrility and abuse, which has never been permitted to any other writer,—and possessed the exclusive and devoted affection of the only two women to whom he wished to appear interesting. In this *history*, we confess, we see but little apology for discontent and lamentation;—and, in his *conduct*, there is assuredly still less for misanthropy. In public life, we do not know where we could have found any body half so profligate and unprincipled as himself, and the friends to whom he finally attached himself;—nor can we conceive that complaints of venality, and want of patriotism, could ever come with so ill a grace from any quarter as from him who had openly deserted and libelled his party, without the pretext of any other cause than the insufficiency of the rewards they bestowed upon him,—and joined himself with men who were treacherous, not only to their first professions, but to their country and to each other, to all of whom he adhered, after their mutual hatred and villanies were detected? In private life, again, with what face could he erect himself into a rigid censor of morals, or pretend to complain of men in general, as unworthy of his notice, after breaking the hearts of two, if not three, amiable women, whose affections he had engaged by the most constant assidui-

ties,—after brutally libelling almost all his early friends and benefactors, and exhibiting, in his daily life and conversation, a picture of domineering insolence and dogmatism, to which no parallel could be found, we believe, in the history of any other individual, and which rendered his society intolerable to all who were not subdued by their awe of him, or inured to it by long use? He had some right, perhaps, to look with disdain upon men of ordinary understandings; but for all that is the proper object of reproach, he should have looked only within: and whatever may be his merits as a writer, we do not hesitate to say, that he was despicable as a politician, and hateful as a man.

With these impressions of his personal character, perhaps it is not easy for us to judge quite fairly of his works. Yet we are far from being insensible to their great and very peculiar merits. Their chief peculiarity is, that they were almost all what may be called occasional productions—not written for fame or for posterity—from the fulness of the mind, or the desire of instructing mankind—but on the spur of the occasion—for promoting some temporary and immediate object, and producing a practical effect, in the attainment of which their whole importance centered. With the exception of the Tale of a Tub, Gulliver, the Polite Conversation, and about half a volume of poetry, this description will apply to almost all that is now before us;—and it is no small proof of the vigour and vivacity of his genius, that posterity should have been so anxious to preserve these careless and hasty productions, upon which their author appears to have set no other value than as means for the attainment of an end. The truth is, accordingly, that *they are* very extraordinary performances: And, considered with a view to the purposes for which they were intended, have probably never been equalled in any period of the world. They are written with great plainness, force and intrepidity—advance at once to the matter in dispute—give battle to the strength of the enemy, and never seek any kind of advantage from darkness or obscurity. Their distinguishing feature, however, is the force and the vehemence of the invective in which they abound;—the copiousness, the steadiness, the perseverance, and the dexterity with which abuse and ridicule are showered upon the adversary. This, we think, was, beyond all doubt, Swift's great talent, and the weapon by which he made himself formidable. He was, without exception, the greatest and most efficient *libeller* that ever exercised the trade; and possessed, in an eminent degree, all the qualifications which it requires:—a clear head—a cold heart—a vindictive temper—no admiration of noble qualities—no sympathy with suffer-

ing—not much conscience—not much consistency—a ready wit —a sarcastic humour—a thorough knowledge of the baser parts of human nature—and a complete familiarity with everything that is low, homely, and familiar in language. These were his gifts;—and he soon felt for what ends they were given. Almost all his works are libels; generally upon individuals, sometimes upon sects and parties, sometimes upon human nature. Whatever be his end, however, personal abuse, direct—vehement, unsparing invective, is his means. It is his sword and his shield, his panoply and his chariot of war. In all his writings, accordingly, there is nothing to raise or exalt our notions of human nature,—but every thing to vilify and degrade. We may learn from them, perhaps, to dread the consequences of base actions, but never to love the feelings that lead to generous ones. There is no spirit, indeed, of love or of honour in any part of them; but an unvaried and harassing display of insolence and animosity in the writer, and villany and folly in those of whom he is writing. Though a great polemic, he makes no use of general principles, nor ever enlarges his views to a wide or comprehensive conclusion. Every thing is particular with him, and, for the most part, strictly personal. To make amends, however, we do think him quite without a competitor in personalities. With a quick and sagacious spirit, and a bold and popular manner, he joins an exact knowledge of all the strong and the weak parts of every cause he has to manage; and, without the least restraint from delicacy, either of taste or of feeling, he seems always to think the most effectual blows the most advisable, and no advantage unlawful that is likely to be successful for the moment. Disregarding all the laws of polished hostility, he uses, at one and the same moment, his sword and his poisoned dagger—his hands and his teeth, and his envenomed breath,—and does not even scruple, upon occasion, to imitate his own yahoos, by discharging on his unhappy victims a shower of filth, from which neither courage nor dexterity can afford any protection.—Against such an antagonist, it was, of course, at no time very easy to make head; and accordingly his invective seems, for the most part, to have been as much dreaded, and as tremendous as the personal ridicule of Voltaire. Both were inexhaustible, well directed, and unsparing; but even when Voltaire drew blood, he did not mangle the victim, and was only mischievous when Swift was brutal; any one who will compare the epigrams on M. Franc de Pompignan with those on Tighe or Bettesworth, will easily understand the distinction.

Of the few works which he wrote in the capacity of an au-

thor, and not of a party zealot or personal enemy, The Tale of a Tub was by far the earliest in point of time, and has, by many, been considered as the first in point of merit. We confess we are not of that opinion. It is by far too long and elaborate for a piece of pleasantry;—the humour sinks, in many places, into mere buffoonery and nonsense;—and there is a real and extreme tediousness arising from the too successful mimicry of tediousness and pedantry. All these defects are apparent enough even in the main story, in which the incidents are without the shadow of verisimilitude or interest, and by far too thinly scattered; but they become unsufferable in the interludes or digressions, the greater part of which are to us utterly illegible, and seem to consist almost entirely of cold and forced conceits, and exaggerated representations of long exploded whims and absurdities. The style of this work, which appears to us greatly inferior to the history of John Bull or even of Martinus Scriblerus, is evidently more elaborate than that of Swift's other writings,—but has all its substantial characteristics. Its great merit seems to consist in the author's perfect familiarity with all sorts of common and idiomatical expressions, his unlimited command of established phrases, both solemn and familiar, and the unrivalled profusion and propriety with which he heaps them up and applies them to the exposition of the most fantastic conceptions. To deliver absurd notions or incredible tales in the most authentic, honest and direct terms, that have been used for the communication of truth and reason, and to luxuriate in all the variations of that grave, plain and perspicuous phraseology, which dull men use to express their homely opinions, seems to be the great art of this extraordinary humourist, and that which gives their character and their edge to his sly strokes of satire, his keen sarcasms and bitter personalities.

The voyages of Captain Lemuel Gulliver is indisputably his greatest work. The idea of making fictitious travels the vehicle of satire as well as of amusement, is at least as old as Lucian; but has never been carried into execution with such success, spirit, and originality, as in this celebrated performance. The brevity, the minuteness, the homeliness, the unbroken seriousness of the narrative, all give a character of truth and simplicity to the work which at once palliates the extravagance of the fiction, and enhances the effect of those weighty reflections and cutting severities in which it abounds. Yet though it is probable enough, that without those touches of satire and observation the work would have appeared childish and preposterous, we are persuaded that it pleases chiefly by the novelty and vivacity of the extraordinary pictures it presents, and the entertainment

we receive from following the fortunes of the traveller in his several extraordinary adventures. The greater part of the wisdom and satire at least appears to us to be extremely vulgar and common-place; and we have no idea that they could possibly appear either impressive or entertaining, if presented without these accompaniments. A considerable part of the pleasure we derive from the voyages of Gulliver, in short, is of the same description with that which we receive from those of Sinbad the sailor, and is chiefly heightened, we believe, by the greater brevity and minuteness of the story, and the superior art that is employed to give it an appearance of truth and probability, in the very midst of its wonders. Among those arts, as Mr Scott has judiciously observed, one of the most important is the exact adaptation of the narrative to the condition of its supposed author.

'The character of the imaginary traveller is exactly that of Dampier, or any other sturdy nautical wanderer of the period, endowed with courage and common sense, who sailed through distant seas, without losing a single English prejudice which he had brought from Portsmouth or Plymouth, and on his return gave a grave and simple narrative of what he had seen or heard in foreign countries. The character is perhaps strictly English, and can be hardly relished by a foreigner. The reflections and observations of Gulliver are never more refined or deeper than might be expected from a plain master of a merchant man, or surgeon in the Old Jewry; and there was such a reality given to his whole person, that one seaman is said to have sworn he knew Captain Gulliver very well, but he lived at Wapping, not at Rotherhithe. It is the contrast between the natural ease and simplicity of such a style, and the marvels which the volume contains, that forms one great charm of this memorable satire on the imperfections, follies, and vices of mankind. The exact calculations preserved in the first and second part, have also the effect of qualifying the extravagance of the fable. It is said that in natural objects, where proportion is exactly preserved, the marvellous, whether the object be gigantic or diminutive, is lessened in the eyes of the spectator; and it is certain, in general, that proportion forms an essential attribute of truth, and consequently of verisimilitude, or that which renders a narration probable. If the reader is disposed to grant the traveller his postulates as to the existence of the strange people whom he visits, it would be difficult to detect any inconsistency in his narrative. On the contrary, it would seem that he and they conduct themselves towards each other, precisely as must necessarily have happened in the respective circumstances which the author has supposed. In this point of view, perhaps the highest praise that could have been bestowed on Gulliver's Travels was the censure of a learned Irish prelate, who said the book contained *some* things which he could not prevail upon himself to believe.' Vol. I. p. 340, 341.

That the interest does not arise from the satire but from the plausible description of physical wonders, seems to be farther proved by the fact, that the parts which please the least are those in which there is most satire and least of those wonders. In the voyage to Laputa, after the first description of the flying island, the attention is almost exclusively directed to intellectual absurdities; and every one is aware of the dulness that is the result. Even as a satire, indeed, this part is extremely poor and defective; nor can any thing show more clearly the author's incapacity for large and comprehensive views than his signal failure in all those parts which invited him to such contemplations. In the multitude of his vulgar and farcical representations of particular errors in philosophy, he nowhere appears to have any sense of its true value or principles; but satisfies himself with collecting or imagining a number of fantastical quackeries, which tend to illustrate nothing but his contempt for human understanding. Even where his subject seems to invite him to something of a higher flight, he uniformly shrinks back from it, and takes shelter in commonplace derision. What, for instance, can be poorer than the use he makes of the evocation of the illustrious dead—in which Hannibal is brought in just to say, that he had not a drop of vinegar in his camp; and Aristotle, to ask two of his commentators, 'whether the rest of the tribe were as great dunces as themselves?' The voyage to the Houyhnhnms is commonly supposed to displease by its vile and degrading representations of human nature; but, if we do not strangely mistake our own feelings on the subject, the impression it produces is not so much that of disgust as of dulness. The picture is not only extravagant, but bald and tame in the highest degree; while the story is not enlivened by any of those numerous and uncommon incidents which are detailed in the two first parts, with such an inimitable air of probability as almost to persuade us of their reality. For the rest, we have observed already, that the scope of the whole work, and indeed of all his writings, is to degrade and vilify human nature; and though some of the images which occur in this part may be rather coarser than the others, we do not think the difference so considerable as to account for its admitted inferiority in the power of pleasing.

His only other considerable works in prose, are the 'Polite Conversation,' which we think admirable in its sort, and excessively entertaining; and the 'Directions to Servants,' which, though of a lower pitch, contains as much perhaps of his peculiar, vigorous and racy humour, as any one of his productions. The Journal to Stella, which was certainly never intended for publication, is not to be judged of as a literary work

at all—but to us it is the most interesting of all his productions—exhibiting not only a minute and masterly view of a very extraordinary political crisis, but a truer, and, upon the whole, a more favourable picture of his own mind, than can be gathered from all the rest of his writings—together with innumerable anecdotes characteristic not only of various eminent individuals, but of the private manners and public taste and morality of the times, more nakedly and surely authentic than any thing that can be derived from contemporary publications.

Of his Poetry, we do not think there is much to be said;—for we cannot persuade ourselves that Swift was in any respect a poet. It would be proof enough, we think, just to observe, that, though a popular and most miscellaneous writer, he does not mention the name of Shakespeare above two or three times in any part of his works, and has nowhere said a word in his praise. His partial editor admits that he has produced nothing which can be called either sublime or pathetic; and we are of the same opinion as to the beautiful. The merit of correct rhymes and easy diction, we shall not deny him; but the diction is almost invariably that of the most ordinary prose, and the matter of his pieces no otherwise poetical, than that the Muses and some other persons of the Heathen mythology are occasionally mentioned. He has written lampoons and epigrams, and satirical ballads and abusive songs in great abundance, and with infinite success. But these things are not poetry;—and are better in verse than in prose, for no other reason than that the sting is more easily remembered, and the ridicule occasionally enhanced, by the hint of a ludicrous parody, or the drollery of an extraordinary rhyme. His witty verses, where they are not made up of mere filth and venom, seem mostly framed on the model of Hudibras; and are chiefly remarkable, like those of his original, for the easy and apt application of homely and familiar phrases, to illustrate ingenious sophistry or unexpected allusions. One or two of his imitations of Horace, are executed with spirit and elegance, and are the best, we think, of his familiar pieces; unless we except the verses on his own death, in which, however, the great charm arises, as we have just stated, from the singular ease and exactness with which he has imitated the style of ordinary society, and the neatness with which he has brought together and reduced to metre such a number of natural, characteristic and commonplace expressions. The Cadenus and Vanessa is, of itself, complete proof that he had in him none of the elements of poetry. It was written when his faculties were in their perfection, and his heart animated with all the tenderness of which it was ever capable—and yet it is as cold and as flat as the ice of Thulé. Though

describing a real passion, and a real perplexity, there is not a spark of fire, nor a throb of emotion in it from one end to the other. All the return he makes to the warm-hearted creature who had put her destiny into his hands, consists in a frigid mythological fiction, in which he sets forth, that Venus and the Graces lavished their gifts on her in her infancy, and moreover got Minerva, by a trick, to inspire her with wit and wisdom. The style is mere prose—or rather a string of familiar and vulgar phrases tacked together in rhyme, like the general tissue of his poetry. However, it has been called not only easy but elegant, by some indulgent critics—and therefore, as we take it for granted nobody reads it now-a-days, we shall extract a few lines at random, to abide the censure of the judicious. To us they seem to be about as much poetry as so many lines out of Coke upon Littleton.

'But in the poets we may find
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by Fate's decree,
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have given,
Or any brother god in Heaven:
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds:
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause;
A shame to one so much ador'd
For wisdom at Jove's council board;
Besides, she fear'd the Queen of Love
Would meet with better friends above.
And though she must with grief reflect,
To see a mortal virgin deck'd
With graces hitherto unknown
To female breasts, except her own:
Yet she would act as best became
A goddess of unspotted fame.
She knew, by augury divine,
Venus would fail in her design:
She studied well the point, and found
Her foe's conclusions were not sound,
From premises erroneous brought;
And therefore the deduction's naught,
And must have contrary effects,
To what her treacherous foe expects.' XIV. p. 448, 449.

The Rhapsody on Poetry, and the Legion Club, are the only two pieces in which there is the least glow of poetical animation; though, in the latter, it takes the shape of ferocious and almost frantic invective, and, in the former, shines out but by fits in the midst of the usual small wares of cant phrases and

snappish misanthropy. In the Rhapsody, the following lines, for instance, near the beginning, are vigorous and energetic.

'Not empire to the rising sun
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound
So large to grasp the circle round:
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muse's lyre.
Not beggar's brat on bulk begot;
Not bastard of a pedlar Scot;
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of bridewell or the stews;
Not infants dropp'd, the spurious pledges
Of gypsies littering under hedges;
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Has blasted with poetic fire.' XIV. 310, 311.

Yet, immediately after this nervous and poetical line, he drops at once into the lowness of vulgar flippancy.

'What hope of custom in the fair,
While not a soul demands your ware?' &c.

There are undoubtedly many strong lines, and much cutting satire in this poem; but the staple is a mimicry of Hudibras, without the richness or compression of Butler; as, for example,

'And here a simile comes pat in:
Though chickens take a month to fatten,
The guests in less than half an hour
Will more than half a score devour.
So, after toiling twenty days
To earn a stock of pence and praise,
Thy labours, grown the critic's prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a dish of tea:
Gone to be never heard of more,
Gone where the chickens went before.
How shall a new attempter learn
Of different spirits to discern,
And how distinguish which is which,
The poet's vein, or scribbling itch?' XIV. 311, 312.

The Legion Club is a satire, or rather a tremendous invective on the Irish House of Commons, who had incurred the reverend author's displeasure for entertaining some propositions about alleviating the burden of the tythes in Ireland; and is chiefly remarkable, on the whole, as a proof of the extraordinary liberty of the press which was indulged to the disaffected in those days—no prosecution having been instituted, either by

that Honourable House itself, or by any of the individual members, who are there attacked in a way in which no public men were ever attacked, before or since. It is also deserving of attention, as the most thoroughly animated, fierce and energetic, of all Swift's metrical compositions; and though the animation be altogether of a ferocious character, and seems occasionally to verge upon absolute insanity, there is still a force and a terror about it which redeems it from ridicule, and makes us shudder at the sort of demoniacal inspiration with which the malison is vented. The invective of Swift appears in this, and some other pieces, like the infernal fire of Milton's rebel angels, which

> 'Scorched and blasted and o'erthrew—'

and was launched even against the righteous with such impetuous fury,

> 'That whom it hit none on their feet might stand,
> Though standing else as rocks—but down they fell
> By thousands, angel on archangel rolled.'

It is scarcely necessary to remark, however, that there is never the least approach to dignity or nobleness in the style of these terrible invectives; and that they do not even pretend to the tone of a high-minded disdain or generous impatience of unworthiness. They are honest, coarse, and violent effusions of furious anger and rancorous hatred; and their effect depends upon the force, heartiness, and apparent sincerity with which those feelings are expressed. The author's object is simply to vilify his opponent,—by no means to do honour to himself. If he can make his victim writhe, he cares not what may be thought of his tormentor;—or rather, he is contented, provided he can make *him* sufficiently disgusting, that a good share of the filth which he throws should stick to his own fingers; and that he should himself excite some of the loathing of which his enemy is the principal object. In the piece now before us, many of the personalities are too coarse and filthy to be quoted; but the very opening shows the spirit in which it is written.

> 'As I stroll the city oft I
> See a building large and lofty,
> Not a bow-shot from the college,
> Half the globe from sense and knowledge;
> By the prudent architect,
> Plac'd against the church direct,
> Making good my grandam's jest,
> "Near the church"—you know the rest.
> Tell us what the pile contains?
> Many a head that holds no brains.
> These demoniacs let me dub
> With the name of Legion Club.
> Such assemblies, you might swear,
> Meet when butchers bait a bear;

Such a noise and such harangaing,
When a brother thief is hanging:
Such a rout and such a rabble
Run to hear Jackpudding gabble:
Such a crowd their ordure throws
On a far less villain's nose.
Could I from the building's top,
Hear the rattling thunder drop,
While the devil upon the roof
(If the devil be thunder proof)
Should with poker fiery red
Crack the stones, and melt the lead;
Drive them down on every scull,
When the den of thieves is full;
Quite destroy the harpies nest;
How might then our isle be blest!
'Let them, when they once get in,
Sell the nation for a pin;
While they sit a picking straws,
Let them rave at making laws;
While they never hold their tongue,
Let them dabble in their dung;
Let them form a grand committee,
How to plague and starve the city;
Let them stare, and storm, and frown
When they see a clergy gown;
Let them, ere they crack a louse,
Call for th' orders of the House;
Let them, with their gosling quills,
Scribble senseless heads of bills;
We may, while they strain their throats,
Wipe our noses with their votes.
'Let Sir Tom, that rampant ass,
Stuff his guts with flax and grass;
But before the priest he fleeces,
Tear the Bible all to pieces:
At the parsons, Tom, halloo, boy!
Worthy offspring of a shoeboy,
Footman! traitor! vile seducer!
Perjur'd rebel! brib'd accuser!
Lay thy paltry privilege aside,
Sprung from Papists, and a regicide!
Fall a working like a mole,
Raise the dirt about your hole!' Vol. X. p. 548—50.

This is strong enough, we suspect, for most readers; but we shall venture on a few lines more, to show the tone in which the leading characters in the country might be libelled by name and surname in those days.

'In the porch Briareus stands,
Shows a bribe in all his hands;

Briareus the secretary,
But we mortals call him Carey.
When the rogues their country fleece,
They may hope for pence a piece.
Clio, who had been so wise
To put on a fool's disguise,
To bespeak some approbation,
And be thought a near relation,
When she saw three hundred brutes
All involv'd in wild disputes,
Roaring till their lungs were spent,
PRIVILEGE OF PARLIAMENT,
Now a new misfortune feels,
Dreading to be laid by th' heels,' &c.
'Keeper, show me where to fix
On the puppy pair of Dicks:
By their lantern jaws and leathern,
You might swear they both are brethren:
Dick Fitzbaker, Dick the player!
Old acquaintance, are you there?
Dear companions, hug and kiss,
Toast Old Glorious in your ——;
Tie them, keeper, in a tether,
Let them starve and stink together;
Both are apt to be unruly,
Lash them daily, lash them duly;
Though 'tis hopeless to reclaim them,
Scorpion rods, perhaps, may tame them.' X. 553, 554.

Such were the libels which a Tory writer found it safe to publish under a Whig administration in 1736; and we do not find that any national disturbance arose from their impunity,—though the libeller was the most celebrated and by far the most popular writer of the age. Nor was it merely the exasperation of bad fortune that put that polite party upon the use of this discourteous style of discussion. In all situations, the Tories have been the great libellers—and, as is fitting, the great prosecutors of libels; and even in this early age of their glory, had themselves, when in power, encouraged the same license of defamation, and in the same hands. It will scarcely be believed, that the following character of the Earl of Wharton, then actually Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was publicly printed and sold, with his Lordship's name and addition at full length, in 1710, and was one of the first productions by which the reverend penman bucklered the cause of the Tory ministry, and revenged himself on a parsimonious patron. We cannot afford to give it at full length—but this specimen will answer our purpose.

'Thomas, Earl of Wharton, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, by the force of a wonderful constitution, has some years passed his grand

climacteric, without any visible effects of old age, either on his body or his mind; and in spite of a continual prostitution to those vices which usually wear out both. His behaviour is in all the forms of a young man at five-and-twenty. Whether he walks, or whistles, or talks bawdy, or calls names, he acquits himself in each, beyond a templar of three years standing.—He seems to be but an ill dissembler, and an ill liar, although they are the two talents he most practises, and most values himself upon. The ends he has gained by lying, appear to be more owing to the frequency, than the art of them: his lies being sometimes detected in an hour, often in a day, and always in a week. He tells them freely in mixed companies, although he knows half of those that hear him to be his enemies, and is sure they will discover them the moment they leave him. He swears solemnly he loves, and will serve you; and your back is no sooner turned, but he tells those about him, you are a dog and a rascal. He goes constantly to prayers in the forms of his place, and will talk bawdy and blasphemy at the chapel-door. He is a presbyterian in politics, and an atheist in religion; but he chooses at present to whore with a papist.—He has sunk his fortune by endeavouring to ruin one kingdom, and has raised it by going far in the ruin of another.

'He bears the gallantries of his lady with the indifference of a stoick; and thinks them well recompensed, by a return of children to support his family, without the fatigues of being a father.

'He has three predominant passions, which you will seldom find united in the same man, as arising from different dispositions of mind, and naturally thwarting each other: these are, love of power, love of money, and love of pleasure; they ride him sometimes by turns, sometimes all together. Since he went into Ireland, he seems most disposed to the second, and has met with great success; having gained by his government, of under two years, five and forty thousand pounds by the most favourable computation, half in the regular way, and half in the prudential.

'He was never yet known to refuse, or keep a promise, as I remember he told a lady, but with an exception to the promise he then made, (which was to get her a pension); yet he broke even that, and, I confess, deceived us both. But here I desire to distinguish between a promise and a bargain; for he will be sure to keep the latter, when he has the fairest offer.' Vol. IV. p. 149—52

We have not left ourselves room now to say much of Swift's style, or of the general character of his literary genius:—But our opinion may be collected from the remarks we have made on particular passages, and from our introductory observations on the school or class of authors, with whom he must undoubtedly be rated. On the subjects to which he confines himself, he is unquestionably a strong, masculine, and perspicuous writer. He is never finical, fantastic, or absurd—takes advantage of no equivocations in argument—and puts on no tawdriness for ornament.

Dealing always with particulars, he is safe from all great and systematic mistakes; and, in fact, reasons mostly in a series of small and minute propositions, in the handling of which, dexterity is more requisite than genius; and practical good sense, with an exact knowledge of transactions, of far more importance than profound and high-reaching judgment. He did not write history or philosophy, but party pamphlets and journals;—not satire, but particular lampoons;—not pleasantries for all mankind, but jokes for a particular circle. Even in his pamphlets, the broader questions of party are always waved, to make way for discussions of personal or immediate interest. His object is not to show that the Tories have better principles of government than the Whigs,—but to prove Lord Oxford an angel, and Lord Somers a fiend,—to convict the Duke of Marlborough of avarice, or Sir Richard Steele of insolvency;—not to point out the wrongs of Ireland, in the depression of her Catholic population, her want of education, or the discouragement of her industry; but to raise an outcry against an amendment of the copper or the gold coin, or against a parliamentary proposition for remitting the tithe of *agistment*. For those ends, it cannot be denied, that he chose his means judiciously, and used them with incomparable skill and spirit: But to choose such ends, we humbly conceive, was not the part either of a high intellect or a high character; and his genius must share in the disparagement which ought perhaps to be confined to the impetuosity and vindictiveness of his temper.

Of his style, it has been usual to speak with great, and, we think, exaggerated praise. It is less mellow than Dryden's—less elegant than Pope's or Addison's—less free and noble than Lord Bolingbroke's—and utterly without the glow and loftiness which belonged to our earlier masters. It is radically a low and homely style—without grace, and without affectation; and chiefly remarkable for a great choice and profusion of *common* words and expressions. Other writers, who have used a plain and direct style, have been for the most part jejune and limited in their diction, and generally give us an impression of the poverty as well as the tameness of their language; but Swift, without ever trespassing into figured or poetical expressions, or ever employing a word that can be called fine, or pedantic, has a prodigious variety of good set phrases always at his command, and displays a sort of homely richness, like the plenty of an old English dinner, or the wardrobe of a wealthy burgess. This taste for the plain and substantial was fatal to his poetry, which subsists not on such elements; but was in the highest degree favourable to the effect of his hu-

mour, very much of which depends on the imposing gravity with which it is delivered, and on the various turns and heightenings it may receive from a rapidly shifting and always appropriate expression. Almost all his works, after the Tale of a Tub, seem to have been written very fast, and with very little minute care of the diction. For his own ease, therefore, it is probable they were all pitched on a low key, and set about on the ordinary tone of a familiar letter or conversation; as that from which there was little hazard of falling, even in moments of negligence, and from which any rise that could be effected must always be easy and conspicuous. A man fully possessed of his subject, indeed, and confident of his cause, may almost always write with vigour and effect, if he can get over the temptation of writing finely, and really confine himself to the strong and clear exposition of the matter he has to bring forward. Half of the affectation and offensive pretension we meet with in authors, arises from a want of matter,—and the other half, from a paltry ambition of being eloquent and ingenious out of place. Swift had complete confidence in himself; and had too much real business on his hands, to be at leisure to intrigue for the fame of a fine writer;—in consequence of which, his writings are more admired by the judicious than if he had bestowed all his attention on their style. He was so much a man of business indeed, and so much accustomed to consider his writings merely as means for the attainment of a practical end—whether that end was the strengthening of a party, or the wounding a foe—that he not only disdained the reputation of a composer of pretty sentences, but seems to have been thoroughly indifferent to all sorts of literary fame. He enjoyed the notoriety and influence which he had procured by his writings; but it was the glory of having carried his point, and not of having written well, that he valued. As soon as his publications had served their turn, they seem to have been entirely forgotten by their author;—and, desirous as he was of being richer, he appears to have thought as little of making money as immortality by means of them. He mentions somewhere, that except 300*l.* which he got for Gulliver, he never made a farthing by any of his writings. Pope understood his trade better,—and not only made knowing bargains for his own works, but occasionally borrowed his friends' pieces, and pocketed the price of the whole. This was notoriously the case with three volumes of Miscellanies, of which the greater part were from the pen of Swift.

In humour and in irony, and in the talent of debasing and defiling what he hated, we join with all the world in thinking the Dean of St Patrick's without a rival. His humour,

though sufficiently marked and peculiar, is not to be easily defined. The nearest description we can give of it, would make it consist in expressing sentiments the most absurd and ridiculous—the most shocking and atrocious—or sometimes the most energetic and original—in a sort of composed, calm, and unconscious way, as if they were plain, undeniable, commonplace truths, which no person could dispute, or expect to gain credit by announcing—and in maintaining them, always in the gravest and most familiar language, with a consistency which somewhat palliates their extravagance, and a kind of perverted ingenuity, which seems to give pledge for their sincerity. The secret, in short, seems to consist in employing the language of humble good sense, and simple undoubting conviction, to express, in their honest nakedness, sentiments which it is usually thought necessary to disguise under a thousand pretences—or truths which are usually introduced with a thousand apologies. The basis of the art is the personating a character of great simplicity and openness, for whom the common moral or artificial distinctions of society are supposed to have no existence; and making use of this character as an instrument to strip vice and folly of their disguises, and expose guilt in all its deformity, and truth in all its terrors. Independent of the moral or satire, of which they may thus be the vehicle, a great part of the entertainment to be derived from works of humour, arises from the contrast between the grave, unsuspecting indifference of the character personated, and the ordinary feelings of the world on the subjects which he discusses. This contrast it is easy to heighten, by all sorts of imputed absurdities; in which case, the humour degenerates into mere farce and buffoonery. Swift has yielded a little to this temptation in the Tale of a Tub; but scarcely at all in Gulliver, or any of his later writings in the same style. Of his talent for reviling, we have already said at least enough, in some of the preceding pages.

Art. II. *Christabel: Kubla Khan, a Vision. The Pains of Sleep.* By S. T. Coleridge Esq. London. Murray, 1816.

The advertisement by which this work was announced to the publick, carried in its front a recommendation from Lord Byron,—who, it seems, has somewhere praised Christabel, as 'a wild and singularly original and beautiful poem.' Great as the noble bard's merits undoubtedly are in poetry, some of his latest *publications* dispose us to distrust his authority, where the question is what ought to meet the public eye; and the works

before us afford an additional proof, that his judgment on such matters is not absolutely to be relied on. Moreover, we are a little inclined to doubt the value of the praise which one poet lends another. It seems now-a-days to be the practice of that once irritable race to laud each other without bounds; and one can hardly avoid suspecting, that what is thus lavishly advanced may be laid out with a view to being repaid with interest. Mr Coleridge, however, must be judged by his own merits.

It is remarked, by the writers upon the Bathos, that the true *profound* is surely known by one quality—its being wholly bottomless; insomuch, that when you think you have attained its utmost depth in the work of some of its great masters, another, or peradventure the same, astonishes you, immediately after, by a plunge so much more vigorous, as to outdo all his former outdoings. So it seems to be with the new school, or, as they may be termed, the wild or lawless poets. After we had been admiring their extravagance for many years, and marvelling at the ease and rapidity with which one exceeded another in the unmeaning or infantine, until not an idea was left in the rhyme—or in the insane, until we had reached something that seemed the untamed effusion of an author whose thoughts were rather more free than his actions—forth steps Mr Coleridge, like a giant refreshed with sleep, and as if to redeem his character after so long a silence, ('his poetic powers having been, he says, from 1808 till very lately, in a state of suspended animation,' p. v.) and breaks out in these precise words—

'Tis the middle of night by the castle clock,
And the owls have awaken'd the crowing cock;
Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!
And hark, again! the crowing cock,
How drowsily it crew.'

'Sir Leoline, the Baron rich,
Hath a toothless mastiff bitch;
From her kennel beneath the rock
She makes answer to the clock,
Four for the quarters, and twelve for the hour;
Ever and aye, moonshine or shower,
Sixteen short howls, not over loud;
Some say she sees my lady's shroud.'

'Is the night chilly and dark?
The night is chilly, but not dark.' p. 3, 4.

It is probable that Lord Byron may have had this passage in his eye, when he called the poem 'wild' and 'original;' but how he discovered it to be 'beautiful,' is not quite so easy for us to imagine.

Much of the art of the wild writers consists in sudden trans-

itions—opening eagerly upon some topic, and then flying from it immediately. This indeed is known to the medical men, who not unfrequently have the care of them, as an unerring symptom. Accordingly, here we take leave of the Mastiff Bitch, and lose sight of her entirely, upon the entrance of another personage of a higher degree,

> 'The lovely Lady Christabel,
> Whom her father loves so well'—

And who, it seems, has been rambling about all night, having, the night before, had dreams about her lover, which 'made her moan and *leap.*' While kneeling, in the course of her rambles, at an old oak, she hears a noise on the other side of the stump, and going round, finds, to her great surprize, another fair damsel in white silk, but with her dress and hair in some disorder; at the mention of whom, the poet takes fright, not, as might be imagined, because of her disorder, but on account of her beauty and her fair attire—

> 'I guess, 'twas frightful there to see
> A lady so richly clad as she—
> Beautiful exceedingly!'

Christabel naturally asks who she is, and is answered, at some length, that her name is Geraldine; that she was, on the morning before, seized by five warriors, who tied her on a white horse, and drove her on, they themselves following, also on white horses; and that they had rode all night. Her narrative now gets to be a little contradictory, which gives rise to unpleasant suspicions. She protests vehemently, and with oaths, that she has no idea who the men were; only that one of them, the tallest of the five, took her and placed her under the tree, and that they all went away, she knew not whither; but how long she had remained there she cannot tell—

> 'Nor do I know how long it is,
> For I have lain in fits, I *wis*;'

—although she had previously kept a pretty exact account of the time. The two ladies then go home together, after this satisfactory explanation, which appears to have conveyed to the intelligent mind of Lady C. every requisite information. They arrive at the castle, and pass the night in the same bed-room; not to disturb Sir Leoline, who, it seems, was poorly at the time, and, of course, must have been called up to speak to the chambermaids, and have the sheets aired, if Lady G. had had a room to herself. They do not get to their bed, however, in the poem, quite so easily as we have carried them. They first cross the moat, and Lady C. 'took the key that fitted well,' and opened a little door, 'all in the middle of the gate.' Lady G. then sinks down

'belike through pain;' but it should seem more probably from laziness; for her fair companion having lifted her up, and carried her a little way, she then walks on 'as she were not in pain.' Then they cross the court—but we must give this in the poet's words, for he seems so pleased with them, that he inserts them twice over in the space of ten lines.

'So free from danger, free from fear,
They crossed the court—right glad they were.'

Lady C. is desirous of a little conversation on the way, but Lady G. will not indulge her Ladyship, saying, she is too much tired to speak. We now meet our old friend, the mastiff bitch, who is much too important a person to be slightly passed by—

'Outside her kennel, the mastiff old
Lay fast asleep, in moonshine cold.
The mastiff old did not awake,
Yet she an angry moan did make!
And what can ail the mastiff bitch?
Never till now she uttered yell
Beneath the eye of Christabel.
Perhaps it is the owlet's scritch:
For what can ail the mastiff bitch?'

Whatever it may be that ails the bitch, the ladies pass forward, and take off their shoes, and tread softly all the way up stairs, as Christabel observes that her father is a bad sleeper. At last, however, they do arrive at the bed-room, and comfort themselves with a dram of some home-made liquor, which proves to be very old; for it was made by Lady C.'s mother; and when her new friend asks if she thinks the old lady will take her part, she answers, that this is out of the question, in as much as she happened to die in childbed of her. The mention of the old lady, however, gives occasion to the following pathetic couplet.—Christabel says,

'O mother dear, that thou were here!
I would, said Geraldine, she were!'

A very mysterious conversation next takes place between Lady Geraldine and the old gentlewoman's ghost, which proving extremely fatiguing to her, she again has recourse to the bottle—and with excellent effect, as appears by these lines.

'Again the wild-flower wine she drank;
Her fair large eyes 'gan glitter bright,
And from the floor whereon she sank,
The lofty Lady stood upright:
She was most beautiful to see,
Like a Lady of a far countrée.'

From which, we may gather among other points, the exceeding great beauty of all women who live in a distant place, no

matter where. The effects of the cordial speedily begin to appear; as no one, we imagine, will doubt, that to its influence must be ascribed the following speech—

'And thus the lofty lady spake—
All they, who live in the upper sky,
Do love you, holy Christabel!
And you love them—and for their sake
And for the good which me befel,
Even I in my degree will try,
Fair maiden, to requite you well.'

Before going to bed, Lady G. kneels to pray, and desires her friend to undress, and lie down; which she does 'in her loveliness;' but being curious, she leans 'on her elbow,' and looks towards the fair devotee,—where she sees something which the poet does not think fit to tell us very explicitly.

'Her silken robe, and inner vest,
Dropt to her feet, and full in view,
Behold! her bosom and half her side——
A sight to dream of, not to tell!
And she is to sleep by Christabel.'

She soon rises, however, from her knees; and as it was not a double-bedded room, she turns in to Lady Christabel, taking only 'two paces and a stride.' She then clasps her tight in her arms, and mutters a very dark spell, which we apprehend the poet manufactured by shaking words together at random; for it is impossible to fancy that he can annex any meaning whatever to it. This is the end of it.

'But vainly thou warrest,
For this is alone in
Thy power to declare,
That in the dim forest
Thou heard'st a low moaning,
And found'st a bright lady, surpassingly fair:
And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity,
To shield her and shelter her from the damp air.'

The consequence of this incantation is, that Lady Christabel has a strange dream—and when she awakes, her first exclamation is, 'Sure I have sinn'd'—'Now heaven be praised if all be well!' Being still perplexed with the remembrance of her 'too lively' dream—she then dresses herself, and modestly prays to be forgiven for 'her sins unknown.' The two companions now go to the Baron's parlour, and Geraldine tells her story to him. This, however, the poet judiciously leaves out, and only signifies that the Baron recognized in her the daughter of his old friend Sir Roland, with whom he had had a deadly quarrel. Now, however, he despatches his tame poet, or laureate, called

Bard Bracy, to invite him and his family over, promising to forgive every thing, and even make an apology for what had passed. To understand what follows, we own, surpasses our comprehension. Mr Bracy, the poet, recounts a strange dream he has just had, of a dove being almost strangled by a snake; whereupon the Lady Geraldine falls a hissing, and her eyes grow small, like a serpent's,—or at least so they seem to her friend; who begs her father to 'send away that woman.' Upon this the Baron falls into a passion, as if he had discovered that his daughter had been seduced; at least, we can understand him in no other sense, though no hint of such a kind is given; but, on the contrary, she is painted to the last moment as full of innocence and purity.—Nevertheless,

'His heart was cleft with pain and rage,
His cheeks they quiver'd, his eyes were wild,
Dishonour'd thus in his old age;
Dishonour'd by his only child;
And all his hospitality
To th' insulted daughter of his friend
By more than woman's jealousy,
Brought thus to a disgraceful end—'

Nothing further is said to explain the mystery; but there follows incontinently, what is termed '*The conclusion of Part the Second.*' And as we are pretty confident that Mr Coleridge holds this passage in the highest estimation; that he prizes it more than any other part of 'that wild, and singularly original and beautiful poem Christabel,' excepting always the two passages touching the 'toothless mastiff Bitch;' we shall extract it for the amazement of our readers—premising our own frank avowal that we are wholly unable to divine the meaning of any portion of it.

'A little child, a limber elf,
Singing, dancing to itself,
A fairy thing with red round cheeks,
That always finds and never seeks;
Makes such a vision to the sight
As fills a father's eyes with light;
And pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his heart, that he at last
Must needs express his love's excess
With words of unmeant bitterness.
Perhaps 'tis pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm,
To dally with wrong that does no harm.
Perhaps 'tis tender too, and pretty,

At each wild word to feel within
A sweet recoil of love and pity.
And what if in a world of sin
(O sorrow and shame should this be true!)
Such giddiness of heart and brain
Comes seldom save from rage and pain,
So talks as it 's most used to do.'

Here endeth the Second Part, and, in truth, the 'singular' poem itself; for the author has not yet written, or, as he phrases it, 'embodied in verse,' the 'three parts yet to come;'—though he trusts he shall be able to do so 'in the course of the present year.'

One word as to the metre of Christabel, or, as Mr Coleridge terms it, '*the* Christabel'—happily enough; for indeed we doubt if the peculiar force of the definite article was ever more strongly exemplified. He says, that though the reader may fancy there prevails a great *irregularity* in the metre, some lines being of four, others of twelve syllables, yet in reality it is quite regular; only that it is 'founded on a new principle, namely, that of counting in each line the accents, not the syllables.' We say nothing of the monstrous assurance of any man coming forward coolly at this time of day, and telling the readers of English poetry, whose ear has been tuned to the lays of Spenser, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, that he makes his metre 'on a new principle!' but we utterly deny the truth of the assertion, and defy him to show us *any* principle upon which his lines can be conceived to tally. We give two or three specimens, to confound at once this miserable piece of coxcombry and shuffling. Let our 'wild, and singularly original and beautiful' author, show us how these lines agree either in number of accents or of feet.

'Ah wel-a-day!'—
'For this is alone in—'
'And didst bring her home with thee in love and in charity'—
'I pray you drink this cordial wine'—
'Sir Leoline'—
'And found a bright lady surpassingly fair'—
'Tu—whit!——Tu—whoo!'

Kubla Khan is given to the public, it seems, 'at the request of a poet of great and deserved celebrity;'—but whether Lord Byron the praiser of 'the Christabel,' or the Laureate, the praiser of Princes, we are not informed. As far as Mr Coleridge's 'own opinions are concerned,' it is published, 'not upon the ground of any *poetic* merits,' but 'as a PSYCHOLOGICAL CURIOSITY!' In these opinions of the candid author, we entirely concur; but for this reason we hardly think it was necessary to give the minute detail which the Preface contains, of circumstances attending its composition. Had the question

regarded 'Paradise Lost,' or 'Dryden's Ode,' we could not have had a more particular account of the circumstances in which it was composed. It was in the year 1797, and in the summer season. Mr Coleridge was in bad health;—the particular disease is not given; but the careful reader will form his own conjectures. He had retired very prudently to a lonely farm-house; and whoever would see the place which gave birth to the 'psychological curiosity,' may find his way thither without a guide; for it is situated on the confines of Somerset and Devonshire, and on the Exmoor part of the boundary; and it is, moreover, between Porlock and Linton. In that farm-house, he had a slight indisposition, and had taken an anodyne, which threw him into a deep sleep in his chair, (whether after dinner or not he omits to state), 'at the moment that he was reading a sentence in Purchas's Pilgrims,' relative to a palace of Kubla Khan. The effects of the anodyne, and the sentence together, were prodigious: They produced the 'curiosity' now before us; for, during his three-hours sleep, Mr Coleridge 'has the most vivid confidence that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines.' On awaking, he 'instantly and eagerly' wrote down the verses here published; when he was (he says, '*unfortunately*') called out by a 'person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour;' and when he returned, the vision was gone. The lines here given smell strongly, it must be owned, of the anodyne; and, but that an under dose of a sedative produces contrary effects, we should inevitably have been lulled by them into forgetfulness of all things. Perhaps a dozen more such lines as the following would reduce the most irritable of critics to a state of inaction.

'A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread:
For he on honey-dew hath fed,' &c. &c.

There is a good deal more altogether as exquisite—and in particular a fine description of a wood, 'ancient as the hills;' and 'folding sunny spots of *greenery!*' But we suppose this specimen will be sufficient.

Persons in this poet's unhappy condition, generally feel the want of sleep as the worst of their evils; but there are instances, too, in the history of the disease, of sleep being attended with new agony, as if the waking thoughts, how wild and turbulent soever, had still been under some slight restraint, which sleep instantly removed. Mr Coleridge appears to have experienced this symptom, if we may judge from the title of his third poem, '*The Pains of Sleep;*' and, in truth, from its composition—which is mere raving, without any thing more affecting than a number of incoherent words, expressive of extravagance and incongruity.—We need give no specimen of it.

Upon the whole, we look upon this publication as one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty; and one of the boldest experiments that has yet been made on the patience or understanding of the public. It is impossible, however, to dismiss it, without a remark or two. The other productions of the Lake School have generally exhibited talents thrown away upon subjects so mean, that no power of genius could ennoble them; or perverted and rendered useless by a false theory of poetical composition. But even in the worst of them, if we except the White Doe of Mr Wordsworth and some of the laureate odes, there were always some gleams of feeling or of fancy. But the thing now before us, is utterly destitute of value. It exhibits from beginning to end not a ray of genius; and we defy any man to point out a passage of poetical merit in any of the three pieces which it contains, except, perhaps, the following lines in p. 32, and even these are not very brilliant; nor is the leading thought original—

'Alas! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.'

With this one exception, there is literally not one couplet in the publication before us which would be reckoned poetry, or even sense, were it found in the corner of a newspaper or upon the window of an inn. Must we then be doomed to hear such a mixture of raving and driv'ling, extolled as the work of a '*wild and original*' genius, simply because Mr Coleridge has now and then written fine verses, and a brother poet chooses, in his milder mood, to laud him from courtesy or from interest?

And are such panegyrics to be echoed by the mean tools of a political faction, because they relate to one whose daily prose is understood to be dedicated to the support of all that courtiers think should be supported? If it be true that the author has thus earned the patronage of those liberal dispensers of bounty, we can have no objection that they should give him proper proofs of their gratitude; but we cannot help wishing, for his sake, as well as our own, that they would pay in solid pudding instead of empty praise; and adhere, at least in this instance, to the good old system of rewarding their champions with places and pensions, instead of puffing their bad poetry, and endeavouring to cram their nonsense down the throats of all the loyal and well affected.

ART. III. *Der Krieg der Tyroler Landleute im Jahre* 1809. Von J. L. S. BARTHOLDY. Berlin, 1814.

THIS work contains the only connected and authentic narrative which has yet been published, of the stand made by the Tyrolese against the Gallo-Bavarian armies in the year 1809. Their patriotism attracted a short and transient notice: But the Tyrolese war was an episode in the great tragical drama, which had little influence on the important scenes that succeeded:—Empires rose and fell—crowns and sceptres were lost and won by kings and keisars—and the fate of the hunters and herdsmen, who had perished in the defence of their secluded vallies, was soon forgotten.

We think that war never wears a more unpleasing aspect, than when, according to the accustomed phraseology, it is considered on a *grand* scale, and in what is called a *scientific* point of view. So many details are given of long-planned operations, foredooming to spoil and havoc all that the industry of man has won from the bounty of nature:—then we are taught to join in lauding the sagacity of the commander, who, by sacrificing a few hecatombs of his followers, ensured the victories of the remainder: And after summing up, in round numbers, the total amount of killed, wounded, and missing, the balance is struck, and carried to the profit and loss account of the ledger of the royal merchant on whose behalf the speculation is carried on, to be duly estimated at the next partition.

Man is so naturally a fighting animal, that even the best of us hardly feel a sufficient dislike to the art of destruction, except when it is invested with this air of cold-blooded calculation.

When war is conducted with forethought, we are forced to dwell on its abundant wretchedness. The end becomes contrasted with the means. There appears to be such utter indifference to the sufferings of our fellow creatures, in calmly sending forth the mandates of destruction, such guilt in wilfully afflicting them with an endless train of physical and moral evil, that it becomes no longer possible to deny the dreadful price which is paid for military glory.

The more, however, that the share which the politician has in the pastime of princes, can be prevented from becoming conspicuous, the more difficult does it become to resist the influence of those feelings which an ingenious casuist can represent, either as the ornaments or as the deformities of the human heart, and which seduce the spectator to take an interest in the game. Let us once be placed in the midst of the glittering tumult of the camp, and many of the doctrines which led us to condemn the ambition of the cabinet, will be unheeded and forgotten.

Whatever interest may be taken in the atchievements of an army, it is far inferior to the appeal which is made to our passions by the union of personal prowess and mental energy. By all regular systems of military tactics, the exercise, at least, of these qualities must generally be separated. So much is said about echelons and deployments, and columns, and hollow squares, that we seem to be contemplating mere masses of inert matter, driven about by some extraneous cause, and whose impulse and effect can be best calculated according to the laws of dynamics. The military Behemoth covers a thousand hills; but, as in the frontispiece to Hobbes, the monster is an aggragate of unities—and those which compose the members have nothing in common with the head which thinks for them. It is true that the commander would ill deserve his rank, were he to exhibit the rash impetuosity of a Guerilla chief. But, of the two, the partisan who both plans the combat, and mingles in the fray, will always excite the livelier sympathy. The semblance of volition is too much obscured in rank and file. The gallantry of each individual arm is lost in the compacted charge; and, although it may very possibly be a mere illusion, we are prone to fancy there is more motive in irregular levies. From causes which are somewhat analogous, sailors have more of the rough enterprize of ancient chivalry than soldiers. The admiral of the fleet shares all the common danger of his men; and they have greater scope for individual exertion and sagacity. The cutting of a vessel out of a hostile harbour, rivets our attention more than the rout of a detachment; and the chase of a frigate gives rise to greater anxiety than the flight

of a discomfited army. We doze in listless languor, when the veteran fights his battles over again: But the relation of the cruize may continue till midnight, and not a yawn shall confess the influence of the witching hour. To these sources we may also trace the romantic charm of the history of rude ages and nations; and, without detracting from the merits of the campaign, we, for our parts, have always dwelt more willingly on the vicissitudes of the Border foray.

In the present instance, the conflict assumed many of the features which are nearly banished from the warfare of the modern world, and which are only to be found in the chronicles of the days of the lance and shield. From beginning to end, it was wholly a war of the commons—for the nobility, with a few honourable exceptions, remained inert and idle—conducted with all the energy, and at the same time with all the unthinking rashness of men inured to hardships, but not to discipline—in defence of opinions, which it was the duty of their ruler to have treated with forbearance—and of rights which he had solemnly bound himself to maintain.

These rights and liberties of the Tyrolese, and indeed their constitution itself, had been secured to them by the concessions with which Frederick, surnamed *Empty Pocket*, rewarded their fidelity in the hour of distress and danger. The Tyrol continued a favoured country—it furnished a never-failing supply of hardy soldiers. Fortunate in its poverty, it afforded no temptation to the financier;—and, until the latest period, the House of Austria had allowed the Tyrolese to continue nearly in the full possession of their antient immunities; whilst the inhabitants of every other part of the hereditary dominions had seen the last faint traces of liberty vanish under the sway of the mild and polished Joseph, the Imperial philosopher. The leading outlines of the balanced system of polity of the Teutonic nations, are always uniform. When the States of the Tyrol are mentioned, it may be immediately inferred, that no taxes could be raised without their concurrence: But it becomes necessary to add, that, by a happy peculiarity, villanage and servitude were unknown. The land was tilled by a free peasantry, whose representatives formed one of the branches of the legislature. The local magistracy of the country districts, although the privilege had been narrowed by Joseph's regulations, was mostly nominated by the popular voice; and the doctrine, that all ranks are equal before the law, was fully recognized both in theory and practice. The Tyrolese had not been visited by the mischievous policy which rendered their fellow subjects the sluggish and torpid spectators of the misfortunes of

the government; and 'consequently, the princely earldom'* of the Tyrol was almost the only corner of the dominions of the Emperor of Austria in which the people were really attached to the dynasty of Hapsburgh. Both in physical and moral strength, it was the most important of the bulwarks of his empire; and we may well believe, that it was with reluctance that he obeyed the mandate which compelled him to cede it, as part of the tribute by which he purchased the transitory respite afforded by the peace of Presburg, to Napoleon's Bavarian ally—who, under the auspices of the august *Protector* of the confederation of the Rhine, had just exchanged the cap of maintenance and furred mantle of a German elector, for the prouder ensigns of the royal dignity. The States assembled whilst the negociations were pending, and endeavoured, by their remonstrances, to avert this transfer of their country. But the Emperor Francis could only reply to their address, that although it had not been in his power to prevent this painful visitation, he had, nevertheless, used all his influence to secure the integrity of the Tyrolese territory, and the preservation of its constitution; And he referred them to the eighth article of the treaty, by which the King of Bavaria 'engaged to maintain them in the full possession of all their rights and immunities.'

By the constitution of the Tyrol, the sovereign did not acquire a right to the allegiance of the people, until the oath of fealty had been taken in the name of the community by the four Estates;—the representatives of the diocesan and collegiate churches—the heads of the regular clergy—the barons and knights—and the burgesses and yeomanry, convened in full and solemn assembly at Innspruck. But the Bavarian government neglected to observe this impressive ceremony, and possession was taken of the country in the name of the new sovereign, by means of a set of French commissioners. In the month of January 1806, however, the Estates met, and for the last time; and, in their memorial, the King was respectfully requested to give audience to a deputation from their body, chosen according to their constitutional forms, and which was instructed to lay before him their advice and wishes respecting the most eligible methods of alleviating the distresses of the country. The King answered this address, by assuring them, that he relied on the promises of fidelity and attachment which they had now given; 'and in re-'turn,' he proceeds, 'they may rest confident, that we will not 'only protect them to the utmost of our power in the possession 'of their constitution, and of their well-earned rights and fran-

* 'Gefürstete graffschaft.'

'chises, but that we will always exert ourselves to promote their 'general welfare and happiness.'

The Monarch, or his ministers, found, ere long, that the fulfilment of these most gracious promises could be conveniently dispensed with. The constitution of the Tyrol was abolished by a royal ordonnance. The country was deprived of its very name, by its subdivision into the circles of the Inn, the Eisach, and the Etsch, under which denominations it was incorporated in the Bavarian monarchy, which was then newly remodelled into a dwarfish resemblance of its great foster-mother, the French empire. And as Bavaria was ambitious to figure as a great military power, notwithstanding the impoverished state of her finances, one of the first fruits of the union was the arbitrary imposition of eight new and oppressive taxes, which were levied with the greatest rigour.

The judicious indulgence extended by the old masters of the world to the religion and habits of the conquered nations, insured the health and vigour of the Roman empire. Apis fattened at his sacred crib in peace and quietness. The priests of the Great Mother were left in full enjoyment of their property and their penances: And the tribunal was filled by the Archon, although a foreign power had placed him there. The French, on the contrary, stung and teased their vassals into resistance, by childishly attempting to do the work of ages in a moment, and to transmute the whole heterogeneous mass of continental population into Frenchmen. From North to South, from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, all national character was to be crushed out, all national distinctions were to be effaced. Neither those institutions, founded in the eternal bases of justice and morality, and therefore appreciated with reason,—nor those upon which the ties of long continued usage bestows a greater though imaginary value,—nor those tastes and opinions by which each nation asserts its individuality, were to be suffered to exist. All was to assume a uniform colouring. The Parisian was to find the image of his gay and proud metropolis reflected from the waters of the Elbe and the Tagus. Alcaides and Burgomasters were kicked out to make room for mayors and municipalities. The fame of Emanuel Kant, and St Thomas Aquinas, were equally to sink in everlasting night; and the professors of Gottingen, or the licentiates of Alcala were bound to replenish their emptied heads out of the ampler stores of the Encyclopædia. Schiller and Calderon and Alfieri were trundled off the boards, by the 'Artistes' of the grand opera. And, unlike Frederick the Great, who wrote to his loving subjects at Neufchatel, that he had not the slightest objection

to their being eternally damned, since they found it agreeable, neither heaven nor hell were to be opened, unless the 'ministre du culte publique' had regularly signed the passport. The Bavarians fully imitated the busy meddling arrogance of their French allies. Instead of attempting to conciliate their new subjects, they took every opportunity of reminding them that they had passed under a foreign yoke. A new system of jurisprudence was introduced. The convents were suppressed, and their inmates turned adrift. The churches were profaned or demolished; the statues and holy vessels wantonly destroyed or melted down; and the clergy in general subjected to every species of indignity and vexation. According to the popular notion, the right of sovereignty of the Tyrol was attached to the possession of the antient castle, the seat of the old race of princes. For the paltry value of the materials, this venerable edifice was actually sold by public auction, and rased to the ground. On feasts and holidays, the dramatized legends of the popular saints, used to form the principal recreation of the simple peasantry; but, under the pretence of promoting the mental cultivation of the people, the representation of these mysteries was strictly prohibited. And the same reason was assigned for compelling the peasantry to forego their accustomed pilgrimages to miraculous chapels and health-bestowing wells—where some canonized inhabitant of the blissful regions often usurped the honours which were more justly due to air and exercise, Glauber's salts, and carbonic acid.

This vexatious and unprofitable interference of the Bavarian government, was even more grievous to the Tyrolese than the pecuniary and military burthens to which they were now subjected. Their discontent became manifest; and when the war of 1809 was on the point of breaking out, the Austrian government judged that a useful diversion might be effected, by stimulating its former subjects to throw off the yoke of their new masters. Confidential emissaries were set to work in the country itself. And deputations were despatched to Vienna, who returned with instructions to exhort the Tyrolese to take arms as soon as the Bavarians attempted either to inforce the military conscription, or to demolish the bridges, or to adopt any other measures, with a view to the ulterior defence of the country, in the event of its being the seat of war.

Early in the month of February, a secret conference took place between the principal of these deputies, one Andrew Hofer, an innkeeper at Passeyr, and Joseph Speckbacher, a substantial yeoman, possessed of a good farm in the village of Gradenwald. In the preceding century, Speckbacher's grand-

father had distinguished himself against the Bavarians under Maximilian Emanuel. 'And when I was a child,' says Speckbacher, in a narrative from which Bartholdy has given a few extracts, 'I often listened to him, as he told us the history of these times, and I longed to have an opportunity of fighting against them as he had done.' During his youthful years, he associated himself to a band of hunters, who set the forest laws at defiance, and in whose company he ranged the Upper and Lower Inndale, the Oetzdale, and the adjoining parts of Bavaria. By this wandering mode of life, he proceeds—'I became acquainted with every nook, and every glen, and every pass; and this intimate knowledge of the face of the country was of the greatest assistance to me in meeting the enemy.'

Hofer and Speckbacher had become acquainted three or four years before, at the great cattle fair at Stertzing; since which, they had had frequent opportunities of learning each other's political sentiments. And Hofer, who had returned with an Austrian commission, by which he was appointed chief commandant of the district of Passeyr, found no difficulty in persuading his friend to take an active part in the meditated rising of the people, especially as it was promised that they should receive the most prompt and efficacious assistance from the Emperor of Austria.

The first blow was struck on the 10th of April, when the Bavarians, who were undermining the bridge of St Lawrence, in order to hinder the expected advance of the Austrian troops, were attacked by the peasantry of the Pusterdale, who compelled them to desist and to retreat. The rising in all parts of the country was almost simultaneous; and without entering into details, which would be unintelligible without a constant reference to the map, it will be sufficient to observe, that on the following days, a body of upwards of twenty thousand armed peasants had assembled round Innspruck, then occupied by a Bavarian garrison, which surrendered itself, after sustaining several desultory and impetuous attacks. The peasants entered the city in triumph, preceded by rustic music; and their courage was heightened to the wildest pitch of enthusiasm, by the ambiguous expressions which fell from a Bavarian officer expiring under the anguish of his wounds, and from which they inferred that they were led on to victory by some patron saint or tutelary angel, unseen by them, but who was visible enough to their appalled enemies. Equally characteristic were the demonstrations of joy, which accompanied the entrance of the promised succour of Austrian troops. The peasants placed an enormous black eagle of carved work in front of one of the

principal buildings of the town. To this symbol, they paid a kind of religious honour. Tapers were lighted, and kept burning before it. Those who passed by, were compelled to take off their hats; if any symptoms of reluctance appeared, they had reason to repent their hesitation. And the Imperial bird was congratulated by the boors in their provincial dialect, on the renewal of his plumage. Their next employment was to demolish the Bavarian coat of arms placed over the castle gate; as it happened to be out of their reach, they fired at it with ball cartridge; and when the crown was struck off the lion's head, a reward was given to the successful marksman. Such popular feelings with respect to national bearings and devices should not be overlooked. Let us recollect what took place in this part of the world, when the lion and the unicorn happily gave over *fighting for the crown*, under the peaceful reign of the Sovereign whom the *poetry* of the Professor of Philosophy at Aberdeen, honest Alexander Gordon, designates as the

> 'Wise, matchles monarch whome the world admires,
> And God above hes beatified and blest'—

Many were the days which were consumed in grave and anxious negociations respecting the rights of precedence, to which the unicorn and the lions rampant, passant, and regardant, were respectively entitled. And although we do not lay quite as much stress as our Scottish commissioners did on the importance of a station in the dexter quarter, yet we should not have felt perfectly satisfied, if they had tamely allowed the royal beast of King Fergus, and the Tressure Fleury of Charlemaine, to be debased beneath the ducal cubs and lioncels of England—or if they had assented to any other arrangement, except the compromise which so ingeniously sustained the dignity of the armouries of the two kingdoms.

Various expedients had been resorted to, in order to apprize the inhabitants of the banks of the Inn, that it was time to begin the conflict; such as floating a plank, with a little pennon affixed to it, down the stream. Speckbacher commanded the peasants in the Lower-Inndale, where his views were principally directed to the capture of Hall, the chief town of the district: But before he ventured on this enterprize, he was desirous to ascertain the resources of the garrison. This he accomplished by entering the fortress in disguise; and, counterfeiting drunkenness, he reeled up to the temporary timber buildings, in which the military stores were enclosed. The sentinels drove him back with abuse, but not until he had gained sufficient information to satisfy himself. The Bavarians having attempted to levy contributions in a neighbouring village, the peasants with-

stood them; and Speckbacher having rapidly drawn together a considerable force, he made an attack in the middle of the night on a monastery, which had been fortified by the Bavarians. As the flashes of the musquetry discovered the positions of the Tyrolese, he ordered them to cease firing. A large tree was then felled by his direction, and forty-six of his strongest followers, using it as a battering ram, impelled it against the massy door of the convent, which soon yielded to the blows. In consequence of his intimations, the armed peasantry had assembled at Absam, where there was a favourite image of the Holy Virgin, which had already done good service to the State, by putting a stop to the distemper amongst the horned cattle, and also by defeating the French in the former war. To this place of rendezvous Speckbacher hurried on, immediately after the convent had been stormed; and the Tyrolese remained stationed there during the remainder of the night. The women and children who were left alone in the villages had fired the beacons on the left bank of the Inn, and by midnight all the heights were in a blaze. This stratagem had the desired effect; and the garrison of Hall imagined that if the peasants were bold enough to insult the town, the attack would be made in that direction. But before daybreak, Speckbacher and his men advanced silently towards the opposite side of the walls. When the bell rang for matins, the drawbridge was let down, and the gate opened. The ambushed Tyrolese rushed in upon the guard, mastered it, and got possession of the town, in which they only lost two of their number. The Bavarian prisoners, amounting to about 400, were sent off under an escort, consisting chiefly of women. As they fancied that they were placed under this guard of amazons in order to shame them, they were exceedingly enraged at the supposed affront; but this was by no means the intention of the Tyrolese, who had sent their wives and daughters to take care of the prisoners, merely because the entire male population was drawn off to Innspruck. And this service was often assigned to the women in the course of the war.

The Tyrol being cleared of the enemy, the Austrian government deputed Baron von Hormayer to act as the intendant general of the province. The military were under the command of the Marquis of Chasteller: neither of these stately personages distinguished themselves by any degree of talent. The Marquis, who was afterwards suspected, perhaps unjustly, of treachery, attempted to effect what his general orders termed a regular organization of the armed peasantry, but which could never be carried into execution. The Archduke John issued a

proclamation for a meeting of the States, to be held at Brixen, of which Ignatius, Count of Tannenburgh, a blind old man, and who was almost the only nobleman who took a part in the good cause, was appointed president. And the Emperor addressed a rescript to 'his trusty and right well beloved Tyrolese,' thanking them for their exertions, and holding forth the expectation of a permanent reunion to his crown.

A reverse of fortune was at hand. The battle of Ratisbon opened the gates of Saltzburgh to the Marshal the Duke of Dantzick, at the head of the French and Bavarians. The Tyrol immediately became the object of their attacks; and a body of the enemy's troops forced the passes on the side of Saltzburgh, after some hours hard fighting. It is thought that the defence would have been more effectual, had it not unfortunately taken place on Holy Thursday, when too many of the Tyrolese had left their posts in order to hear mass; so that the Spanish proverb does not always hold good. The Marquis of Chasteller, ignorant both of the numbers and the positions of the enemy, endeavoured to defend himself behind a rivulet called the Wörgl, where, on the 13th of May, he was shamefully defeated; and in his flight through the town of Hall, he was stopped and ill treated by the infuriated populace. Chasteller then endeavoured to negociate with the Bavarians, and to obtain a suspension of arms; but the Bavarian commander, General (now Prince) Wrede, refused to treat, and produced the field order of the 3d of May, declaring, that 'by order of his Majesty the Emperor Napoleon, one Chasteller, calling himself an Austrian Colonel, is to be brought before a military commission as soon as he is taken, and shot within four-and-twenty hours as a *chef de brigands.*' The Marquis was sadly disconcerted by this threat; and he determined to make the best of his way out of the Tyrol without loss of time. The measure was opposed by Hofer and the Tyrolese chiefs: Chasteller made a show of yielding to their wishes, and got rid of the former by despatching him to Stertzing, with orders to raise the peasantry; and, as soon as he was relieved from Hofer's presence, he decamped with all possible expedition, having issued orders to the other Austrian detachments to follow his example. When this news reached Hofer, who had raised a body of 6000 men, he became completely unmanned by vexation, and threw himself crying upon his bed. Eisenstekker, his adjutant, who was originally an innkeeper at Botzen, was fortunately more composed, and managed so as to induce an Austrian corps under General Buol, to disobey Chasteller's instructions, and to continue in the country.

Innspruck was entered by General Wrede and the Duke of Dantzick on the 19th of May. The old Count Tannenburgh was *deported* to Munich, where he justified his conduct before the King with great warmth and freedom. We regret to add, that the conquerors treated the country with the greatest inhumanity. The peasants, armed or unarmed, were murdered without remorse; neither age nor sex were spared; and death was inflicted with every refinement of cruelty.

Speckbacher had retreated to his valley, where the peasantry promised to renew the war, provided Hofer and the Austrians who remained with him, could be brought to support them. The tract which separated the two chiefs was in the possession of the enemy; but an immediate interview was of the utmost importance; and Speckbacher set off without hesitation on this perilous expedition, on the evening of Whit-Monday, accompanied by George Zoppel and Simon Lechner, who should not remain unrecorded in the roll of fame. In the night they encountered a body of an hundred Bavarian dragoons. Speckbacher and his two companions concealed themselves, fired on the enemy from their ambush, ran up the rocks, and loaded and gave fire again. And the Bavarians, who imagined they were attacked by a numerous body of sharp-shooters, fled in confusion. Hofer pledged himself to cooperate. Speckbacher, on his return, was desirous to convey the welcome intelligence to the inhabitants of the opposite banks of the river. But the bridge of Hall, and all the points of transit, were vigilantly guarded by the Bavarians, who stopped and searched every person who crossed; so that, as he wished to make the communication in writing, he found great difficulty in devising a plan for transmitting his despatches.

In this perplexity, he was relieved by the inventive genius of his trusty companion George Zoppel, and his servant maid. The girl first crossed the bridge; and as nothing suspicious was found upon her, she was allowed to pass. Then George Zoppel presented himself, and after him came Speckbacher's great poodel dog, in whose woolly tail the despatches were concealed; and whilst the sentinels were busily employed in searching Zoppel's pockets, the dog, obedient to the call of the servant maid, brushed past the soldiers, and ran up to her.

At the foot of the mountain Isel, there is a celebrated abbey, the abbey of Wilten, formerly belonging to the order of St Bennet, but now to the Præmonstratenses, who were settled there in the year 1136, by Bishop Regenbert. Amongst the holy treasures of which the abbey can boast, the one which principally attracts the devotion of the faithful, is a most vene-

rable image of our Lady. According to the legend, it was brought into the country by the Christians who served in the tenth thundering legion: and to her protection is ascribed the victory which was gained by that legion in the year 137, when serving under Marcus Aurelius against the Marcomanni and the Quadi. Few can be so sceptical as to venture to doubt the truth of the story, since it is confirmed by the verses which, from time immemorial, have been engraved under the statue of the giant Heymon, who was almost a saint himself, and whose 'counterfeyt' is to be seen as large as life in the same abbey. Prophecies often work their own accomplishment. An old tradition was afloat amongst the people, that the neighbourhood of Isel and Wilten was one day or another to bring good fortune to the Tyrol; and, whether by chance or design, the united forces of the Tyrolese, the greater part of which consisted of the inhabitants of the southern and eastern vallies, whom Hofer had collected under his standard, were here opposed to the Bavarians. A general but indecisive action took place on the 25th February; the engagement was renewed on the 29th, and it ended in the total defeat of the Bavarians. In this battle Speckbacher's courage and inventive genius were preeminent. In order to deter the Bavarians from attacking a weak point of the Tyrolese positions, he threw up an entrenchment, mounted with trunks of trees so cut and placed as to resemble field pieces; musquets were tied together and discharged at the same instant, by which a very loud report was produced; and this fictitious battery succeeded in keeping the Bavarians at a respectful distance. He was followed in the morning by his little son Andrew, who was then about ten years old. As the battle grew hotter, he ordered him to quit the field. The boy returned; and at last he received a blow from his father. He then went back a little way, and employed himself in watching the shot as they struck the ground, and dug them out with his knife; and, the following morning he brought his hat full of bullets, which he presented to Speckbacher with great exultation, and begged him to take them for the use of the troops, because he had heard that they were in want of ammunition. The example and eloquence of Friar Joachim Haspinger, a capuchin, who deserves a niche by the side of the stalwart monk in the Danish ballad, also contributed much to the victory of the day. When the Friar was a student in the faculty of theology, he had borne arms against the French; and his victories were then rewarded by a silver medal; which, upon his entering the order of St Francis, he consecrated to the miraculous crucifix at 'Eppan near Botzen.' The Friar made all his campaigns in

his cowl and sandals; and, like the German Emperor, and the Algerine corsair, the colour of the venerable appendage which streamed like a meteor in the troubled air, procured him the nickname of Red-beard; a *nom de guerre* which he took in such good part, that he was accustomed to employ it as his usual signature.

The Bavarians retreated accross the Inn. And the battle of Aspern having somewhat raised the drooping spirit of Austria, the same rescript by which the Emperor communicated the event to the Tyrolese, assured them 'that he never would conclude any treaty of peace, except such as would knit the Tyrol to Austria, by the most indissoluble ties.' The return of the Intendant, Major von Hormayer, who found his way back again to Innspruck, was not altogether so gratifying, as he laboured hard to inforce the payment of the taxes, both new and old. But the peasantry refused to pay them, for they had got a notion, which we must own was not very unreasonable, 'that if they continued to be as heavily burthened as they were under the Bavarian government, they might as well have remained quiet, without risking their lives and fortunes to overturn it.' This statement is given with a kind of stupid *naïveté*, in Major von Hormayer's official report to Count Zischy. Hofer and Major Teimer were appointed joint general commandants of the Tyrol. Teimer's services had been very insignificant; and this measure was rather unsatisfactory to his coadjutor, who expected to be invested with the entire command;—in the course of events, however, it devolved upon him.

Speckbacher, with his peasants, and with a corps of Austrians under Count d'Esquille, laid siege to the fortress of Kufstein, adjoining an open town of the same name, near the Bavarian frontier. The town was in the Bavarian interest; and the women used to steal into the Tyrolese camp to gain intelligence, where they were kindly received by the lusty peasants. Speckbacher was well aware that it was useless to lecture his men, so he caught a brace of these fair seducers, and shaved their heads. After this summary punishment, which one would think he had borrowed from the old regulations of the Marshal of the household, none of the Kufstein women ventured into the camp again. This siege abounded in *melo-dramatis* situations, which we have not leisure to repeat to our readers.

Kufstein was on the point of surrendering, when Austria was happy to accept the armistice granted by the French after the battle of Wagram, and by which it was stipulated, that the Tyrol should be evacuated forthwith. The Austrian authorities considerately

published a proclamation, advising the Tyrolese 'to lay down their arms, and rely on the clemency of Monsieur le Marechal the Duke of Dantzick;' and then evacuated Innspruck, taking with them all their stores and artillery, and leaving this devoted country at the mercy of Le Fevre, the Bavarian General Deroy, and some other commanders of note, who poured into it with 20,000 men, French, Saxons and Bavarians. Many wild and incoherent plans for the defence of the country were formed, and given up by the Tyrolese, on finding themselves thus abandoned to their enemies. Hofer, who does not seem to have been possessed of much firmness, was in utter despair. He appointed one Anthony Steger, some time a hunter in the Bishoprick of Brixen, as lieutenant-commandant of the vale of Passeyr; and then secluded himself amongst the rocks, where he passed several days in prayer and solitude. Not such was the conduct of Friar Joachim. After the battle of Mount Isel, he had returned to the monastery of Clausen, but he did not long continue singing in the quire. A short time after Le Fevre had entered Innspruck, Joachim was called to Brixen, for the purpose of assisting in a solemn procession in honour of St Cassianus. The rites due to the memory of the holy Martyr having been performed, the Friar laid by his breviary and his beads, and called together three of his patriotic friends, Martin Schenk, Peter Mayer, and Peter Kemenater—we take a pleasure in repeating the rugged names of these rural heroes—and imparted to them a letter, by which Hofer, who had quitted his hermitage, and resumed the command, implored them to make one effort more 'in defence of their beloved vallies.' Red-beard returned to Clausen, where he held forth with such fervour, that the inhabitants, young and old, unanimously flew to arms. The armed peasantry assembled by Mayer and Kemenater, joined him the same night. The next morning, Peter Lanschner, the parish priest of Weitendale came up with reinforcements from Scheneck and Rodeneck; and the Friar, like a wary general, immediately broke down a bridge, over which the enemy might have crossed.

Le Fevre's plan was to make himself master of Brixen, by which the subjection of the lower Tyrol would have been insured; and with this view he entered the mountainous district, occupied by Speckbacher, the Friar, and Kemenater. The Tyrolese defended themselves with great obstinacy. In one day the French lost upwards of 1200 men, including 53 officers, who were picked out by their opponents. The Tyrolese also impeded the march of the enemy, by burning an Alpine bridge over

the river Eisack. A Bavarian horseman attempted to lead on the charge through the midst of the flames; but the blazing beams gave way beneath the horse's feet, and both were precipitated into the depth below. This desultory fighting continued for many days. The rocks bristled forth in arms; the peasants assembled from all quarters; and Hofer, with his followers, also joined them. The French allied forces were apprehensive lest they should be surrounded in the defiles; and their retrograde movements at length assumed the character of a disorderly flight, during which they were incessantly annoyed by the Tyrolese, who hung upon their rear; and to avoid their unerring weapons, the Duke of Dantzick marched on foot in the uniform of a common soldier. 'Le Marechal est furieux contre le Tyrol, et ne veut absolument pas y rester,' are General Decroy's expressions when describing the state of mind of 'Son Excellence Ducale' at this critical moment.

The fated neighbourhood of Wilten and Isel, in front of which the enemy were stationed after their retreat, once more exercised its mystic influence over the fortunes of the Tyrol. The forces of the Tyrolese had rolled on like an avalanche, increasing in its progress; and their leaders determined to brave the assailants. On the 12th of August, at two in the morning, mass was said by the Friar, at which all the other commanders assisted: they then separated, and took their posts. The battle, which was resolutely contested on either side, began at six in the morning, and continued nearly till midnight, when the victory was decided in favour of the Tyrolese. The loss of the enemy was never accurately ascertained; but 1200 of their wounded fell into the hands of the Tyrolese, and the field was covered with their dead; whilst such were the advantages which the natives derived from their peculiar mode of fighting, that their total loss did not amount to 200. The defeated troops fell back upon Innspruck; and, during the short time which they remained in that city, they burned all the houses and buildings in the environs to the ground. No effort, however, was made by them to defend it; and, by their retreat across the Inn, the Tyrolese, for the third time, accomplished the recovery of their capital.

The entire direction of affairs, both civil and military, was now assumed by Hofer. In this new and arduous situation, his character became fully developed; and no inconsiderable share of political talent appeared strangely blended with the most primitive simplicity. His first cares were directed to those objects which, in his opinion, were of far greater weight than all worldly concerns. The Archduke John was solicited to lend his as-

sistance to reestablish the Jesuits' College at Innspruck. In one proclamation, 'the very reverend the clergy' were exhorted to check the progress of new principles, immorality, and infidelity. Another proclamation states, that many of his 'good brethren in arms, and followers, the defenders of the country, have been sorely travailed by the shameless conduct of women of all ranks and conditions, who bestow only such scanty and transparent coverings on their breasts and arms, as to give rise to manifold carnal temptations;' and the offenders are there warned, that the repetition of these heinous exposures will subject them to certain unseemly inflictions, which are clearly hinted at in the proclamation. These considerations occupied rather too much of his time; but he attended with diligence to the other departments of government, though all his actions were tinged with that plain and rustic inexperience, which has so much the character of honesty, that it becomes a point of conscience to restrain our smiles. The courts of justice proceeded according to the usual course; yet he would sometimes interfere, and reverse their judgments, in which he was actuated rather by the feelings of the moment than by sound discretion. And he would pass whole mornings in attempting to reconcile disputes,—and especially between married people,—which gave him sufficient employment. Silver and copper coin, impressed with the arms of the Tyrol, was struck with the produce of the mines. And these pieces, M. Bartholdy tells us, 'are now eagerly sought after by curious collectors.' And to raise the necessary supplies 'for the use, and in the name of the Emperor of Austria,' a deputation, chosen by the provincial circles, was invested with a temporary authority, as circumstances would not allow of a speedy meeting of the Estates. Hofer's costume was in strict keeping with his character. He retained his country jerkin and clouted shoon, and his long beard; but his broad-brimmed hat was exchanged for another, the gift of the holy sisterhood of Innspruck;—the Virgin Mary was painted on the cockade, which was surmounted by a nodding plume —and an inscription denoting his name and office, 'Andrew Hofer, commander of the Tyrolese,' was embroidered in large gold letters on the broad black velvet band which surrounded it. Eisenstecker and Sieberer returned from the Austrian head quarters, with 3000 ducats for the troops, the only money ever sent into the Tyrol during the war, and a golden chain, and the medal of the order of merit, for Hofer. On the *name day* of the Emperor, the constituted authorities, and a throng of spectators, filled the Grey Friars' Church at Innspruck. Hofer kneeled on a scarlet velvet cushion near the altar; after 'Te

Deum laudamus' had been sung, and an old ex-jesuit had preached a sermon; the chain and medal were handed on a silver dish, to the Abbot of Wilten; he blessed the tokens of honour, and hung them round Hofer's neck, amidst the tears and applauses of the surrounding multitude.

Whilst Hofer was thus governing at Innspruck, Speckbacher had been actively employed on the Bavarian frontiers. One morning when he was busied in writing, the sound of drums and fifes drew him to the window. A company of Tyrolese militia was approaching the house, at the head of which he saw an armed boy. It was Andrew, who had escaped from the Alps, whither he had been sent to a place of safety, and who had already been a month in the company of the soldiers;—from this moment Andrew never quitted his father's side. An irruption into the Bavarian territory was concerted by Speckbacher and the Friar; but a difference of opinion arose between them. The former wished to act with caution, but Brother Joachim contemplated the seizure of Saltzburg, and the advance of the Tyrolese into Styria and Carinthia, where he expected that the inhabitants would rise and join them.

Objects of greater importance had diverted the attention of the French and their allies from the Tyrol; but the war was now fast approaching to a crisis. Speckbacher's head-quarters were at Melek in Bavaria, where, as he suspected, the innkeeper made a fruitless attempt to poison him. On the 18th of October he was unexpectedly attacked and surrounded by the Bavarians. The Tyrolese lost the flower of their troops, and little Andrew was taken prisoner. Speckbacher was felled to the ground, and nearly killed by the blows which he received from the but end of a musket, a desperate mode of fighting much practised by both parties in these obstinate contests. He escaped, however, with the remnant of his men, by climbing a steep and rocky mountain, where the Bavarians could not follow them. When he discovered the loss of his son, wounded and bleeding as he was, he resolved to attempt a rescue; but the men were panic-struck, and, for the first time, they refused obedience. The boy was told by the Bavarians that his father was dead; and, to confirm him in this opinion, they produced Speckbacher's sabre, together with some parts of his dress, which he had lost in the struggle. Andrew wept bitterly, when he saw these memorials of his parent; but, after a little while, he checked himself, and marched on with his fellow-prisoners in sullen silence. At Munich he was presented to the King, who treated him with much humanity, and placed him in the Royal Seminary.

The French and Bavarians entered the Tyrol, notwithstanding the unavailing opposition of the peasants; and, after betraying great perplexity, Hofer evacuated Inspruck. In the mountains, however, the defence was yet kept up, till, on the 4th of November, Hofer wrote to Spekbacher, that he had sad news to communicate—'Austria has signed a treaty of peace with France, in which the Tyrol is completely forgotten!'

The peace was officially announced by the proclamation of the Viceroy of Italy, and the threat of military execution was held out against such as should be found in arms; but Hofer delayed his submission, and in many districts the war was resumed. The Tyrolese were greatly excited to continue their resistance by one John Nepomucenus Martin Kolb of Kolbenthurm, who was favoured with special revelations from the Virgin Mary. —He did not deserve to be thus distinguished; and the confidence of the Virgin was sadly misplaced, as he appears to have been a treacherous knave. The disturbed districts were gradually reduced by the French and Bavarians under Rusca and Baraguay d'Hilliers; the villages were burnt; the male inhabitants shot or hanged, and the women and children driven to perish in the mountains; and the catastrophe was wound up by the death or flight of the principal leaders. Hofer was hunted out of his hiding-place, and conveyed to Mantua, where he was tried before a military commission. His advocate Basevi made an eloquent defence, which of course was ineffectual; and on the following day he was shot in the citadel. Peter Mayer was twice tried at Botzen; and the first sentence having been annulled, in consequence of some informality, he was shot pursuant to the second. Brother Joachim fled into Swisserland, from whence he escaped to Vienna; and the Emperor rewarded him with a small pension, and the temporary enjoyment of the profits arising from a parsonage during its vacancy. The Bavarians made every exertion to take Spekbacher; a price was set upon his head; and these bribes having tempted a faithless wretch, who had once served in his ranks, to betray him, they nearly succeeded in their pursuit. But Spekbacher was still favoured by fortune; and he escaped by leaping from the roof of the house which he had entered in search of food, and in which he was surrounded, and secreted himself in an adjoining forest. There he wandered nearly a month, until, by an affecting chance, he met with his wife and children, who had also sought an asylum in the woods. The little ones were starving with cold and hunger; and their sufferings induced him to venture into a village [illegible] burgh, where he placed his family under the care [illegible]. Being again tracked by his persecutors, a

cavern on one of the highest rocks, and in which the chamois goats were wont to herd in bad weather, afforded him a secure but inclement refuge. George Zoppel, whose fidelity had never been shaken, had well provisioned it with meal and salted meat; and that he might be enabled to sell his life as dearly as possible, George had also furnished him with several muskets, and a large quantity of ammunition. The cave continued to be his habitation until the beginning of March, when the snow began to melt. By the fall of an avalanche, which was loosened from an impending cliff, his hip-bone was dislocated; the injury rendered him incapable of reascending to his cavern; and he felt that he had no alternative, but that of returning to the vallies, and thus incurring the risk of being discovered, or of perishing on the spot with pain and hunger. A tedious and agonizing journey brought him to his friend's house at Voldersburgh, which his wife had quitted; but a hospitable reception awaited him, and surgical assistance was found; and the worthy soldier who afforded it, afterwards carried his patient on his back to Rinn, where Speckbacher's wife and family now resided. The town was filled with Bavarian troops; and lest the woman's incautious tenderness should betray the arrival of her suffering husband, George Zoppel prudently avoided imparting the event to her; but he dug a hole in the cow-house, amongst the standings of the cows, sufficiently large to contain Speckbacher;—and in it he was placed and covered with dung and fodder, breathing holes being carefully reserved. From this living grave he emerged, when he was sufficiently rerecovered to be able to walk with some degree of ease. And, after incurring much inconvenience and danger, he succeeded in passing the frontiers, and arrived in safety at Vienna. 'And 'at this moment,' Bartholdy adds, 'he manages the farm in 'Upper Austria which has been given by the Emperor to Ho-'fer's orphan family.'

Those superstitions which afford so much delight or terror to the uncultivated part of mankind, connect the world of poetry with real life. We find ourselves, like Ulysses, at the entrance of Hades; we yet stand on firm material earth,—but the unsubstantial beings of the world of shadows, swarm in around us. After the unremitted actions of the war, the Tyrolese subsided into a feverish and irksome tranquillity. To their fate they had submitted;—but the blank which every one feels, more or less, when the march of great political events is suddenly stopped, was to be supplied. The painful smart of their recent sufferings was to be soothed, and nourishment was to be found for their anxious hopes of better times. When the healing power

of nature 'ministers to the mind diseased,' it is usually fancy which furnishes the anodyne, and suits it to the palate of the patient. We have already seen how strongly this hardy race was influenced by the firmest belief in a system of religion, which, of all others, tends to exalt the imagination of its votaries; and there is therefore little reason to be surprized at finding that, in the years 1811 and 1812, the Tyrol was more than usually fertile in portents of every kind. The images of many a patron saint shed tears; and many a crucifix placed by the road side, was seen to bow its head. The traveller was often scared in his solitary path through the dreary moss or heath, by the apparition of withered arms suddenly stretching themselves out of the soil. Nor were more joyful omens wanting. The well-known goblin armies of the Souterfells, which alarmed the Cumbrian peasantry, on the eve of St John, in the three years immediately preceding the last attempt in favour of the Stuarts, found their counterparts near 'Meran.' In the gloom of the evening, endless files of visionary soldiers, clad in the Austrian uniform, cavalry and infantry, and trains of ordnance, were seen to traverse the mountain tops. The creaking of the wheels, the tramp of the horses, the heavy murmur of the measured foot-tread of a passing army, intermingled with wild bursts of laughter and shouts of triumph, were distinctly heard; but all was hushed, and the spectres melted into mist and vapour, as soon as the imprudent curiosity of the spectators induced them to approach them. The Tyrolese, nay, as it is said, the Bavarian sentinels themselves, often beheld the 'Emperor's tower,' in the castle of Kufstein, enwrapped with lambent fire. And when the widows and orphans of the fallen warriors, knelt before the Virgin, the flowers and garlands placed around the altar, according to the usage in Catholic countries, and which had been suffered to remain there until they had shrunk and withered, suddenly burst out again in freshness and foliage.

We repeat the accounts of these presages with all the good faith of an ancient chronicler; for they have been so happily verified, that we really do not possess philosophy enough to show more scepticism than would have fallen to the lot of William of Newburgh, or Matthew Paris. The Emperor is once more the Sovereign of the Tyrolese; and, with a fitting gratitude for the unshaken loyalty of his children, as he called them when he entered Innspruck, he has declared his intention of restoring them to the immediate enjoyment of their ancient freedom.

ART. IV. *The Principles of Fluxions, designed for the Use of Students in the Universities.* By WILLIAM DEALTRY, B. D. F. R. S. late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Second Edition. Printed at Cambridge by J. Smith, printer to the University. 1816.

WHEN knowledge is communicated synthetically, the business of an elementary writer is only to establish the principles, or to demonstrate the truths, which are the basis of the science. This is precisely what has been done by Euclid, and the other elementary writers on geometry; a science, of which the elements have always been synthetically delivered. When, on the other hand, a science is to be analytically treated; when an author is to teach the art of investigation; he must follow a plan considerably more enlarged, and, beside the object just mentioned, must direct his attention equally to other two. After explaining and establishing the principles, he must proceed to deduce from them the general rules which are to serve the purposes of investigation; and, lastly, must illustrate those rules by their application to particular examples. As the doctrine of Fluxions is, of all parts of knowledge, the most analytical, this method of treating it is essential to the composition of an elementary work on that branch of science; and the merit of such a work must therefore be judged of from the manner in which all these three things are performed. In reviewing the present treatise, therefore, we shall first consider how it explains the principles, and defines the ideas which are the foundations of the Calculus; next, how it explains the methods or rules derived from those principles; and, lastly, how it applies those methods to particular examples, either in the pure or the mixed mathematics.

In the exposition of general principles, the old method of demonstrating is followed, by the introduction of the notions of Velocity and Time. This method has, no doubt, the recommendation of being old; but it has not, as Mr Dealtry seems to insinuate in his preface, the merit of being the method of the first inventor. Newton did, it is true, introduce the idea of Motion; but not those of Time and Velocity. The idea of Motion is admitted occasionally even in the Elements of Geometry; and in the higher branches of that science is almost necessarily assumed. But to introduce the other two ideas in a matter purely mathematical, is not strictly scientific; as the notion of Time can never be considered as necessarily involved either in those of Extension or of Number. Indeed, the assistance which the in-

troduction of it gives in explaining the principles of Fluxions, is quite imaginary; for, after all, in order to express, or to measure the velocity of a motion which is not uniform, we must have recourse to evanescent or to nascent increments, that is, in other words, to quantities which are infinitely small. The authority of such men as M'Laurin and Simpson, both of whom made use of this method of demonstration, may indeed be pleaded in its defence. But a writer on the subject ought not now to be ignorant, that since the time of the two illustrious authors just named, a new light has been thrown on the principles of the Fluxionary or Differential Calculus, by the discoveries of LAGRANGE. In consequence of these, it has appeared that the method of fluxions, in as far as it is purely algebraical, has no dependence at all on infinitely small quantities. If the meaning of the term *Function* be rightly defined, it will be found that the second term of the increment of a function is in reality its fluxion, whether the increment of the root itself be great or small. When the increment of the function is generally and fully expressed, the multiplier of the fluxion of the root in the first term of the increment, is the thing which it is important to ascertain in all the problems to which this Calculus can be applied; and it is not a little singular, that it was not till a hundred years after the invention of the Calculus, that this most important, and, as one would think, most elementary observation, was made concerning it. The second fluxion is the increment of the first fluxion; and in all this we have nothing to do with the magnitude of the fluxion, or the increment of the root; and the only occasion when small or evanescent quantities come necessarily to be considered, is when the general theorems investigated in this method are to be applied to geometrical or physical questions. It is then necessary to consider the increments of two different quantities as evanescent; but as it is the *ultimate* or *limiting* ratio of those increments which is then treated of, the reasoning is strictly geometrical, and the problem is resolved by an investigation as rigorous as that which is used in the demonstrations of Euclid and Archimedes.

This is the real state into which the Integral Calculus is now brought, by the researches and discoveries of LAGRANGE. The different views which were taken of the subject, from Newton downwards, were all derived from the last mentioned principle more or less perfectly seen; and it is very remarkale, that the idea of Newton himself approaches, in point of precision and accuracy, much nearer to that of LAGRANGE than any of the intermediate writers, if Carnot alone be excepted. The Calculus itself we conceive to be still susceptible of infinite improvement, both in its ge-

neral methods, and in its particular applications; but we are persuaded, that as to what regards the explanation of its principles, and the demonstration of their truth, hardly any thing can ever be added to what has been done by the great geometer just named, in his incomparable work, *La Theorie des Fonctions Analytiques.* All this has now been for several years before the scientific world, and is well known to the mathematicians all over Europe. It is not a little singular, therefore, that a treatise on Fluxions, issuing from the very point which is accounted in this country the centre of mathematical learning, should make no more mention of this most important improvement, than if it were there entirely unknown.

The imperfect and careless manner (for as such we must necessarily consider it) in which the author has laid down the notion of a fluxion, and explained the principles of his method, could not fail to extend its influence to every part of his investigations: But it is particularly felt when he comes to treat of *maxima* and *minima.* The reasoning by which he shows that the fluxion of a quantity is equal to nothing when that quantity is a *maximum* or a *minimum*, is altogether unsatisfactory; and very far from the accuracy which would easily have been given to it, if, on the one hand, the idea of a fluxion had been accurately stated, and, on the other, the notion of a *maximum* or a *minimum* clearly defined. The true definition of these terms is, that a function of a variable quantity is a *maximum*, when, on increasing or diminishing the variable quantity or the root of the function, by any part however small, the value of the function itself is diminished; and again, that a function of a variable quantity is a *minimum*, when, on increasing or diminishing that quantity by any part, however small, the value of the function is increased. From this it readily follows, that in both cases the second term of the increment of the function, or that which involves the simple powers of $\dot{x}$ or $\dot{y}$, must be entirely wanting. It is not sufficient to say, as our author has done, that the fluxion of the quantity must be equal to nothing, because, as, in every case, the fluxion of a variable quantity, or of the root of a function, may be supposed less than any thing that can be assigned, that quantity may be said, in every case whatever, to be equal to nothing. That which really characterizes the state of a *maximum* or a *minimum*, is, that the function into which the simple power of $\dot{x}$ or $\dot{y}$ stands multiplied, is then equal to nothing. Our author, however, is not the only writer chargeable with this inaccuracy of thought and of language; many others have fallen into the same error; and it is not a little curious, that they who have thought and spoken, in this instance,

with so little precision, have yet calculated with so good effect. On this subject we must farther remark, that Taylor's theorem might have been applied to demonstrate the general principle of the method of *maxima* and *minima* in a manner both simple and unexceptionable. In fact, it has been so applied by Euler, and several of the best writers on the subject of the Differential Calculus: and yet this theorem, so important in itself, and so easily investigated, is never once mentioned in the treatise now before us.

We come next to the general rules of the Calculus, or those by which fluxions and fluents are assigned. When a function of a variable quantity, or even of any number of variable quantities is given, it is seldom a matter of any difficulty to determine its fluxion. In general, when there are several variable quantities in the function, the rule is, to regard each as variable in its turn, and all the rest as constant; and *the sum* of the fluxions thus found is the fluxion when they all vary together. This very simple rule, which always reduces the complicated to the simpler cases, and which paves the way for some very useful generalizations in the inverse method, is not, as far as we can perceive, any where laid down in the work before us. It is however in this inverse method, or in the integration of fluxionary expressions, that the principal difficulty of the Calculus consists: It is here, accordingly, that the greatest improvements have been made: But it is here, also, that the present treatise is the most defective, and the information it conveys the most limited and imperfect. The detail into which we are to enter will prove the truth of this assertion; and we think it material that these defects should be pointed out, because the effect of such imperfect instruction is, to turn aside the attention of the young student from the true sources of sound and extensive information, and to render him contented with what is narrow and partial. A work in science can have but one fault greater than that of concealing the truth; that of substituting error in the room of it. With this last we do not tax the work before us; but of the former, we must accuse it loudly.

In the rules for finding fluents, we hardly meet with any one of which the extent and the limitations are accurately pointed out. After the integration of Simple Powers, which is attended with little difficulty, the integration of what are called Rational Fractions naturally follows, that is to say, of fractions where the denominator is not a simple power, but a more complicated function, though a rational one, of the variable quantity. Now, in what is here stated on this subject, it is not ta-

ken notice of, that all such fractions, when the denominators can be resolved either into quadratic or simple divisors, can be integrated: And as all quantities can be so resolved, at least by approximation, this method of integration is quite general, and without any exception whatsoever. This very important truth, which has been well known from a very early period in the history of the Calculus, is not once hinted at in the present treatise. Under the same branch of the subject, the use of impossible quantities comes first into view, and forms a very extensive and important field of discussion, about which, however, the reader must not here look for any information.

This branch of the Calculus leads to a great number of curious investigations, and of particular cases where the general rule admits of extraordinary simplifications. To take notice of all these in an elementary treatise, would indeed have been impossible; but to have omitted them altogether is entirely without apology. We would take the liberty of recommending to any one who would obtain a perfect knowledge of this very important though very elementary branch of the subject, the perusal of the second chapter of Euler's incomparable work on the subject of the Integral Calculus.

When our author proceeds to assign the fluents of those fluxionary quantities where the denominator is irrational, or affected by the radical sign, which is, of course, the next object, the defect of his method, and the limitation of his views, compared with those that are now very generally known, become still more apparent. Several examples are given, but no general rule is anywhere laid down. Now, it is well known that, whenever the radical sign on the denominator is that of the square root, and where the variable quantity under that sign does not exceed the second dimension, the fraction may be rendered rational, and reduced, of consequence, to the solution of the preceding problem. No attention whatever is paid to this general truth; though it is certain that upon it depend a vast number of the most elegant solutions that have been given of many of the most important problems, both of the pure and mixed mathematics. It is here, also, that the use of logarithms and of circular arches, for expressing fluents which cannot be otherwise assigned, should be introduced, as constituting the source of much of what is reckoned the most simple and beautiful parts of the higher geometry. Mr Dealtry has, indeed, assigned a considerable number of fluents, both by logarithms and circular arches; yet it is always by particular methods, and never in such a manner as fairly to develop the principle on which the solutions proceed. *To find Fluents by Logarithms*, is the title of one of his subdivisions. But when

the subject is entered on, no explanation is given of the reason why this method of finding fluents must be resorted to, or of the conditions that render it either necessary or practicable. No hint is given, that the more elementary methods before laid down fail in certain cases, and that it is in consequence of this failure, that the expression of the fluent by a logarithm or a circular arch, becomes necessary. On the contrary, it must appear to a beginner, from the way in which the subject is here treated, that it is a matter of choice whether the integration is to be performed by the rules first given, or by any of the two just mentioned. He would never suspect, from any thing here said, that the matter was completely fixed by the nature of the thing, and was one over which the analyst himself had no power whatsoever. In this treatise, the master deals out knowledge to his pupils with so sparing a hand, that what he gives is just sufficient to direct them in a few of the particular cases which he has himself selected, but would leave them altogether at a loss were they to undertake investigations of their own. The author seems afraid of dazzling the eyes of his scholars by the admission of too much light; and he has accordingly furnished them with no criterion, by which they can determine, when a fluxion is given, whether, in order to determine the fluent, they must employ logarithms, circular arches, or simple algebraic quantities.

Among the omissions in this part of the work, one of the greatest, and least excusable, is the neglect of the Arithmetic of Sines and Cosines, or of what has been very properly denominated the Trigonometrical Analysis. The vast resources which this analysis opens, from geometrical problems of the most elementary kind, to the most profound investigations of the higher geometry; the elegance, simplicity and conciseness, which it always carries along with it; all this, added to the elementary nature of its principles, and the great facility of its operations, recommend this branch of analysis as one of the greatest improvements in the mathematical sciences. Our author cannot be ignorant of it; for it has been known on the Continent since before the middle of the last century, and even in Britain for almost thirty years. It is very unaccountable, that the elements of this calculus are not treated of in the work before us; and that one who has made himself master of the whole of it, will find to his mortification, that he is not in the least prepared for understanding many of the most valuable investigations of the modern mathematics.

In proportion as the different objects and methods in the mathematical sciences have been more carefully examined, and

more fully developed, the general principles and affinities which, with certain modifications, pervade the whole, have been discovered and accurately traced. Among the most striking of these analogies, and the most useful in the practice of investigation, is the affinity between the fluents found by logarithms, and by circular arches. The treatise before us, conducted in the way already mentioned, was not likely to make this analogy apparent, and indeed has treated the subject in such a way as to conceal it almost entirely.

The integration of fluxional equations, is the problem which naturally comes next to be considered; and as it is a much more difficult branch of the Calculus, we cannot expect that it is to be better treated than the subjects that have gone before. The defects in this part are accordingly far greater, and more conspicuous.

The first of these, is an omission which surprized us considerably, though we were not prepared, by what had gone before, to expect much accuracy. When an equation, involving two variable quantities and their fluxions, is proposed, the first question that naturally occurs to every analyst, is, whether or not the equation can be integrated directly, without any previous reduction. As this is the first question which must always present itself on such occasions, nothing can be more desirable than to be in possession of a simple rule, and one easily applied, by which it may always be answered with certainty. Such a rule is contained in the theorem, which is called the *Criterion of Integrability*,—a proposition easily deduced from the first principles of the fluxionary calculus, and leading to a process of the most easy application. In the treatise before us, however, not the least hint is given of the existence of this rule; a thing quite unpardonable, when it is considered that it has been known to mathematicians since the middle of last century. Euler, in his work on the Integral Calculus, has treated it very fully, and with the perspicuity which distinguishes all the investigations of that great geometer; and since his time, there is hardly any treatise on the subject which has appeared in France, Italy or Germany, where the same rule has not been delivered. It is indeed a matter of such obvious utility, so calculated to save time, and to avoid perplexity to the analyst, that the omission of it is as great a fault as can easily be committed in an elementary work. The experienced analyst may more easily dispense with such a rule, than he who is just entering on the study; the former, by the glance of his eye, or by the undefined power called *tact*, which experience gives to the acute and attentive observer in every department of art or of science, will soon satisfy himself as to

the possibility of the operation proposed. The young and inexperienced analyst, on the other hand, has no such resource, and must therefore, in the criterion of integrability, feel a relief and consolation proportional to the eagerness and zeal with which he pursues the objects of science. When it is considered that the same rule which points out the possibility of integrating the equation, furnishes, at the same time, the means of performing the operation, it will readily be acknowledged, that nothing more perfect than this rule, is known in any part of the algebraic analysis, and that nothing, therefore, is less pardonable than the omission of it in a work that professes to explain the principles and elements of that analysis.

The manner in which the rules for the integration of fluxionary equations are actually laid down in this treatise, will serve to remove the wonder which the omission just mentioned may have excited. They are given with a vagueness and a want of precision, that is but ill suited to the accuracy of mathematical instruction. They are nine in number, and are all proposed as tentative methods, which it may be right to try when a fluxionary equation is proposed, though no mark or criterion is pointed out, by which we may distinguish which of the processes is most likely to succeed. Nothing can be more unsatisfactory, less suited to the precision of science, or more clearly indicating the imperfection of knowledge: for the truth is, and it is a truth pretty generally known, that when fluxionary equations are properly distributed into classes, the rules that apply to each class can be accurately distinguished, and those classes which do not admit of integration in the present state of our knowledge, may be readily ascertained. The extensive class of Linear Equations of the form $\dot{y} + \mathrm{P}\,y\,\dot{x} = \mathrm{X}\,\dot{x}$, where P and X are any functions whatever of the variable quantity x, can be completely integrated in all cases whatsoever, and involves a vast number of the most important problems. The method of performing these integrations is of the utmost consequence in this part of the Calculus, and ought therefore to have been fully explained. No mention, however, of this class of equations, is made in the work before us; nor is the method which must be employed for the integration of such equations, so much as once alluded to.

The generalization of this class of equations leads to others still more extensive, involving fluxionary equations of all orders, and reducing them to a certain general form, to which the same method of integration is always applicable. The most important applications which have been made of the fluxionary calculus to physical questions, belong to this class. How it

comes to pass, therefore, that no mention whatever is made of them by this author, we do not pretend to conjecture; but we are sure that nothing can justify the omission.

The only general remark applicable to a whole class of equations, which we meet with here, respects the equations called Homogeneous, in which it is said, that the substitution of $u\,x$ for y will be found of use. It is not observed, however, that this substitution, in all cases whatever, will serve to separate the variable quantities in such equations from one another, and therefore reduce the integration to that of a simple formula, in which only one variable quantity is involved.

Throughout this part, and indeed through all the preceding, a very indistinct notion is conveyed of the constant quantity, which must be introduced into the fluent of every fluxionary equation, in order to make the fluent general, and applicable to all the problems from which the given fluxionary equation can be derived. To consider the constant quantity merely as a *correction* of the fluent, is to take a very confined view of the subject; and though it be not accompanied with much inconvenience, when the equation contains only first fluxions, and where there is but one constant quantity to be introduced, it is very apt to produce mistakes, where two or more successive integrations are required. Many of the early writers on Fluxions fell, accordingly, into such mistakes; and even the great Inventor himself is not always free from them. It is, however, not very surprising that our author should have fallen into this mistake, as it pervades almost all the English treatises on the subject of Fluxions. They usually consider the constant quantity above referred to, as a correction necessary to be employed, in order to accommodate the general fluent to a particular case. The particular value of the constant quantity that suits a particular case, may indeed be said to be a correction of the general fluent, which, however, ought to be so taken as to contain all these corrections, which is done by adding a quantity that has no condition annexed to it, but that of not flowing or changing when the variable quantity changes. Though there is therefore some apology for the view that Mr Dealtry has taken, there can be no doubt that it is incorrect and imperfect: and, considering how many treatises there are in which the matter is rightly laid down, this incorrectness might have been easily avoided.

After enumerating so many defects in this treatise, which we have thought it necessary to do as a caution against relying too much on the accuracy of a work, which, in reality, is so full of imperfections, it is perhaps unnecessary to remark several others involved, in part, in those that have been already mentioned.

The doctrine of Partial Fluxions is not taken notice of; nor is it possible, with such scanty preparation upon the business of integration, that it could have been introduced to any advantage. Still less reason was there to expect, that the *Calculus of Variations* was to find a place, where so many useful discoveries of a more simple kind had been excluded.

We are now to consider the application of general rules to the solution of particular problems, whether geometrical or physical; and in this there is more room for praise than in the preceding parts, though the grounds of censure are by no means entirely removed.

The subject of *maxima* and *minima*, is that from which the first illustrations are taken; and on this we have already observed, that the demonstrations are not so rigorous and satisfactory, as the present state of the mathematical sciences would seem to require. The method of drawing tangents follows, as still tending to exemplify the direct method of fluxions. After the rules for finding fluents have been laid down, the quadrature and rectification of curves are introduced; also the cubature and complanation of solids. The author, next treating of mechanical problems, considers the centre of gravity, of gyration, oscillation, &c.; and to illustrate all this, there is a very good and judicious selection of examples. The centres of oscillation, &c., might however have been found in a more satisfactory manner, from the introduction of this general principle, that by establishing a connexion among bodies, you distribute the *momentum* round the centre of motion, in such a manner that the gain and loss of *momenta* are equal, or that the total *momentum* of the connected and independent bodies is the same. This is the principle which regulates the distribution of motion through different bodies, or through the parts of the same body, when they are connected together in a system; and no lesson can be given more useful to the young mathematician, than that which teaches the reduction of this mechanical principle to an analytical expression in given circumstances.

In all that has been hitherto considered, first fluxions are alone necessary; and, after a short discussion in the beginning of the 12th chapter, on second fluxions, and those of the higher orders, our author proceeds to illustrate this part of the Calculus, by considering points of contra-reflexure in curves, the radius of curvature, &c. The instructions, however, concerning such fluxions, are very short, and indeed quite inadequate to the importance and difficulty of the subject, as they are contained in little more than two pages. The method of investigating the fluxionary expression for the radius of curvature, appears

very liable to animadversion. It is a sort of mechanical demonstration, depending on a property of the Parabola, namely, that the deflection from the tangent is in that curve equal to half the second fluxion of the ordinate. This is generalized by a very concise process, which we think will only be acceptable to those who are in a hurry to pass from general principles to the particular application of them. The problems which follow on resisting *media*, may be considered as furnishing a very good analytical commentary on a great part of the second book of the Principia. The next problem of importance respects those cases of *maxima* and *minima*, where certain conditions of a curve remain invariable, while certain others are the greatest or the least possible. This differs from a problem in which *maxima* and *minima* were formerly treated of, because in those the function was given of which the greatest or the least value was to be found. Here the function itself is the thing required, under the condition that when certain analytical operations are performed on it, the result shall be a given quantity; and that when certain other operations are performed on it, the result shall be a *maximum* or a *minimum*. This most curious and difficult problem, about which Euler, an author no less remarkable for conciseness than perspicuity, has written an entire volume, and for the solution of which the new *Calculus of Variation* was found necessary by Lagrange—this problem is despatched by our author in less than eight pages; for he seems to have made it a rule that the conciseness of his discussion should be in the direct proportion of the difficulty of the subject.

The last chapter extends to nearly 100 pages, and is occupied by a collection of miscellaneous problems, not of great difficulty, but very interesting in themselves, well calculated to illustrate the rules that have been laid down, and resolved for the most part with a great deal of elegance and perspicuity. The execution of this part of the work will readily be allowed to deserve considerable praise.

On the whole, the defects of this book as an elementary treatise, do not consist in teaching any thing that is false, but in not teaching all that is true and important to be known. These defects at the same time are carefully concealed: And the book, in one respect, is very skilfully composed; it lays down just as much of general principles and general methods as is sufficient for the solution of the particular problems that follow; and the student who reads the former, and proceeds afterwards to the latter, naturally imagines that the system is complete, and that the rules he has made himself master of, are sufficient for the solution of all the important problems to which the Calculus can be applied. In this, how-

ever, if he proceed further in his mathematical studies, he will find himself sadly disappointed; and we are certainly guilty of no exaggeration when we affirm, that after being a perfect master of all that is contained in this treatise, he will not find himself prepared for reading the first six pages of the *Mechanique Celeste.* None of the new discoveries are so much as mentioned in it; we doubt if it contains any thing that was not known a hundred years ago; and we are sure that it does not contain many important things that were well known at that period. It is not only the discoveries of the foreign mathematicians which are omitted to be mentioned, but many of those of our own country, and even of Newton himself, are very superficially treated. Thus, the doctrine of Series, and the Integration of Fluxionary Quantities by Approximation, subjects which have been very fully and successfully treated by the English mathematicians, are very slightly mentioned, and certainly are not explained in such a manner, that in the use of them, the pupil can proceed a single step beyond the point to which he is conducted by the hand of his master. The truth of all these remarks will strike any one very forcibly, who shall compare this volume with any elementary treatise of the same size, and on the same subject, that has appeared within the last fifty years in France, Germany or Italy. The success which the work has nevertheless had, the rapidity with which it has arrived at a second edition, and the support it seems to have met with in the University where the mathematical science of this island is supposed to be most concentrated, are abundant proofs, that, in the higher mathematics, we have not of late made the same progress as the neighbouring nations. It is certainly a curious problem with respect to national genius, whence it arises, that the country in Europe most generally acknowledged to abound in men of strong intellect and sound judgment, should, for the last 70 or 80 years, have been inferior to so many of its neighbours in the cultivation of the science which requires the greatest and most steady exertions of the understanding; and that this relaxation should immediately follow the period when the greatest of all mathematical discoveries had been made in that same country. This is a paradox not altogether impossible to be explained, and to the consideration of which, having no room at present for such a discussion, we shall be glad hereafter to return.

ART. V. *Voyage de Humboldt et Bonpland. Quatrième Partie. Astronomie.* 2 vol. 4to. Paris, 1810.

THOUGH the greater part of the different works to which the travels of BARON DE HUMBOLDT have given rise have been already taken notice of in this Journal, yet one has been omitted which must be considered as the basis of a great deal that is contained in the rest, namely, the two volumes of Geographical and Astronomical Observations above announced. Without including this, the analysis which we have offered of the other parts, may justly be regarded as incomplete, because of a reference to many things, of which the evidence and grounds of information are not clearly pointed out. Being, however, at present unable to enter into the detail which these two volumes so well deserve, we must satisfy ourselves with such a brief statement as may make some amends for an omission which we cannot pretend to justify. It will thence be evident, that to the many other claims which this illustrious traveller has to the gratitude of the scientific world, there must be added that of having contributed more than any single observer to the improvement of geographical knowledge; and that, too, in parts of the earth among the most inaccessible and the least known.

M. HUMBOLDT, in setting out on his travels, took care to furnish himself with a set of excellent astronomical instruments, well adapted to the purposes of a traveller, and constructed by the best artists of Paris and London. These he applied in the course of his journeys in America to a variety of objects, the solution of which does no less credit to his judgment than the observations themselves do to his industry and perseverance.

The position of any point on the earth's surface relatively to the whole globe, is determined by three things, its latitude, its longitude, and its height above the level of the sea. When any one of these is unknown, the position is evidently not determined; and there must always be the whole of a certain line, or a certain surface, in any part of which the point referred to may exist. The fixing, therefore, of all these three conditions, is necessary to constitute an accurate geographical determination, or such a one as may suit the purposes both of Physical and Geometrical science. The number of positions thus determined in the work before us, amounts to two hundred and thirty-five. See *Tableau des Positions Geographiques, tom. I. de page 5ème a page 33ème.*

In the same volume, page 295, is found a table containing the heights of points in the Cordillera of the Andes, amounting

in all to four hundred and fifty-three. This table contains not only the heights of many of the most elevated points in the greatest chain which is yet known to traverse the surface of the earth, but also the levels of many of the great plains encompassed by them; of the remarkable passes by which the ridges are crossed; of the sources of the rivers, and many of the most remarkable points in their courses; of the limit also of everlasting snow; of the growth of certain plants; of the levels at which certain diseases begin or cease;—and to all these are added, observations on the mineralogy, climate, soil, &c. All this is reduced into a table occupying not more than 40 pages. We doubt if an equal quantity of geographical and physical knowledge was ever before brought within so small a compass; and are confident, at any rate, that no such mass of information was ever accumulated by the personal observation of a single individual.

The first volume also contains a curious memoir on the astronomical refractions of the torrid zone, corresponding to elevations above the horizon of less than ten degrees—Vol. I. p. 110. It is at these small elevations, as is well known, that the principal irregularities in refraction occur, and where, from the observations of Bouguer, it was supposed that the refractions of the temperate and torrid zones did not follow the same law. M. Humboldt has shown, that his observations, and those which Dr Maskelyne made at Barbadoes, which last had not before been calculated, agree perfectly with one another; and also serve to prove, that the supposed difference of the two zones does not exist, but that the refracting power of the atmosphere is the same in both, if the difference of temperature be taken into account. This is a simplification of great value.

For the determination of longitudes, the same author has used a method that had been almost entirely neglected, founded on observing the declination of the moon. This method he found very useful; and has shown it to be a resource which, on many occasions, may be resorted to with great advantage.

The measurement of heights by the barometer, when combined with angles of elevation, depression, and azimuth, affords the means of making a trigonometrical survey of a country, and of determining both the bearings and the horizontal distances of the different points on its surface. The lines, which serve in this case as bases of the different triangles, are vertical instead of horizontal; and, though smaller than the horizontal bases might be made, yet if there are a great number of them, their combination may lead to results which possess very considerable accuracy. This is called, by M. Humboldt, the Hypsometric method, and was used for determining the po-

sition of Vera Cruz, relatively to the city of Mexico, as well as of several other places.

The principal geographical determinations, however, result from the reunion or combination of all these different methods. Having ascertained a certain number of longitudes of places where he had resided a considerable time, (Cumana, Santa Fé de Bogota, Quito, Lima), by the satellites of Jupiter, Lunar distances, eclipses of the Sun, and the passage of Mercury over the disc of that luminary, which last he had the good fortune to observe from the beginning to the end of it, at Lima, in November 1802, he afterwards used the chronometer, to connect a vast number of other points with those which were thus determined, and which served as a basis to the whole survey, Vol. II. p. 421. The observations thus made, were all calculated upon the spot; and the first results were published, partly in the Connoissance des Tems, and partly in the Astronomical Journal of the BARON DE ZACH; but, in order that the public might have the full advantage of them, and that they might be the more easily made subservient to the construction of his maps, he engaged MR OLTMANS, a young geometer of Berlin, to revise the whole of his journals, and to make all the calculations anew, employing the Lunar Tables of BURG, and correcting them at the same time by the passages of the moon over the meridian, as observed at Greenwich. MR OLTMANS calculated, in this manner, seven hundred positions, which the *Institute* of France has recognized as the greatest mass of materials for astronomical geography which at present exists, awarding, at the same time, to MR OLTMANS, in consequence of his work, the prize for Astronomy in 1809.

In order that men of science may be enabled to judge of the accuracy of the whole, the observations themselves are all published, even to the smallest angle that was measured. To be assured of his own accuracy, M. HUMBOLDT, on his return to Europe, determined the latitude of Paris with the same instruments which he had used in his travels; and found that, in a series of ten observations, the error only twice amounted to three seconds, Vol. I. Introduction, p. xii. He has also compared his observations with those made by the Spanish astronomers about the same time, and not published till six years afterwards. One may see the singular agreement which prevails among them, by looking into the Introduction, Vol. I. p. xxxv.

He has altered the longitude of Quito, by nearly one degree; and, what is very remarkable, and the best verification of his results, is, that the observations of the Academicians who measured the arch of the meridian in Peru, when they are cal-

culated according to the New Astronomical Tables, give the longitude of Quito precisely the same with his, Vol. II. p. 353. Some great errors in the longitude of Mexico have also been corrected. The agreement of his own observations with one another, deserves to be remarked.

Longitude of Mexico, by the Chronometer	6h	45′	42″
..... by eclipses of the satellites of Jupiter	6	45′	30″
..... by distances of the Moon from the Sun - - - - -	6	45′	50″
..... by the Hypsometrical method before explained - -	6	45′	37″

—the mean of all which, 6h 45′ 40″, is but ten seconds distant from the extremes, Vol. II. p. 495.

Even this short and imperfect statement, will fairly justify the remark with which we set out, that no traveller by land ever produced, in the same time, such a number of astronomical and geographical determinations.—Their accuracy, at the same time, is proved beyond a possibility of doubt, both by their consistency among themselves, and their agreement with the observations of other astronomers. Their author, indeed, has been extremely careful to put it in the power of every one to examine his observations, and detect their inconsistency, by the very ample detail of all the particulars into which he has entered. That one individual, in such difficult situations as he was often placed, and having so many difficulties both moral and physical to contend with, should have produced such a body of scientific results, is, we believe, quite unexampled; and it is to point out the means of judging of their accuracy, that we have ventured on this brief analysis. If we have not leisure to do justice ourselves to the astronomical labours of this illustrious traveller, we have at least endeavoured to point out to others the means of doing so.

ART. VI. *The Law of Libel, in which is contained a General History of this Law in the Ancient Codes, and of its Introduction and successive Alterations in the Law of England: Comprehending a Digest of all the leading Cases upon Libels, from the earliest to the present Time.* By THOMAS LUDLOW HOLT, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. Second Edition, with considerable Additions. London, 1816. pp. 302.

THE great subject which we are now about to discuss, presents so many difficulties to the view, that we frankly acknowledge the boldness of the task we have undertaken. The

works of former writers afford but slender assistance, consisting generally of vague declamation or sweeping theory, in which the grand object of practical utility has been lost sight of. The labours of legislators have been still more defective, varying only between the opposite and almost equally pernicious extremes of strict prohibition and unrestrained license; nor has any attempt been made, as far as we know, even in the codes fashioned by speculative men for new communities, to reconcile the two great objects of protecting free discussion, and checking attacks upon character. But the chief obstacle to the successful conduct of the inquiry, arises out of the important modifications which the letter of the law, touching the press, has always received in practice, partly from the influence of other laws, but chiefly from the habits and feelings of the community;—insomuch, that there is hardly any one subject to which a lawgiver can turn his mind, where he will find himself so frequently stopt by the necessity of referring to practice for the correction of deductions, apparently the most simple from admitted principles: And he will even find instances, where, contrary to every preconceived notion, beneficial effects prove not inconsistent with an order of things apparently the most vicious, and founded in a plain departure from the most acknowledged principles of practice. Add to these things, the inauspicious influence of party feelings, upon a question which is wont to excite their utmost violence, and to place the passions of the multitude, and the prejudices of the ignorant, and the interests of the powerful in the most acrimonious conflict. To attempt the calm and dispassionate investigation of a question beset with so many difficulties, would be extremely unwise, were its paramount importance not a sufficient inducement to overlook every obstacle.

We shall, however, be told, that the press is in no danger, at least in England; that the discussion is unnecessary; that whatever defects may appear to exist in the system of our laws with regard to it, there are none in practice sufficient to require any material change; and that, at all events, there is nothing urgent in the question, so as to require its being pressed upon our attention peculiarly at the present moment. We purpose to begin by showing how extremely ill founded the two former observations are; and with regard to the others, our whole inquiries will have a strict reference to practical evils; and we only desire the attention of the public to them, and its favour to their results, in so far as they proceed upon plain matters of fact, of daily and familiar occurrence. With respect to the time, we certainly choose it purposely; for, not only will the attention of Parliament be turned towards this subject in its next session, in consequence of the bill lately introduced, but it is at this moment the topic

to which the regards of legislators and politicians in every part of Europe are most eagerly and anxiously directed. The slavery which is almost every where sought to be reestablished, by the admirers of the dark ages, rests its sole hope upon the destruction of the press; while the only chance of placing the general tranquillity upon a sure basis, is sought by enlightened men all over the world, in a judicious extension of its freedom. The problem, then, which they are seeking to solve, is the one which we are about to investigate, namely, to find the quantity of liberty, and the species of restraint, which will secure to the press the greatest amount of free discussion, consistent with the tranquillity of the community, and the safety of private character. Besides, the very circumstance of there being so few state trials connected with the subject for the last two or three years, even if it proved that no attacks were now likely to be made upon the press, would form an additional inducement to undertake the inquiry at the present time; for all great questions of jurisprudence, and especially of constitutional law, are most advantageously examined at a distance from the actual commission of the offences, or the exercise or the abuse of the powers to which they relate. We shall begin by stating precisely the most material provisions of the law of England, as now carried into practice, upon the subject of *Discussion*,—under which term may be comprehended every thing that can give rise in its abuse to any of the offences known by the name of Libel—that is, written defamation, whether against the State or against individuals; or of seditious words, and slander—that is, spoken defamation against the State and against individuals.

The offence of *Libel* is as well known as any other in the law; and those persons either show much ignorance, or are guilty of extreme bad faith, who would mislead the multitude into a belief that the word is a novelty, without any known legal meaning, because it signifies, originally and in its etymology, *a little book*. It means, indeed, no such thing, and never did; for it comes not from *Libellus*, but from *Libellus famosus*, that is, a defamatory writing; and from hence has been derived libel, by one of those ellipses so frequent in all technical language. It would be just as reasonable to say, that robbery was no crime, or a modern invention, because it meant originally a 'taking;' or that there was no such thing as tyranny, because tyrant once meant king. Whether the offence in question be well defined in the law is another matter, and of which we are soon to speak: We only contend at present, that they who refer to its etymon, give no sort of proof that the offence is unknown to the law of England.

According to that law, the offence consists in publishing a

written, or printed, or painted composition, tending to disturb the publick peace, by vilifying the Government, or otherwise exciting the subject to revolt, which may be termed a publick libel; or by traducing private character, which is commonly termed a private libel;—but both offences are of the same nature in the eye of law, and are punishable upon the same grounds—namely, their tendency to a breach of the peace.—Such, at least, is the strict theory of the law; though we shall in the sequel find, that this principle is, like many others, upheld, and cited as inflexible, when it is of any use in the argument against improving our jurisprudence, while it is in practice constantly departed from; as, indeed, the maintenance of it would produce the most absurd consequences.

Libel, of whatever kind, then, is punishable as a misdemeanour, by fine and imprisonment. It used to be punishable also with the pillory, until Mr Taylor's bill most wisely and happily abolished that punishment, except in the case of perjury; and instances are not wanting, of the courts showing such judgment in the infliction of it, that the criminal, instead of enduring obloquy or derision, stood triumphant amidst the universal plaudits of the multitude. Still the amount of fine or imprisonment is wholly in the discretion of the court. Before the Revolution, there were instances of ten years' imprisonment. During the last half century, publick libellers have been sentenced to one year, eighteen months, and two years' confinement, in such prisons as the court thought proper to appoint; for the law allows the Judges to transport him from Northumberland to Cornwall.

The libeller may be put upon his trial, either by information *ex officio*, which the Crown Lawyers have a right to file of their own mere motion; and upon filing which, they may imprison or hold to bail, (by virtue of a recent statute—48. Geo. III.—one of those *innovations* which the lovers of ancient institutions never object to)—or by criminal information obtained upon an application to the court and after hearing both sides—or by indictment in the ordinary way. In modern practice, public libels are almost always proceeded against by the first mode; libels against men acting in a public capacity, or tending to produce a duel, by the second mode; and libels against private individuals by the third mode. When an *ex officio* information is filed, no oath is required; the Crown officer merely informs the Court, that the defendant has published a certain libel; and this puts him upon his trial, which he has, however, no means of forcing on; the Crown Officer may hang the prosecution over his head for years; and having done so, he may at any moment bring it to

trial. Whether the defendant is convicted, or acquitted, or never tried at all, he has to pay the costs himself; it being one of the maxims most revered in our law, that the Crown neither receives nor pays costs,—a maxim, too, which we shall presently find deviated from in some instances, and strained in others beyond all resemblance to its original signification. Moreover, in all trials of this description, the Crown has another privilege, by no means unimportant, that of being always heard a second time in reply to whatever may be urged for the defendant.

In whichever of these three ways the proceedings are commenced, two points must be made apparent to the Jury before the defendant can be lawfully convicted,—the act of publishing the libel,—and the malice of that act. The first is matter of evidence; the second is frequently shown by the nature of the writing merely; but it is often also proved by certain facts connected with the writing. In every case, however, it is considered as a matter of fact also, and within the peculiar province of the Jury—the Judge having only the right to give his opinion upon this, as he may upon every other question of fact. Formerly, the law was otherwise; and it was held by all the Judges, that the publication being proved, the malice was to be gathered from the tenor and tendency of the writing, not by the Jury, but by the Judge; in other words, that, in this offence alone, the motive—the *malus animus*—the *guilt* of the defendant, is a question of law, and not of fact; and that if he is charged with publishing a libel, the prosecutor has only to prove that he published something, whether libellous or not. At length, this was declared by the Legislature not to be the law, † or rather the law was altered, and rendered consistent with common sense in this important particular.

If, then, the publication is proved, the only question for the Jury, is the guilt or innocence of the act; that is, the guilt or the purity of the motives which led to it. But how clear soever this may be, the law takes a very extraordinary mode of enabling the Jury to conduct the inquiry. It allows no question whatever to be made of the truth or falsehood of the matters contained in the writing alleged to be libellous. If the defendant has published, that a gross abuse exists in the management of public affairs; that a minister has been guilty of corruption in his office—or that a private individual has committed a particular crime, the law says, that the Jury must pronounce upon the malice or the purity of his assertions, without being inform-

† 32. Geo. III.

ed whether they are wholly true, or utterly false; and no proof is allowed to be adduced in elucidation of this point. In somewhat of the same spirit, if the publication was made by the servant generally employed in managing the defendant's business, he is not suffered to prove his entire ignorance of the act, but is held responsible for the criminal conduct of the agent, though he never authorized the proceeding; nay, though he was beyond seas when the writing was composed, and never heard of its contents until the day of his accusation. The general agency of the servant is not taken as evidence of his having a special authority in the particular case; though this would be going a step further than the legal presumption does in any other crime; but it is taken as a presumption, not to be rebutted by any contrary evidence; it is conclusive in itself against the defendant, and fixes him criminally with the act of the servant.

When the defendant is convicted, the court considers of his punishment; and there is some doubt how far, in this stage of the proceedings, the parties have a right to introduce the question of the truth or falsehood of the libellous composition. That the question cannot now be regularly gone into by the examination of witnesses, and other judicial means of inquiry, is certain; but it is also doubted, whether the affidavits in aggravation and in mitigation of punishment, can properly assert or deny the truth of the libellous matter. There are conflicting *dicta* upon the point, and even decisions; for, in the case of *the King v. Draper*, it was permitted; in that of *the King v. Finnerty*, it was forbidden. Perhaps the real intention of the law is, that the matter may be submitted to the court, upon the oaths of the parties, but not made the subject of a regular investigation. Thus much is evident, that to exclude altogether the consideration of the truth in this stage of the proceedings, would be the grossest injustice that can be conceived—while, to allow a complete examination of it, would be inconsistent with the principle of excluding it in the former stages of the trial.

Hitherto we have only spoken of libel, or written defamation. The criminal law of England allows no prosecution for spoken slander, unless it be seditious; and then the same rules apply to it as to libel. We are now to consider the civil remedy which the law gives for injury to private character; and this is the same in all cases, whether the injury be by words or by writing. The party whose character is defamed, may bring his action, and the defendant may answer it by alleging that what he spoke or wrote was true. This plea of justification throws the proof of the truth upon the defendant, and precludes all other considerations whatsoever; so that the plaintiff can recover no damages

however severe the injury he has sustained, and however inexcusable the defamation may have been, if the defendant can only show that what he uttered was true. There is no longer any question of libel or slander; nor any question whether the defendant had a right to publish the truths he has spied out, or betrayed, and proclaimed to the world. Provided they be truths, the law says he had a right to publish them—at least the plaintiff has no right to compensation. If they were written, he might indeed indict and bring the libeller to punishment; if they were spoken, he cannot punish him at all; and in neither case can he recover damages. We must add, however, that by slander or spoken defamation, the law all along understands not any charge ruinous to a man's good name; but only a charge which imputes to him some indictable offence. If by words spoken, his reputation be injured, how gravely soever, without the imputation of a crime technically the subject of indictment, the traducer can neither be punished, nor made to pay damages, be the slander as false as possible, by any proceeding known in the English law;—and this is the second great distinction, taken in that system, between written and spoken calumny. The former is punishable—the latter not; the former is both punishable and actionable, if it tends *in any way* to injure character; the latter, be its tendency ever so fatal to character, is neither punishable nor actionable, unless it imputes such a breach of municipal law as is cognizable by the penal code of that law.

We have now gone through the only material parts of English jurisprudence respecting the subject of the present inquiry. One charge which has been urged against the system, we are inclined to dismiss at once, as founded in an extremely superficial view of the matter. It has been stated as a great defect, that there is no law defining a libel; or expounding what shall be considered libellous. In no code, either formed by successive acts of legislation, or composed at once by speculative lawgivers, was ever such a definition attempted. The attempt would in truth be vain. The nature of the thing precludes all minute definition; and a general description is useless for the end in view. They who have called for such a law, have been misled by the analogy of the law defining treasons; * but there the great object was to exclude a variety of fancied crimes which the arbitrary caprice of successive kings had raised to the degree of treasons: And certainly the law in question was much more successful in its exclusion than in its positive definition; for it has left one class of treasons most obscurely defined, and has given so erroneous a description of the principal class, that the

* 25. Ed. III.

intent alone is stated, and the act wholly omitted.* It has, no doubt, been a very common practice to proceed against writings as libellous, which were not so; but how could any limitation be devised which should prevent such proceedings in future? There are not two or three marked kinds of libel exceeding all the others in frequency and importance, which could be singled out and made exclusively the objects of penal sanction, as was done in the case of treasons; besides that such a law supposes the question of libellous or not, to be once more taken from the Jury and transferred to the Judges; a most dangerous change, unless the descriptions were so plain that no doubt could ever arise in the application to particular cases. The call for a Libel Law, after the manner of the Treason Law, is therefore unworthy of attention. Means may be found of limiting the sense of the word in practice as effectually as is desireable, and preventing the prosecution of '*any thing that at any time displeases any body*,' as the modern practice has been alleged to have described the offence. If such a remedy can be devised, it is obviously of no importance in what branch of the penal code it is placed. The danger arising from the working of the engine, may be as effectually prevented by providing checks to the action of its parts, as by altering their construction; and it may happen that the alteration would be either detrimental or impossible, while the check may be safely and easily applied.

From the view already given of the Libel Law of England, several deductions may be drawn; and to these we now beg the reader's best attention, as they involve the fundamental points of the argument for a change of that law. We shall begin with that which is by far the most important, the exclusion of evidence as to the truth of the libellous matter, in all prosecutions for this offence.

It is manifest, that a statement, either against the Government, or an individual, may be libellous; or, to use a phrase which no one can object to, may be criminal, although founded in truth. Undoubted facts may be involved in furious or inflammatory invective. Some cases may be conceived (though they are exceedingly rare) in which a simple statement of facts respecting the government would be an offence against the public tranquillity; but innumerable cases may be put, in which the publication of the truth, without any comment, would be an offence against private individuals. Things disclosed in confi-

* Thus, it is in truth no treason by the statue to murder the king, but only to compass his death:—and accordingly the regicides were indicted for this compassing—the murder itself being laid as the overt act.

dence, or discovered by corruption, and things concealed from motives of prudence or humanity, may be maliciously promulgated, to the infinite injury or utter ruin of innocent persons. It is not therefore to be maintained, that the law would be erroneous, if it merely enacted that truth *might* be a libel; and only refused to all men the unbounded license of publishing whatever is true. But it goes a great deal farther; it says, not that the truth of the statement shall be no justification in itself, but that the truth or falsehood is in all cases wholly immaterial to the question of malicious or innocent intention; that it shall be entirely excluded from the consideration of the Jury, who must proceed to pronounce upon the motives of the publisher, and, generally, upon the guilt or purity of the act of publication, without once inquiring whether the thing published be strictly true or utterly false. Now, instead of the truth of the statement being in every instance foreign to the question of guilt, which the law presumes it to be, the cases are extremely few, if indeed there be any at all, in which the question of guilty or not guilty is not materially connected with the question of true or false, always supposing the composition to bear reference to a matter of fact. Thus it is impossible to put a case in which the falsehood of a statement, injurious in its nature, whether to Government or individuals, would not at once be decisive of a malicious intent. If so, the Jury, when called upon to pronounce upon a publication, without any evidence either of its truth or falsehood, are placed in a very extraordinary predicament. One means of investigation, which *might* be decisive, is withdrawn from them; that which might be a criterion, and preclude all further inquiry, they must not resort to; they must not use an instrument which at least *might* show them the way.

But it is said, that though this instrument, by pointing in one direction, would end all doubt, yet, if it does not so point, it decides nothing; that the question, 'true or false,' answered one way, might be decisive, but, answered the other way, would leave the inquiry where it began. For the present we will admit this; and still we contend, that it is no reason against examining the question, 'true or false;' because, by examining that question, even if the result is not decisive, the Jury at least assures itself, that one decisive proof of guilt is wanting; while there is always a possibility (which nothing but the actual inquiry can destroy) that the result of the examination may be decisive. And it is unquestionable, that all human investigations are carried on by the use of such methods as this; methods which are seldom so complete, as in every instance to give a certain and immediate result, but more frequently afford the chance of an immediate result; that

is to say, give the result, if it lies in one direction, and if not, leave us to pursue the inquiry by other means—only that the trial has shown us in what quarter we are *not* to seek it. All investigations of a scientific nature, without exception, are conducted in this manner—from the common rules of arithmetic, up to the most abstruse problems of modern analysis. Thus, if we wish to know what proportion two quantities bear to each other, or to what class a figure belongs, we often consider what would be the consequence, if the quantities be equal, or if the figure belong to a particular species: If we find that this consequence holds true in the case before us, the question is solved; if not, we must try some other proportion, or some other species. So when a chemist would ascertain the nature of a substance, he uses a test, which, if a certain matter be present, will show it; but if that matter is not present, the test cannot tell him what really is there. Yet he would hold any one very cheap who should say the test was useless, and that he wasted his time in applying it; because, in the possible event of the matter not being present, he cannot from that test learn what is present. It is exactly in this manner that the question of 'true and false' may be termed a test of libel; if the answer is 'false,' the test has proved decisive, and shown that libel exists in the composition; if the answer is 'true,' there still may be libel, but we must find it by other means. The test would certainly be more complete, if either result, either answer, were conclusive; if 'false' showed that there was libel, and 'true' that there was none; but its not being perfect, is no reason for rejecting it altogether.

Again, according to the principle of the law, that the truth is wholly immaterial, the prosecutor ought, in every instance, to begin by admitting it. If he were bound to do so, there would be more consistency in the doctrine. When a party demurs in law, he admits the fact; he says, 'be it so, the statement is true, but the inference is denied;' and this throws the argument upon the legitimacy of the inference. If the truth is always immaterial, as we are told, why is not the prosecutor obliged, in every case, to say, 'the truth of this statement is undeniable, but it was criminal to publish it.' This would leave the inquiry to be prosecuted by other criteria. But, as the law now stands, the prosecutor either says the statement is false, or he says nothing about the matter; and, in either case, even when he asserts it to be false, the jury must go blindly to the inquiry, without any information whether it be true or false in reality. In plain terms, the prosecutor takes his chance of their believing it to be false, without any proof; and is content to allege its falsehood, and not prove it, or even to abstain from the assertion,

provided he may neither admit its truth, nor give the accused an opportunity of proving it; well knowing, that, if proved, it must needs make some impression upon the minds of those who are inquiring into the guilt or innocence of the publication.

We are willing to rest the argument here; but it is by no means necessary. On the contrary, it is fit that we now ask whether the cases are not numerous in which the truth of the statement goes very far to prove its innocence? Whether they are not in sufficient number and importance to make the exclusion of that consideration highly unjust, even upon the supposition that there may be many cases where the truth is no evidence at all of innocence? There can hardly be imagined one case, however, in which the proof of the facts being strictly true, would not operate in a certain degree favourably to the innocence of the publication. Its effect might often be small, but hardly ever would it be wholly insignificant. At least the cases are so very rare, that nothing can equal the absurdity of laying down a general and inflexible rule, upon the view of these cases alone. There might be some sense and consistency in saying, that, generally speaking, the inquiry should be gone into; but that, as it may happen to be immaterial in a few instances, in those it should be shut out. But the law says no such thing. It excludes the inquiry in every case, because, in one or two that may be put, it would be nugatory. And what is gained to the few by this injustice done to the many? Absolutely nothing. The utmost that can be said is, that a little time or trouble is possibly saved. It would be a better reason for doing injustice in ninety-nine cases, that you thereby avoided doing it in the hundredth case. No man indeed ever thought of proceeding upon such a principle: But the law in question does a much more rank injustice; it does injustice in ninety-nine cases, to save a little time or trouble in the hundredth. The very worst that can be said of the inquiry into the truth or falsehood of the statement prosecuted, is, that it may sometimes be wholly superfluous. Let us however ask, whether there is, in the law, any other instance of strictness in excluding evidence at all similar to the case before us? The principle upon which the question 'true or false' is excluded, is this; that no evidence must be admitted which is not conclusive; and we will venture to assert, that any thing more unlike the principles of judicial inquiry in all other cases, could not well be imagined. Every case of circumstantial evidence, for example, is of necessity made up of parts, each of which, taken singly, would be insignificant, or nearly so. Each piece of evidence, therefore, is of such a nature that it may be quite indubitable; and yet

the person against whom it is adduced may be not guilty; and yet that, if the evidence pointed the other way, he *must* be innocent. Thus, it is shown that he was near the spot at the time the offence was committed. If the evidence was, that he had been far from the spot, the question would be decided in his favour; but it does not follow that he is guilty, because he was near the spot: Yet as this is a circumstance pointing in the direction of guilt, it is most properly allowed to be proved on the one side, and disproved on the other. So in civil cases. How many little circumstances are allowed to be inquired into in questions of pedigree, each of which may be proved with hardly any material advancement of the case, and disproved without the very slightest detriment to it!—conversations in the family—old notes in family bibles—similar names upon tombstones, and a variety of others. How slowly does the case proceed in questions of boundary, where evidence is allowed—indeed it is almost all that can be relied upon—of ancient acts of ownership, each act proving hardly any thing! That the claimant's ancestor had a beast for some little time upon the disputed ground, and was not interrupted, is good evidence; if he had kept it there in spite of interruption, it would have been better; and still more satisfactory, if he had interrupted successfully the ancestor of the adverse party. But the law does not reject even the lowest and most equivocal of these proofs, merely because it slightly aids the inquiry, and because it is much less decisive than others would have been. Its principle is, to seek for the best evidence, and to be satisfied with the best that can be had. Why should not the same principle be applied to the case before us? Why not say to the defendant, You may prove that all you have published is quite true, and still you may be guilty: nevertheless, as the proof may help you a little—as it is a step, though a small one, towards your acquittal, it is open to you. If you fail in proving it, you are proved guilty: If you succeed, it remains to be seen whether you can complete the demonstration of your innocence, or whether other means of showing your guilt do not remain?

It may be useful to consider more nearly the cases similar to the one in question, where the law proceeds upon the principle recommended. We shall find that they come nearer than any assignable distance.

If a person is prosecuted for an assault, he is allowed to give in evidence, not only that he committed it in self-defence, but that he did it upon provocation; and he may prove all the particulars of the provocation. Observe, that no provocation justifies an assault in the eye of the law. And accordingly,

the matters published. Almost every circumstance in the occasion and manner of the publication may in like manner be given in evidence on either side. The particular time; the aspect of publick affairs; the events alluded to in the composition; the situation of the persons mentioned; these, and similar circumstances, are generally stated in the averments of the information or indictment, and they must be proved by the prosecutor, and may be rebutted by contrary evidence on the part of the defendant. Yet, of themselves, they decide nothing as to the guilt; they only elucidate the nature of the alleged libel, and the *animus* of the publisher. It has been likewise solemnly decided, that there is nothing libellous in a publication, by a private individual, of a Parliamentary paper charging the prosecutor with treason. This was ruled upon an application for a criminal information; but, *a fortiori*, would evidence to this effect have been admitted upon the trial. * In the case of *Rex* v. *Creevey*, evidence was to have been given, that the composition contained a correct—that is, a *true*, account of a speech in the House of Commons; and a motion was made, to put off the trial on account of the absence of a member of that House, the witness who was to prove it. Had the evidence tendered been incompetent, the motion would have been refused; but it was entertained, and only waived upon an admission by the prosecutor that the account was a true one. The case afterwards came before the Court of King's Bench, who held, that the account being a correct one, did not constitute a sufficient defence of the publication; but no exception whatever was taken to the competency of this as matter of evidence for the Jury; on the contrary, the argument proceeded upon the fact as admitted. † It has, indeed, been solemnly decided, that the correctness of a report given in a newspaper, of what passed in a court of justice, may be given in evidence without being pleaded to an action for a libel; and that, if proved, it is an answer to the action:—a position which is perhaps too large, as laid down absolutely in that case; ‡ and which, accordingly, received some modification, both in *Rex* v. *Creevey* and in § *Stiles* v. *Nokes*, where it was said, that 'a *wanton* publication, at a 'subsequent period of a trial, hurtful to the feelings of the par-'ties,' might be libellous; but the Court never thought of refusing, in such a case, the evidence that the publication was correct: The wantonness was to be proved by other considerations—as the time, the occasion, &c.; and the correctness, so

* Rex v. Wright, 8 T. R. 297.

† Lanc. Ass. Spring 1813, cor. Leblanc J. & in B. R. vid. M. &c.

‡ Currie v. [illegible] 7 East. 504.

far from being excluded, was admitted, to throw upon the party complaining the burthen of proving the criminality *aliunde*. In case any doubt should remain of this rule applying to prosecutions as well as actions, it has been recognized, in a remarkable manner, by Lord Ellenborough, in *Rex* v. *Fisher*. ‖ His Lordship's words are remarkable, and conceived in the true spirit of the argument which we have been maintaining. 'Trials at law, *fairly* reported, although they may occasionally prove injurious to individuals, have been held to be privileged. Let them continue so privileged. The benefit they produce is great and permanent; and the evil that arises from them is rare and incidental.' These words might seem to go beyond the principle we are supporting; but, of course, the learned Judge could not mean to say, that a correct report of a trial might not, under peculiar circumstances, be libellous: The *dictum*, however, and the admission of the evidence to which it refers, clearly show, that, in a criminal prosecution, it is always competent to go into the question, whether the composition gives a true account of a judicial proceeding; and that, if the affirmative is proved, the malice of the publication must then be shown by the prosecutor in some other way. *

‖ 2. Campb. N. P. 574.

* There is a discrepancy, unquestionably, between the purport of the language here cited and the report, both in *Nokes* v. *Styles*, and *Rex* v. *Creevey*. The same diversity is to be observed in the latter case and that of *Currie* v. *Walter*; the rule in which certainly requires some limitation; and we conceive that the observations in the text furnish it. But it is still more difficult to reconcile the observations in *Rex* v. *Creevey* with those made in *Rex* v. *Wright*; and indeed the two decisions seem themselves at variance. See particularly the argument of Lawrence J. in the latter case. It is no answer, to say that a report of a committee is a proceeding of the whole House when ordered to be printed *for the use of the members*, and that a speech is not a proceeding of the House. The business of the House consists in making and hearing speeches principally; and a speech made and heard, is strictly a proceeding, as much as a report of a committee. The printing of the report, it must be remembered, was the act of an unauthorized individual. To print the speech was as much the publication of a proceeding, as to print the report; and, strictly speaking, both publications were equally irregular, and, with reference to the House, equally a breach of its privileges. There are innumerable resolutions to this effect in the Journals. See particularly *Com. Journ.* 13. *April*, 1738, where the publication of the proceedings of any committee is expressly prohibited. It may further be reckoned an inconsistency between

We entreat the reader's particular attention to the import of the instances which we have just now detailed. They are all examples of evidence being admitted in prosecutions for libel, to prove circumstances by no means necessarily inferring innocence or guilt, but merely tending to illustrate this point; circumstances which may be true, and yet the composition may be a libel, or *vice versa;*—circumstances, in short, which stand in the same relation as the truth of the statements to the matter at issue,—with this difference, that not one of them, generally speaking, is half so intimately connected with it. The defendant is always allowed to read other parts of the composition, because they may explain away the libellous passage,—although there may be cases in which no context can explain it away. He is allowed to prove the writing which called forth the alleged libel, and any other circumstances of provocation,—although it is certain that no provocation can justify a libel. He is allowed to show that the libel was published in answer to a demand of information,—although no such occasion will justify the giving false information of an injurious nature. He is allowed to prove that the publication is a true account of what passed in Parliament or in a court of justice,—although it is certain that the libel is not the less one for having been originally spoken there; and moreover, that no man can publish a parliamentary proceeding without committing an offence against the law of Parliament, which is the common law of the land. Why then is such evidence allowed? It is not necessarily decisive of any thing; it may be all taken for granted in many cases, and yet the defendant may be guilty. The prosecutor may say, 'Grant that your composition gives a true account of the debate; still, to publish it was a libel, if its tendency is injurious 'to character or to the publick peace, whether it originally 'passed in Parliament or not.' Why is he not heard to say so? Because the law holds, that light *may* be thrown upon the motive, the *animus* of the publisher, by the production of such evidence; and that no light ought to be shut out. Why, then, is all evidence of the truth of the statements contained in the composition peremptorily excluded? The reason given is exactly that which exists in all the other cases;—it is said that

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Rex v. *Creevey* and *Rex* v. *Fisher*, and indeed *Currie* v. *Walter*, that the House of Commons is particularly spoken of as a court of judicature, both by Lord Coke, 4. *Inst.* 23, who cites 6. *Hen.* 8, *c.* 16, to show that the clerk's book is a record; and more distinctly by one of the learned Judges who decided *Rex.* v. *Creevey*—*vide Burdett* v. *Abbot*, 14. *East.* 158, *per Bayley J.*

those statements may be true, and yet the publication may be libellous. But this reason is listened to in none of those cases. It is only allowed to operate where the advantage of opening the door to evidence is the most important; where the harm done by shutting it is the greatest; where the evils, or rather the risk of inconvenience from a better practice, is the least considerable.

We desire to rest the great question under discussion upon the argument which we have just closed. It goes directly to the merits; it demonstrates, both that the investigation of the truth is impeded, in the most eminent degree, by the rule of law—and that this rule is quite inconsistent with analogy, and more especially with the rest of the Libel law. An example will at once bring the matter home to the understanding of every man of common sense. He is called upon, as a juror, to pronounce whether the defendant *maliciously* or *innocently* published that a man's father was hanged;—can he for a moment doubt that his judgment would be materially affected by being informed, whether in fact the man was hanged, or the whole was a pure invention? The law, however, calls upon him to pronounce upon the guilt or innocence of the publication, without the possibility of obtaining this information; while, at the same time, it allows proof to be adduced that the story was told upon a particular occasion; that it was drawn forth by another story; that it was previously told by somebody in another place. The only thing, by no means to be inquired into, is its truth. —Having, however, given the fundamental argument, it is fit that we examine the question in some other points of view.

The rule which now prevails, operates most injuriously to the great interests of liberty, and of good government in general. It tends to the prevention of publick discussion, beyond all the fetters that ever were invented for the press. It may be questioned, whether a previous censureship would cramp its freedom much more effectually. In that case, the writer is at least secure that what he is allowed to publish cannot afterwards, with the varying caprices of the day, or changes in the ruling powers, rise in judgment against him. He labours under no anxiety; he is either at once prevented from publishing, or he knows that he is safe. The uncertainty of our Libel law,—the *jus vagum atque incognitum* which regulates this vital part of our constitution, is a most serious evil. No man can tell whether he shall be punished for daring to discuss the measures of Government freely and fairly, or not: and a great part of the uncertainty is owing to the maxim, that the truth may not be proved. If it could, the author would be pretty secure against any prosecution

for a writing upon publick affairs; or if prosecuted, he would have little to fear from the result. As far as the facts bear him out, he might safely go; and his only care would be to avoid misstatements, and to keep some proportion between the vehemence of the invective and the conduct against which it was pointed. As the law now stands, there is something quite revolting in the powers given to rulers. A minister of state who has committed, in the face of day, the grossest injustice or oppression, or whose incapacity has been testified by the most notorious blunders, may unblushingly avow his wrongs, or his incapacity, and punish whoever conscientiously and calmly states it to the country; or he may obtain the same end, by denying with still greater effrontery what is indubitably true, but what he knows must not be proved. The utmost readiness to prosecute, accordingly, has at different times been found, in persons conscious that the truth only had been proclaimed against them. Thus, informations, to the amount of above twenty, were once filed against persons who had accused a publick officer of malversation; and these would no doubt have been tried without the possibility of the facts being proved, had not events in the mean time occurred which made that officer resign. These events showed, that had the trials gone on, the defendants would have been convicted for publishing statements not destitute of foundation, though incapable, by law, of being proved.

Some persons affect to see great danger to the peace of the community, and the stability of the government, in an unlimited discussion of public measures. But the rule for which we are contending, would not remove all bounds from the discussion; because the defendant might still be convicted, although he had proved his facts. We are willing, however, to admit that its adoption would greatly extend those bounds, inasmuch as rulers would be far less prone to order State prosecutions. The only check which at present represses such proceedings, and to which the liberty of printing actually enjoyed is wholly owing, is the fear of bad ministers, lest their conduct should be canvassed, irregularly and indirectly, on the trial. This fear, indeed, may frequently operate to prevent prosecutions in themselves just, because at present the defendant, though he can prove nothing, may insinuate any thing; but were proof allowed, no unjust prosecution would be undertaken; the inducement to silence would be imperative, and the limits of discussion greatly enlarged. In truth, we might go further, and ask what danger can ever result from the most unlimited discussion of publick measures? In what circumstances must a government be which ought to fear it? 'My government,' said Cromwell, 'is not

'worth preserving if it cannot stand against paper shot.' The sagacious usurper, accordingly, trusted to the strong arm of power, and never prosecuted for libels; but a good government, founded upon free principles, and planted in the hearts of the people by the blessings it conferred upon them, would have far less to fear from paper shot than the military despotism of Cromwell, who, after all, lived to feel that the press is the appointed scourge of evil rulers, when it dared to tell him, in the face of the country, that the people could only enter upon the inheritance of their birth-right by his death.* To hamper the press may serve the purposes of a usurper, or a wretched and incapable ruler; a just and lawful government may safely, and even advantageously, encourage the freeest discussion. The influence of those at the head of affairs secures them at least an attentive hearing in their own defence; it ensures them also the support of a portion of the press. Even if they are in the wrong, they have so many circumstances in their favour, that it requires all the native vigour of truth, aided by time, to prevail against them. If they are in the right, how much more safely may they trust their support to reason, and rest satisfied with repelling or retorting the attack, by weapons of the same kind? What is there so very captivating in error—what so bewitching in excessive violence—what so attractive in gross and palpable injustice—as to make those tremble, who stand firm in the consciousness of being right? Surely truth and sense have, at the least, an equal chance in this contest; and if the refutation of sophistry may be entrusted to argument, the exposure and condemnation of literary excesses may be left to good taste, without much fear of their proving hurtful to any cause, but that which they are intended to befriend. The only risk that just and wise rulers can incur from discussion, is to be found in the consequences of its restriction. Hamper it, and even the best measures, the purest systems of government, have some reason to fear. No rules of law can prevent something of the truth from getting out; and, if a blunder is accidentally committed, the less free the press is, the more likely are distorted and exaggerated statements to prevail. A people kept in the dark, are sure to be easily disquieted; every breath makes them start; all objects appear in false shapes; anxiety and alarm spread rapidly without a cause; and a government, whose conduct might bear the broadest glare of day, may be shaken by the delusions which have sprung from unnecessary concealment. There are a few

* This was the definition of *paternal* government given in those days.

supposeable cases, in which such a government may have an interest in preventing the truth from being published; but they are rare in the extreme, and nearly exceptions to the rule. There can be no case in which, when the truth has been published, it can be its interest to prevent it from being proved upon the published trial.

The present law excluding such evidence, produces the worst possible effects, in another and most important point of view. It destroys the best protection which private character can have, and greatly promotes the abuse or licentiousness of the press, in the only quarter in which it is to be dreaded—its inroads upon the comfort of individuals. A very little attention to the practical effects of the law in question, will evince the truth of this position. When a man's character is attacked by a libel, the law gives him two modes of proceeding. He may bring his action of damages for the injury he has sustained; or he may prosecute criminally, for the punishment of the traducer. Before proceeding further, let us attend for a moment to the distinction which is said to exist technically between the object of these two proceedings, and upon which much reasoning is grounded: The one is called a remedy, and the other a punishment; the private party is said to have an interest in the former, but the public only are deemed to have an interest in the latter. Theoretically speaking, it perhaps is so; but the practice has departed so widely from the principle, that its operation can now hardly be traced. If the private party has no interest in the prosecution, why is he always the prosecutor? Strictly, indeed, any one else has the same right to prosecute; but, in fact, we know that the injured person alone institutes proceedings; and we will venture to say, that nothing would be more hopeless than a prosecution for a libel commenced by a third party: If the person libelled were not brought before the Grand Jury, no bill would be found; or if, by any miracle, the defendant were put upon his trial, an acquittal would be certain. But how is it in applications for a criminal information? These are as much for the interest of the publick as proceedings by indictment; and yet every part of the practice regarding them is founded upon the analogy to cases of an individual interest. No information ever was granted, except upon the oath of the party complaining, and upon an application from himself, or some one authorized by connexion with him, to apply in his behalf. He must come *rectus in curia*, and swear to the falsehood of the libel, as if he sought for compensation in damages; otherwise he is told that the court will not interfere, but leave him to the ordinary proceeding. The interference is thus term-

ed *extraordinary*, and is treated as a favour to the party applying; whereas, if he only applied in behalf of the publick, his own merits would be out of the question, and the truth or falsehood of the libel being quite immaterial in criminal proceedings, the information should be granted without any regard to the matter. He is also required to waive his right of action, which, if the criminal proceeding were wholly of a public nature, and foreign to his own interest, would be the height of injustice. He is likewise liable to costs if he fails. But in proceedings by indictment, practically speaking, the prosecutor is in nearly the same predicament as to waiving his action; for if he has prosecuted to conviction, he can never expect to recover more than nominal damages; and, if the defendant has been acquitted, no lawyer would strongly recommend going on with the action at all. He may likewise make himself liable to costs, if he prefers having the trial in one court at one time, rather than another, although such preference is, strictly speaking, as much for the publick, and as little for his own interest, as any other part of the proceeding. We can, therefore, have no hesitation in viewing both the action and prosecution as remedies given for injury offered to character, not indeed both in the nature of compensation for a loss, but both in the light of reparation, vindication, recovery. Let us see, then, in what manner the exclusion of evidence operates upon this right to reparation.

If an action is brought, the party no doubt defies his traducer to prove the truth of the charge—and, so far, he saves his honour. But unless he is a person of high rank, or unless the defendant is such a one, or unless some high names are in some way involved in the transaction, he obtains a very paltry sum by the verdict. In all ordinary questions of this sort, Juries lean against heavy damages; and only award considerable sums when they are dazzled with sounding titles, or great fame and notoriety. A private gentleman may think himself well off if he leaves the court with a verdict sufficient to pay the difference between the taxed costs and the real expenses of the action; he retires with the satisfaction of having had his character estimated in the currency of the country, and his neighbours are informed that it is worth fifty or a hundred pounds. There is something revolting in this proceeding, to a person of any delicacy or high sense of honour; and accordingly, it is hardly ever resorted to, except when the reason presently to be given, renders it a matter of hard necessity. Then how does such an action operate upon the libeller, even when he pays considerable damages? A little of that gain is wrung from him, which he has been making by his infamous art. He has coined an honest man's character into money, and he is made to refund a per-

centage; he lives upon the destruction of his neighbour's reputation, and he is compelled to let that neighbour share in the spoils of his own fame. Besides, it is manifest that this kind of proceeding encourages the worst species of detraction, that of wealthy and powerful persons, who lurk behind the backs of desperate men, and set them on to stab the reputation of their adversaries;—the penalty is easily paid, and the offence as safely repeated.

Thus, on every account, a prosecution, as it is the *only mode* of inflicting a fit punishment, is the best mode of seeking reparation; or rather, it would be the best mode, but for the rule of law in question. By virtue of that law, however, it gives no assertion of innocence; it flings out no defiance to the traducer; it rather admits that the charge is founded in truth. When the man whose character has been attacked, prosecutes criminally, he is believed to be afraid of challenging inquiry; he is supposed to confess, if not that all the charge is true, yet that there is a part of it founded on fact—that all is not right—that there is some rotten or tender point, which will not bear probing; and, in so delicate an affair as honour, we need hardly observe that such an idea is decisive against the prosecution. By commencing it, he sets the example, if not of giving up his fame, at least of breathing upon it; and that is quite sufficient. The consequence, in fact, is, that prosecutions are not undertaken; that private character is daily attacked with perfect impunity; that professed calumniators, who gratify the malignity of their patrons, or pander for the base cariosity of the multitude, drive their dishonest trade in full security; and that the most unbridled licentiousness is known to pollute the press, in every department, except that in which it would be harmless, at a time when the powers of Government are exerted with the greatest rigour to check every deviation from the straight line in the discussion of publick measures, where hardly any extravagance could prove hurtful. Many years have elapsed since periodical publications have been carried on upon the avowed plan of purveying slander for the prurient appetite of the vulgar, in whatever rank of life. Daily papers have subsisted upon the gains of this sordid traffic, for a length of time which almost affords an antidote to their venom. Death itself hardly walks abroad more unceasingly than the spirit of defamation goes its rounds in the community. The reptiles that attend him do not prey more indiscriminately upon the noblest remains, than the vermin of the press upon the fairest names. Nothing is so exalted as to be above their audacity—nothing so sacred as to scare their rapaciousness—nothing so humble and retired as to elude their incessant activity. Not only the publick characters

of statesmen, and the private conduct of publick men, but the secret actions of obscure and lowly individuals, are their prey. For these they hunt the shade of voluntary seclusion; seize upon them with the fury of hunger; drag them forth into the blaze of day; and tear them in pieces, to appease that gross appetite which can never be satiated.

———' à natura si malvagià e ria
Che mai non empie la bramosa voglia
E dopo 'l pasto à più fame che pira.' *

Is it that in our times slander has become more daring,—that falsehood has ceased to be cowardly? No—It is because all risk of punishment is at an end, and the lying calumniator of private worth is secured against answering for his offence by the same law which confounds him with the publisher of truth. No one ever thinks of prosecuting;—there is hardly an instance of a periodical work being prosecuted at the instance of a private party. We only recollect one in the course of many years; unless, indeed, another is to be mentioned, where the prosecution was dropt, because the truth of the statement complained of had, after the bill was found, become quite notorious, by proceedings instituted in another court. As long as the law stands upon its present footing, this impunity is secured to libellers; and the trade of calumny must thrive without restraint. Now, as the only way at once to remove the gross injustice and inconsistency of precluding all inquiry into the truth—to promote free discussion of publick measures by discouraging oppressive state prosecutions—and to protect private character from the licentiousness of the press, by withdrawing the obstacles to private prosecutions, it is proposed to allow the truth of the matters contained in any alleged libel to be given in evidence, and to leave this to the Jury, among other things, without calling upon them to acquit the defendant, because he shall have proved his statements to be true. We shall proceed to examine the objections which may be urged against this change in the law.

1. It is contended by some, that the change does not go far enough,—for that the proof of the truth should in every case be a defence, and operate as a justification. But to pass over the technical answer which arises from the nature of pleading in criminal cases, we conceive that there is a most substantial reason for only allowing the evidence to go to the Jury, and leaving their verdict free. In attacks upon private character, the publication of what is strictly true may be highly criminal. No one has a right to ransack the secret life and private habits of

* Dante, Inf.

any man, and hold them up to publick view. To publish even his concealed vices thus, is an injury done to him and to society. Even for these vices, so long as he conceals them, he has a right to impunity, if they offend against no positive law. Still more does this remark apply to mere frailties of a nature more or less venial. But a man may be rendered ridiculous by the bare publication of things, in themselves neither the objects of censure nor of contempt; things hardly concealed, at least only concealed from decorum or a sense of dignity, and which every man is conscious of, the publicity of which alone makes them appear ridiculous. To describe minutely the whole life of any one for a day or two, would render him somewhat ridiculous, although he might have done nothing of which he ought to be ashamed; nay, nothing which he could have avoided. Therefore, the mere exactness of the statement may possibly be no defence. In cases of public libel, it is indeed less easy to conceive how a publication of the truth should be criminal. Suppose, however, there were no such instance—the line between publick and private libels cannot be drawn; and if we were to take the distinction between publick and private prosecution, it is well known that an individual may prosecute for a publick offence.† But, that there are publick libels, properly so called, which may be criminal, though true, is easily shown. The instances are no doubt rare, but they exist. It may be libellous to state in an inflammatory way, that which, if plainly stated, would be innocent; as, to address the passions of the multitude about scarcity of provisions, or of soldiers about pay. It may be libellous to address to particular classes, a plain statement of that which, published generally, would be innocent, as to disperse it among a mob or an army. It may be libellous to state, even plainly, truths of a delicate nature at a peculiar crisis—as, during an invasion, a rebellion, or a mutiny. Finally, there are certain truths (but the number is extremely small), of so peculiarly delicate a nature, that the plainest statement of them at any time would be libellous; as, the legitimacy of the reigning Sovereign;—his right to the Crown generally;—his political conduct, for which he is not responsible;—his private conduct, of which the law takes no notice. In all such cases the truth is evidently not of itself a defence; it enters indeed into the question of malice, and is favourable to the defendant as far as it goes, but is not sufficient to acquit him. In all these, on the other hand, the falsehood of the statement is decisive of guilt. Therefore this matter should be

† The Dean of St Asaph's case was a private prosecution for a State crime.

left to the Jury, with other circumstances of evidence as to the malice or purity of the publication.

2. The objections most likely, however, to be relied upon, come from those who hold that the change proposed goes too far. Their principal argument is, that a libel is punishable, because, without any regard to the truth of its contents, it tends to provoke a breach of the peace. Now we venture to assert, that this is not the ground of the punishment, in any other manner than many other fictitious principles have been stated as the technical grounds of judicial proceedings, which unquestionably depend upon very different considerations. Thus, in actions of seduction, the technical ground is the supposed loss of the daughter's service, or the wife's society. Yet the practice is, in the former case, to award damages in proportion to the injury of the parent's feelings, without the least regard to a pecuniary loss, which is always least where the real injury sustained, and the damages recovered, are the greatest; in the latter case, damages are given where the parties lived separated by voluntary agreement, and no loss of society could occur;† they are given too, with a reference to many other circumstances unnoticed in the technical fiction of the law. To contend that a libel is criminal, only because it endangers the King's peace, is exactly as absurd as to hold, that the seduction of a nobleman's daughter is no injury, while the same act, committed in a peasant's family, is a serious wrong. In truth, both the one principle and the other are fictions; and ought to be laid aside when they impede justice instead of assisting it,—the only ground upon which fictions are admitted. In the civil action, the practice has so far modified the principle, as to make its original absurdity harmless; in the criminal proceeding, we must, it seems, cling to the fiction in order to do injustice. For, it is most material to be observed, that where an adherence to the fiction would lead to mercy, it is wholly abandoned. If it were, for example, urged in mitigation of punishment, that, under the circumstances of the case, no reasonable apprehension could be entertained of the peace being broken, the bare mention of such a topic would be treated with indignation, although the defendant is all the while held to have been convicted of an offence, solely because his act tended to a breach of the peace. In like manner the fiction is lost sight of when topics of aggravation are brought forward from the high rank of the person defamed, and his pure and spotless character. Then what becomes of the care

† The cases of *Wreden* v. *Turnbull*, and *Chambers* v. *Caulfield* seem to throw doubt on this; but the law, as stated, is now received generally, especially since *Chamberlayne* v. *Bloomfield*.

taken of the King's peace, when a man may make the most calumnious charges against his neighbour to a multitude of ten thousand persons by word of mouth, that is, with all the aids and incentives of eloquence, and no punishment whatever can be inflicted upon him? But to show at once that the fiction is not the real ground of the proceeding against libels, let the heavy punishments inflicted upon an act thus tending to a breach of the peace, be compared with the trifling penalties attendant upon the actual breach, and no doubt will remain that the principle now under consideration is wholly obsolete. In truth, nothing can be imagined more absurd in itself, or more inconsistent with the analogies of the law, than to look beyond the immediate nature of the offence for the grounds of punishment. It is absurd in itself. For, why not at once admit the destruction of a man's reputation to be a crime? Why deny to character a protection so largely afforded to every other possession which we enjoy? Why hold the person guiltless who destroys the peace of a family, and ruins the fame of its most virtuous members, —when the stealing of five shillings in the house they inhabit is punishable with death? It is inconsistent with the other principles of the law of libel; for the same person who cannot prosecute for the injury done to his character, as such, may bring his action and have that very injury valued in money. Surely not another word needs be offered to prove that the attack upon reputation, and not the dangers to the King's peace, forms the real ground of criminality in all such cases.

3. It is said, that if a man has any charge to bring against another, he should prefer it in the forms which the law prescribes, for the purpose of bringing him to punishment. But how does this apply to charges which are neither the subject of prosecution or of impeachment? To publish, for example, that a person's father was tried for felony, or convicted, or executed, is, according to the law, in its strictness, a libel; and the publisher may be prosecuted: Nor can he give evidence that his account is correctly true. Yet it might be very useful to publish this statement, in certain circumstances, though in others it might be undoubtedly criminal; and we contend that, upon these, but chiefly upon the truth or falsehood of the statement, the complexion of the act must always depend. But in no circumstances could it be said, that, instead of publishing the account, the author should have prosecuted. Then, as to publick measures, not to mention the multitude of instances in which a statesman may be highly blameable, without committing an impeachable offence; can any one, with a grave face, contend, that instead of exposing official delinquency by means

of the press, a political writer should institute an impeachment—a parliamentary proceeding competent only to members of parliament, nay, in fact, competent only to a majority of one of the branches of the Legislature? This would, indeed, be an agreeable arrangement for the publick servants; they might well feel secure in their places, and amuse themselves with the destruction of their country at their leisure, if they were never to hear the voice of censure, until it was recorded in the votes of the Commons by a majority of the members. But the doctrine in question is not more absurd in itself than it is inconsistent with the other provisions of the law. Who ever thought of telling a man, who had beaten another in self-defence, that he ought to have submitted in the first instance, and then indicted for the battery, or brought his action of damages? This argument was never even used in answer to a case of verbal provocation. But we are told, that some latitude is allowed to the topic of self-defence, and others in the nature of it, in order to repress aggression and insult, and prevent persons from beginning an affray. Now we contend for the controul of a free press, that is, a press free to discuss all subjects fit for the publick eye—privileged to tell all truths which it concerns the publick to know—exactly upon the same ground. It gives individuals a power of exposing and punishing offences, which no other vengeance can reach, and which each individual has an interest in repressing—assaults upon our liberties by bad rulers—inroads upon publick morals, by glaring and ostentatious impropriety of conduct—insults to common sense and good taste, by bad authors.

4. The most plausible objection to the measure proposed, however, is, that it would enable a malicious person to give evidence of his neighbour's most private affairs, and to drag into a court of justice, failings, which no one has a right to make publick. Now, let the present state of the law be regarded with a view to this objection. The libeller may publish at the risk of an action being brought, in which he can justify, and give the very evidence to which the objection refers—at the risk, which in fact amounts to nothing, of a criminal prosecution. The result is, then, that the frailties may now be published without the least danger to the libeller—and nothing worse could happen were the law changed; for the utmost evil to the party injured would only be, that he might be deterred from prosecuting, by fear of the evidence being offered, while he is more effectually prevented from adopting this course, as the law now stands, by the admission of the truth which a prosecution implies. But it is to be observed, that almost all the failings al-

luded to are of so private a nature as to elude proof; and he who had maliciously proclaimed them, would find it impossible to prove them, if the law permitted the prosecutor to defy him; so that the change would only operate in cases of a less delicate nature, where the question of 'true or false' is more decisive of the guilt or innocence of the publication. Nor should we lose sight of the injurious effects produced by the exclusion of this question in all prosecutions, whether for publick or private libels. The defendant cannot prove the truth, though all he has written be ever so true. But for this very reason he is permitted to hint, to insinuate, to fling out, that, were he allowed, he could show this or that; to remind the Jury (in a private prosecution), that the party injured might have brought his action, had he chose to run the risk of a justification being pleaded; in State prosecutions, to enter into many extraneous discussions, themselves not always very regular or very innocent; to call, and often with success, for an acquittal, chiefly because of this defect in the law,—and all this without the least warning given to the opposite party. What is the consequence? Exactly that which always follows absurd or unjust rigour in matters of jurisprudence. The great front door exposed to view, being shut, irregular unobserved avenues are opened, through which part of the matters intended to be excluded find their way, most unfairly for all innocent parties, and most favourably for the guilty, who contrives to confound his case with theirs.—The defence of the man who has written nothing but the truth is crippled; he must indirectly allude to what he could plainly prove. The character of the prosecutor is hinted away by insinuations, which he can neither refute by evidence, nor put down by a broad defiance;—the man who has written a falsehood, is enabled to hint as significantly as if he had told the truth; and has as fair a chance of being believed and acquitted. All but the calumniator would gain—the person traduced to the full as much as any one—by a change of practice which should exclude those indirect methods of defence, and allow nothing to be brought forward but strict legal evidence, under the watchful superintendance of the court, according to the known rules of law, and with full notice to the party whom it tended to affect.

But, in further answer to this objection, let us observe what would be the consequence of a libeller, who had published his neighbour's private frailties, giving proof of them at his trial, supposing them to admit of it,—would not the Jury regard this as any thing rather than a defence? We are now dealing with the case which the objection supposes, of things being publish-

ed, in which the community has no sort of concern. It is possible, that the giving evidence of these may be an aggravation of the original offence of proclaiming them. At all events, it will never prevent a conviction. Then the office of the Jury is at an end, and that of the Judge begins. It is hardly to be supposed, that the evidence adduced would be forgotten in awarding the punishment; and we may fairly presume, that if one libeller proved hardy enough to attempt such a defence, his sentence would deter others from following the example. In answer, then, to the objection, we say, that if the fear of his frailties being proved in court, should deter the injured party from proceeding, he would only be in the same predicament in which he is at present; but that, if he ventured to prosecute, the defendant would either not dare to give the evidence—or, if he did, the experiment never would be repeated.

Again, let it be observed, that although, by the present practice, the truth cannot be regularly proved at the trial, it may be stated in mitigation of punishment after conviction. This has been denied, and sometimes the Court have refused to consider the question; very naturally, as it appears to us; because nothing more inconvenient or irregular can be imagined, than such a discussion in that stage of the proceedings; nor can any thing be more difficult, than to discover the bounds within which the mention of the topic should be confined. But, that some reference to it must be allowed in this stage, as the law now stands, is perfectly manifest. The total exclusion of it would be the most monstrous injustice, and indeed the grossest absurdity. It is not very consistent to maintain, that the truth or falsehood of a story should weigh as nothing in the scale which is to try the guilt of him who told it:—but, to maintain that it should go for nothing in meting out the measure of his punishment, is too glaring an absurdity to bear being stated. It is possible that a person may have committed an offence, in publishing a charge against another's character, though the statement be true; but who can endure the assertion, that the offence is as great, in this case, as it would have been were the whole a fiction of his malicious and false heart, and deserves the same punishment? Therefore, no court ever can maintain, that in considering the sentence for a libel, the question of 'true or false' is still to be kept out of view. Then, how is the defendant to proceed? He must (as is the practice) state the truth by affidavit; he may, perhaps, be suffered to add the affidavits of others; and the prosecutor may be allowed time to answer those affidavits. Here, then, is an issue

tried without a Jury; without cross-examination; without the personal presence of the witnesses; without any regular point being announced, to which the evidence is to be applied; without the operation of that rule, which forbids a man to swear in his own cause: The defendant is infinitely hampered by the vagueness and uncertainty of the limits which practice has traced for the inquiry; and the prosecutor, who is not allowed to defy the regular investigation of the charge brought against him, retires from his proceeding, with the satisfaction of having changed the affirmation of his traducer into an affidavit, and put the libel upon the files of the Court.

The last observation which we shall offer, in answer to this objection, and it applies to others also, is, that those who urge it, confine their attention to the few cases, instead of considering the greater number—to the instances in which the prosecutor is conscious of the truth of the charge, instead of those which at least merit equal favour, where the charge is false, and the prosecutor has nothing to fear from defying his calumniator. Even if all that we have disproved were admitted, and we were to grant that the objection has as much weight as those who state it can pretend, still it applies only to a small number of cases, viz. those of a libel founded in truth, and which the object of it wishes to proceed against. Surely it would be most preposterous to allow so much importance to these cases, and to show them so much favour, as to make them the guide for the law in all cases; to deprive the man who is falsely traduced, of the only means of at once clearing his character, and bringing his calumniator to justice, in order to enable one, who is, perhaps unjustifiably, but still not *so* unjustifiably defamed, to prosecute the author of a true, but criminal publication. In no other instance does the law proceed upon such a principle; it looks to the great bulk of cases; and disregards even serious inconvenience in a few instances, more especially if these are, from their peculiar nature, less deserving of a favourable consideration.

5. It is urged as a further reason against the proposed rule, that it would enable two parties, in the trial of a question relating to themselves only, to bring into discussion, by evidence in a court of justice, the conduct and character of a third person, who has no concern in the cause, and no means of defending himself. This objection has one thing in common with almost all the others which we have examined; it supposes, that the fault imputed to the new law was never heard of under the established system. Now, as the law at present stands, the very same inconvenience may occur; nay, it does happen very fre-

quently. It may occur in every case of a libel against two or more persons, importing some joint offence, or holding them up to ridicule for some line of conduct in which they were engaged together; it must happen in every such case, where any one of the persons mentioned in the libel does not chuse to bring his action, and any of the others sues, provided there be a justification pleaded. Thus, if the libel represents a woman to have been seduced, and the father or husband brings his action, the conduct of the alleged seducer is put in issue by a plea of justification, although he has no concern whatever in the proceeding. In like manner, of a conspiracy—and so of numberless cases which might be put, all extremely likely to occur, of ridicule cast upon associates in some common enterprize. But let us examine the objection by its own merits. It supposes the Crown, or a party having no concern in the libel, to prosecute. If a person not at all alluded to in a composition, chuses to prefer a bill of indictment, although strictly speaking he may, yet is there the least chance of the Grand Jury finding it? Must not the prosecutor appear to be examined; and would not the absence of the party defamed, and the interference of a stranger be a sufficient reason for any Grand Jury throwing out the bill? Or, if it were by any accident found, how far would the Petty Jury suffer the trial of such an indictment to proceed? Would they ever call upon the defendant for his case? Indeed, without manifest collusion between the prosecutor and the defendant, in order to run down a third party, the attempt is not likely to be made; and it would then be made at a very great risk of a subsequent prosecution, without any collusion, for a conspiracy. No such proceeding could ever take place by criminal information; for the court only grant it upon affidavit of the party defamed. Then, the only case in which it is conceivable, is by *ex officio* information. But, to suppose the Government, or its responsible members, that is, in this instance, the Law-officers of the Crown, base enough and foolish enough to engage in such a proceeding, is the height of extravagance. No instance can be found of the *ex officio* privilege ever being employed to prosecute private libels; and if it were, the court which tried the cause would assuredly never call upon the defendant, but acquit, upon the bare circumstance of the person defamed by the libel not being called as a witness. We have shown, that the same inconvenience which the objection supposes, may happen at present; but a worse inconvenience of the same kind really arises out of the law excluding direct evidence as to the truth. A defendant now launches his insinuations in all directions; he is tied down to no particular time of proof; he hints and supposes

and declaims, not merely against the prosecutor, but every person connected with him; and when the libel is of a public nature, instead of the rule of law tending to prevent discussions of publick measures in courts of justice, the regular plan of defence is a political dissertation, or more generally an invective, upon the text of the composition under prosecution; more skilfully couched, perhaps, but much more inflammatory in its tendency; and published to all the world with the authority of distinguished names, with something of the solemnity of a judicial proceeding, instead of being circulated among a few, as the writing of an obscure or unknown individual.

Having now gone through all the objections that have ever been urged, or that we can anticipate as likely to be made against the proposed change in the law, respecting the evidence of the truth or falsehood of the alleged libel, we conceive that we have a right to conclude, that nothing of the least weight can be thrown into the scale to counterbalance for an instant the reasons for its adoption.—Let us now therefore proceed to consider the other defects in the law of libel, which, though very considerable, will not detain us long, because many of the views applicable to them have already been unfolded.

The injustice of making a master criminally responsible for the act of his servant, without the least evidence of his privacy, is obvious. It is contrary to every principle of our jurisprudence in all other cases: But this is not all; the act of the servant is not made *primâ facie* evidence of his master's privacy and guilt; it is at once conclusive, and no proof to rebut it is allowed. Thus, if a libel is published in a man's shop, he is not allowed to show that he was in America all the time, and up to filing of the information. The late celebrated Gilbert Wakefield published an answer to a political pamphlet of the Bishop of Llandaff. Instead of trusting to the arguments of the Right Reverend author for a reply, the Government prosecuted the bookseller, who being accustomed to print Mr Wakefield's classical works, had conceived that it was a tract upon some subject of Philology, and only learnt the nature of its contents by the notice of the prosecution. He was convicted. A printer was more recently tried for a paper published at his office, while he was in a distant gaol, suffering the sentence of the law for a former libel. Contrary to the clear rules of law, the jury acquitted him. Having upon a former occasion amply discussed this branch of the subject, * we shall only at present observe, that the arguments respecting the question 'true or false,' apply in

* See Ed. Rev. for April 1812.

their full force to this question of privacy; and that although it may not be adviseable to make the prosecutor prove the knowledge of the defendant, yet he ought, in all cases, to be allowed to prove that the publication was without his privacy. And this proof should, with the rest of the evidence of malice or innocence, be left to the consideration of the Jury.

We have already seen how little protection is afforded to private character by the law as it now stands, in one important particular. The Government is always well defended. By a most false and pernicious personification, it is likened to an individual, and endowed with character and feelings. Every supposed outrage to these is severely visited; and they who alone can be injured in their feelings—whose reputation is of any value to them, in reality are left almost defenceless. But the same injustice and inconsistency pervades the other branches of the Libel law. A distinction of the most absurd kind is taken between written and spoken slander, as if the same publicity might not be given to the latter, and the same injury done to character by its dissemination; as if, indeed, written slander did not operate against character, chiefly by becoming in its course spoken slander. What can be more absurd, than to say that no offence is committed by the most false and calumnious charges that malignity can devise, provided they are not reduced to writing? There is one thing, if it be possible, yet more absurd; and it is the other distinction of the law, that the same charges, which, if spoken, are not even actionable, may change their nature, and become so by being written down upon paper. * We shall not go through any of the old learning upon these subtleties, because much of it is now exploded, and many nice differences are overlooked, in spite of ancient and venerable names.†

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* Some doubt having arisen upon this point, it was argued and considered at great length before the Judges in the Exchequer Chamber, upon a writ of Error, in the case of *Tharley* v. *Kelly*, *Pasch.* 1812; and the law was laid solemnly down as in the text; the learned Judge (Sir J. Mansfield, C. J.) who delivered the judgment, explicitly stating, that had the distinction not been handed down through a series of adjudged cases, they never should have thought of taking it.

† A few specimens may amuse the unlearned reader. To accuse a person of '*swearing and forswearing*,' is not actionable; to accuse him of *perjury*, is; *Stanhope* v. *Bligh*, 4. *Rep.* 15. 'H. *seeks my life for my ground*,' not actionable; *Hext* v. *Yeomans*, *id. ib.* 'A is an *usurer*, an executor, and won't execute the will; and is *corrupt*, and *deals corruptly*,' not actionable; *Brickley's case*, *ib.* 'A *is detected for perjury*,' not actionable; *Weaver* v. *Carriden*, *ib.* 'A *gave his*

But it is still undoubted law, that a man's character may be falsely attacked in the tenderest point before thousands of hearers every day for a year: He may be called a coward, with all the details; a liar; a swindler; a knave; and there is no remedy by action: But if he is called a libeller, or if the slightest indictable offence is imputed to him, he has his action. So, if the least charge of any sort is written against him, and shown to a single person, he has his action. To proclaim in a public theatre, every night for a month, that a female of pure fame and high rank has been criminally connected with twenty men, and to give all the details of these fabricated amours, gives no right of action by our law; nor is it an offence in any way cognizable. But to write in a private letter, that she behaved ridiculously upon any occasion, is both punishable as a crime, and entitles her to damages in a civil action. No argument can reconcile the mind to such monstrous deviations from common sense; no reference to general principles of classification can make us overlook such prodigious inconsistencies. Let it be observed too, that here, as in a former case, the Government is protected while the individual is left defenceless. Seditious words may be prosecuted criminally, though not reduced to writing, and though they impute no impeachable offence to the rulers of the State. That which it would be a libel to write against the Government, it is sedition to speak; and the character or feelings of an ideal personage are protected from the slightest breath of censure, while the delicate fame of an individual may be tarnished, and his most tender feelings racked with impunity. Under this head, we may remark the injustice of allowing the truth to be pleaded in all cases of private defamation, whether by words or by writing, as a qualification. There are many charges against a man undoubtedly, for uttering which, if true, he has no right to recover damages;

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champion counsel to kill me and fly,' not actionable; *Eaton* v. *Allen*, *ib.* '*A did burn my barn with his own hands,*' not actionable, unless the barn was part of the dwelling, or full of corn; *Barham's case*, 4. *Rep.* 18. '*Thou art a thief, and hast robbed my orchard and hop ground,*' not actionable; *Dobbins* v. *Franklin*, 43. *Eliz.* 'A delivered *false evidence and untruth* in an answer in Chancery,' not actionable; 1. *Roll. ab.* 70.—3. *Inst.* 167. '*You are a swindler,*' not actionable; *Saville* v. *Jardine*, 2. *H. B.* 534. But '*Thou art a bastard,*' actionable, because it tends to disherison; *Bannister's case*, 25. *Eliz.* '*Thou art a bankrupt knave,*' actionable; *Milton's case*, & 1. *Roll.* 61. 59. & Sunb. 'A has a lease of certain lands, of which B was going to give a lease to C,' actionable; *Gerard's case*, 4. *Rep.* 18.

but there also are many attacks upon his character and feelings, which no one has any right to make, although founded in facts. We have already given examples of these. If an individual in private life is held up to ridicule for failings in which the publick has no concern, or merely, as may easily happen, by proclaiming his secret proceedings, whether culpable or not, he ought unquestionably to have his action, and the defendant should only be allowed to give the truth in evidence—a species of defence which, in the class of cases we are alluding to, would generally be found to increase, instead of mitigating the damages. Upon the whole, we conclude, that the legal distinction between *words* and *libel* ought to be abolished; that defamation, whether written or verbal, should be punishable as an offence against character; that it should be actionable generally, and without regard to the technical nature of the charge which it conveys; and that, in all actions for defamation, the defendant should be allowed to give evidence of the truth, upon due notice to the plaintiff, instead of being permitted to plead it in justification; so that it may go to the Jury with the other circumstances of the case, and operate either as an answer to the action, or in mitigation of damages, or in aggravation, as the Jury shall think fit.

Hitherto, our observation has been directed to the law as it regards the substance of the wrong, whether private or publick, and not to the regulations touching the mode of trial. But the extraordinary privileges of the Crown in trials for libel or seditious words, next demand our attention. These privileges, indeed, are not peculiar to Government prosecutions for this offence; but we have only at present to consider them in connexion with such proceedings, where chiefly they are productive of mischief. They consist of the power to put any one upon his trial without the intervention of a Grand Jury, and without hearing him in his own behalf, * or indeed giving him notice that there is such a proceeding in contemplation, and the right of reply, though the defendant should have given no evidence whatever.

The *ex officio* power has in vain been attempted to be defended upon the grounds of State necessity. It is alleged, that certain libels are of a nature so dangerous to the safety of the realm, that a more prompt visitation of justice is required than the forms in ordinary cases permit. But this reason is so con-

* Instances are to be found (but now only in Ireland) of the Attorney-general calling on a party to show cause, *before him*, why an information should not be filed by him.

trary to all the known facts, that we can hardly hesitate in believing it to be founded in bad faith. For, instead of being confined to a few libels of peculiar malignity, every prosecution for this offence, conducted by the Government, is, without any exception, commenced in this way. Then, what sort of danger must it be, which, in London, (the principal scene of such prosecutions), requires a more speedy antidote than the Assizes held eight times a year afford by indictment, not to mention the opportunity of applying to the Court during term-time? Again, is it, or is it not true, that prosecutions by information *ex officio* are quite as slowly carried on as any others? We defy any instance to be produced, in which a day was, in point of fact, saved by this power, dating from the publication of the libel; and we could name many in which the Crown, by not praying a *tales*, delayed the trial purposely; two, in particular, of a peculiarly aggravated nature, and requiring, if any could be supposed to require, speedy prosecution. But after all, is not this idea of speedy prosecution being necessary to prevent danger to the peace, a mere phantom? How can it operate in this way? The danger, if urgent, must have proved fatal long before the example of the punishment can operate; for six months must at least elapse before that can be inflicted. And why is such expedition required in this one case of libel alone? Is rebellion a less urgent danger? Yet no prosecution for treason is commenced by *ex officio* information; on the contrary, the law throws round the person accused of it the fence of much extraordinary delay. Indeed, even they who argue for the power upon this ground, must admit that, by parity of reason, the prosecutor should not be allowed to put off the trial; and yet it is notorious that he has this power indefinitely; that he cannot be compelled to try the cause;† and that, in point of fact, many informations are filed, and never prosecuted at all. Perhaps, however, the best answer to the argument, and that which most clearly evinces its unfairness, is to be found in the fact, that Revenue offences are the only ones, beside libels, that are

† That the law is as here stated, cannot be doubted; nor has any attempt ever been made in practice to force on the trial of an *ex officio* information. The only means of fixing a day peremptorily for the trial, is by applying to the Court to have a trial at Bar, which, of course, will only be granted in cases of peculiar importance. See upon the point generally, *Queen* v. *Banks*, 2 *Salk.* 652. *Rex* v. *Dyder*, 7. *T. R.* 661. *Rex* v. *Macleod*, 2 *East.* 202. particularly this last case.—See more, as to Attorney-general's discretionary powers, in *Rex* v. *Stratton*, *Doug.* 239.

ever prosecuted by this method. The plain truth then is, that the Crown is fearful of Grand Juries throwing out the bills. Is this apprehension well founded? Observe here a most important particular. Grand Juries are generally composed of the same individuals who compose the Special Juries, and to whom alone the Crown ever trusts the trial of a libel. Why, then, should not the same men find the bill, who are thought most likely to find the verdict? We conceive the reason to be plain. As long as the defendant is precluded from proving the truth of his statement, a Jury, when left to themselves, will be slow to put him on his trial; though, very possibly, the same men, under the direction of the Judge, and when required to pronounce upon a man already on his trial, may feel it difficult to avoid convicting him. Were such proof competent, Grand Juries would be less prone to quash the proceeding in the outset; and the only pretext for leaving the *ex officio* power to the Crown would be done away.

The oppressive nature of this prerogative requires no proof. It enables the Government to subject every obnoxious writer to a great expense, and to the still more harassing anxiety of a trial hanging over his head, without the power of bringing it to a determination. That the prerogative has been abused, no one can doubt who has attended to the history of the late times. We speak not now of the English reign of Terror, when, by a cry of Jacobinism, and the compliance of corrupt or frightened majorities, the ministers obtained a suspension of the Constitution, and, not satisfied with imprisoning their adversaries, attempted to take their lives. In those times, libel was not the favourite charge; it was much too mild a punishment to keep a man in anxiety for his liberty, or to shut him up in a distant gaol; stronger measures were required, and the experiment of a proscription was almost begun. But we refer to a quieter period; to the last ten years, long after all general panic had subsided; when no mortal pretended that the monarchy was in danger, and the idea of a French party had become as ridiculous as it always was groundless. The *ex officio* power was, during this time, exercised as a mere party engine, to keep the press in order, to protect weak or corrupt servants of the publick from public censure, and to gratify the spleen of bigotted or sour-tempered individuals.

Within the space of three years of as profound internal tranquillity as England ever enjoyed since the Conquest, no less than forty-two informations were filed. In a single day, above twenty political writers were placed in jeopardy. At one time above half

the public papers were under prosecution. Informations were filed against them; they were subjected to serious expense; and no one was ever brought to trial. The proceedings were not dropt, but suspended. The writers continued their labours with the sword hanging over their heads. They went on exposing the measures of the Government and the oppressions of the Crown lawyers, with what freedom they might, under such circumstances. Many of them have been seriously injured; none of them have received any compensation; and, at this day, there is nothing in the law to prevent the proceedings being revived against them. We may give an example or two of the actual exercise of this oppressive privilege, in order to show that it is a grand practical evil. The only information filed by that eminently learned and virtuous person, Sir Arthur Piggott, while he held the office of Attorney-general, was against a newspaper which had published a statement full of malignity and falsehood, and the immediate tendency of which was to excite a mutiny, namely, that the Government was about to send a body of troops in ships not seaworthy. The printer applied to him to waive proceedings, and offering to give up the author. The answer was that which is always given in such cases, that no bargain could be made; but that he might give up the author, and trust to the candour of the prosecutor, in case the real writer was found to have been named. The Attorney-general went out of office with his friends. A new ministry succeeded, and brought their own Attorney with them. To him the printer renewed his application. A *Nolle Prosequi* was forthwith entered; the only one, we will venture to say, ever entered in such a case. The author was given up; that is, a name was given of some one said to be abroad, and who never yet has been heard of; and no further proceedings have been had in the matter. The facts which we have stated were mentioned in the House of Lords in 1811, and in the Commons, both then and last Session, without any contradiction. The newspaper was the Morning Post, notoriously the adherent of the ministry which showed it such favour. The other instance to which we shall refer, happened in 1810. A paragraph appeared in a Sunday paper, and was considered libellous by the Crown lawyers. Informations were filed against the author and the publisher, and another against the editor of a daily paper which had reprinted it. The last of these was tried first, although his offence was evidently much smaller than that of the original author and printer. He was acquitted, the Judge himself directing the Jury most favourably; and the two other informa-

tions which stood next for trial were never further proceeded in. One word more as to the expense—the power of fining at their pleasure, which the Crown officers possess by means of this prerogative. It was stated in the debates to amount in some cases to eighty and ninety pounds, and in one or two to have been as high as one hundred and forty.

Sensible of the extent of the evil, statesmen of enlightened views and known attachment to the principles of civil liberty, have, at different times, proposed remedies; of which some are rather to be considered as palliatives than cures. Of this description would be, a limitation of the time within which an information should be in force, or a power given to the defendant to force on his trial. The former is exceptionable, inasmuch as it would only oblige the Crown to file a new information, and subject the defendant to additional expense; the latter would hardly produce any practical good: For, in how few cases would a defendant venture to force on his trial, when uncertain of the ultimate intentions of the prosecutor? To compel the Crown to pay costs, when an information was abandoned, that is, after a certain time had elapsed without a trial, might have a better effect; but it would only remedy a small part of the mischief: And, to give the defendant his costs upon an acquittal, would be thought too great a deviation from established and general principles; besides that, even then, a large portion of the evil would remain without a palliative. It has also been suggested, that the extraordinary power should not be exercised in term-time, when the Court of King's Bench can grant the information; but the Crown would then easily pitch upon an act of publication committed in the vacation, not to mention the very trifling limitation of the abuse which such an exception would provide, if effectual as far as it is intended to go. There is, in truth, but one remedy;—and that is, the entire removal of the evil, by taking away at once this extraordinary power from the Crown, and placing libel upon the same footing with every other offence, from high treason down to a common assault. The prosecution of these in practice, is left to the ordinary method, by indictment; and there can be no reason for adopting a different course in cases of libel. The privilege of reply ought to be abolished at the same time. There is not even a shadow of ground for the Crown being preferred in this respect. All ordinary prosecutions by indictment, except for high treason, are conducted without it. Why should the trial of libel be put on a different footing from that of murder or robbery, or any of the various misdemeanors which are prosecuted by bills of indictment preferred by private parties?

In fact, the privilege is founded upon a most palpable blunder—a [illegible] in the objects of criminal justice. Why [illegible] be given to the prosecutor over the de[illegible] The interest of the public is not, that the [illegible] be convicted, but that he should be convicted if guilty, [illegible] he should be hampered in his defence, but rather that he should be aided in making the truth appear; not that the balance should be inclined in favour of the accusation, but that it should be held perfectly even between the two sides. The privilege in question tends, nay it is expressly intended, to facilitate the conviction, without regard to the guilt of the defendant; to obstruct him in his defence, in order that the truth may not appear; to make the scales preponderate in the prosecutor's favour, that equal justice may not be done. It presupposes the defendant's guilt, and seeks to ensure his conviction. It is a remnant of the old and exploded laws, which prevented the defendant's witnesses from being examined upon oath, and, in Scotland at least, refused him the benefit of any defence wholly inconsistent with or beside the charge, as that he was a hundred miles off at the time of committing the offence.

The bill brought into the House of Commons last Session by Mr. Brougham, and the further discussion of which was deferred to next year, proceeds upon the principles now developed. It first takes away entirely the power of filing *ex officio* informations in [illegible] and seditious words; it next abolishes the power [illegible] where the defendant has adduced evidence—[illegible] Crown prosecutions upon the same footing with all [illegible] prevents any such trial from being by Special [illegible] consent—thus placing the offence in [illegible] upon the same footing with all crimes of the highest [illegible] and felony, and with all misdemeanors, [illegible] which do not come from the Crown office. [illegible] to take away the distinction between written and [illegible] and to provide that the latter may be prosecut[illegible] In the next place, it allows the defend[illegible] or libel, or seditious or defamatory words, [illegible] statement in evidence, after due notice [illegible] that the Jury may, notwith[illegible] find the defendant guilty—and that the [illegible] may consider such proof either in [illegible] and may also consider the giving [illegible] in aggravation. The next [illegible] the defendant to prove that the publi[illegible] and the Jury to convict, notwith-

standing such evidence. It further takes away the distinction between words imputing an indictable offence, and words generally defamatory, declaring both to be actionable, and thus removing also the distinction in this respect between written and spoken slander. Lastly, it prohibits the truth of the statement from being pleaded in justification to an action, whether for libel or for words; but enables the defendant, upon due notice to the plaintiff, to give it in evidence under the general issue, and the Jury to take such evidence into their consideration, but to find a verdict for the plaintiff notwithstanding, if they shall think fit. Such are the provisions of this bill, omitting some matters of technical arrangement; and if there be any truth in the opinions maintained above, it comes within the description given by the preamble, and may be deemed a measure 'for the 'more effectually securing the Liberty of the Press, which hath 'been the chief safeguard of the Constitution of these Realms, 'and for the better preventing of abuses in exercising the said 'liberty, and in using the privilege of public discussion, which, 'of undoubted right, belongeth to the subject.'

We have now brought this inquiry to a close; and we cannot dismiss it, without remarking, that after all the arguments which have been offered, there is one short method of reason much more likely to prove successful against any change in the law, how deeply soever it may have its foundations in sound reason. It is a change—an innovation—and that is enough. And yet changes, innovations in the law, are matters of daily occurrence, nor ever objected to when they operate against the liberty of the press, against the ancient rights of the people. In 1799 a new law was passed, to oblige all printers to furnish evidence against themselves. In 1808 a power was, for the first time, given to the Crown lawyers, of sending to prison, or holding to bail, any person against whom an information was filed. In 1807, by a more comprehensive and far wiser innovation, the whole system of civil proceedings in Scotland was altered by one bill; and in 1815, Trial by Jury in civil cases was for the first time introduced, with a new tribunal erected for the purpose. In 1813, the ancient constitution of the Court of Chancery was subverted, and a new court and a new great officer of justice called into existence. The history of the Revenue is the story of inroads upon the Trial by Jury, of new powers conferred upon creatures of the Crown, of innovations upon the old common-law rights of the subject, and the established practice of criminal jurisprudence. The political annals of the last twenty years have been filled with novel acts of legislation,

tampering with the rights of the people, and changing the order of proceedings in courts of justice. Even where no temporary or party motive has prevailed, the judges and law-officers of the Crown have not been idle in the invention of crimes; and one statute, passed in 1803, created somewhere about a dozen new felonies, while it converted a felony into a misdemeanor.* In such a state of things, to set up a cry about innovation, and meet solid arguments in favour of a measure, with the observation that it is a change of the former law, seems a method of proceeding hardly consistent with good faith. It would be far better to state it at once as an objection, that the proposed amendment of the law, is in favour of the rights of the subject; tends to promote free discussion, and to check publick abuses; and all this without vesting any patronage in the government, by the creation of new places, or conferring additional powers upon the Judges, by extending their discretion. This objection would be as intelligible, and much more consistent; and it would certainly be an honest one. In the mean time, we are content to leave the reasonings contained in these pages to the decision of the enlighted cultivators of juridical science, who will never be scared by a mere clamour; and we take leave of the subject for the present, in confident expectation, that, sooner or later, these reasonings will produce a practical effect.

ART. VII. *Introduzione alla Geologia, di Scipione Breislak, Amministratore ed Ispettore de'Nitri e delle Polveri del Regno d'Italia.* 2 tom. 8vo. Milano. 1811.

WE lately laid before our readers a short analysis of the valuable work of M. Brocchi on the Mineralogy of the A-

* There have been instances even of changes in the law of libel, to make it somewhat more consonant to common sense. Thus, the niceties of the old authorities are now disregarded; and the rule of taking every thing '*in miliorem sensum*' was deservedly put down by Lord C. King, in *Rex* v. *Mathews*, 9 *St. Tr.* 710. The greatest change in this branch of the law, however, was not a very great improvement, namely, allowing the truth to be pleaded in bar of the civil action. Formerly, as appears from a *dictum* of Lord Hardwicke in 1735, (in *Rex* v. *Robarts*, *B. R. Trin.* 8 *Geo.* 2.), the truth could only be given in mitigation of damages, and under the general issue;—the method proposed at present, with the addition of a notice to the plaintiff.

pennines. Since that time we have had occasion to take up the present work, written by another man of science of the same country; who, while he differs greatly from M. Brocchi in the tenor of his theoretical opinions, is equally commendable for the zeal and industry which he has uniformly manifested in the cause of science. In the 7th Number of our Journal, we reviewed a former work by M. Breislak, entitled, '*Voyage Physique et Lithologique dans la Campanie;*' and, on the whole, found much reason to be satisfied with the accurate and scientific information he afforded us, as to the volcanic mineralogy of that remarkable region. Since this period, we have in a great degree lost sight of his labours; and we now hail him as a friend, reappearing after a long absence. It is true, indeed, that the volumes before us were published in Italy five years ago, and that a French translation of them, by M. Bernard, was printed at Paris in 1813; but it is only lately that we have received the original Italian work; and we believe that it is yet but very partially known to the scientific men of this country.

Indeed, it may be remarked, that an acquaintance with the state of science, literature, and the arts, in modern Italy, is only just beginning to revive amongst us, after the long and sullen period of war that has recently come to an end. During the last twenty years, we have received from that fine country little more than the bulletins of battles and sieges; and the rapidly changing history of dynasties and governments overthrown or restored. Even these, too, have generally reached us through the medium of France; and the Italians have not even been allowed to convey to posterity the narrative of the events which have agitated their native land. Almost all the notices we have procured during this interval, as to the state of science in Italy, have come to us through the same channel; and but for the occasional labours of a zealous academician, or the more splendid results which attended these researches in the new science of Voltaic electricity, it might have been thought that all such knowledge was verging to extinction, in the country which once produced a Galileo. The singular interest which was excited by the publication of Eustace's Travels, was in some degree a proof of the long previous interruption in the intercourse between England and Italy. For though the work of that excellent and lamented man certainly contains many marks of true taste and amiable feeling, a part of its success must be attributed to the novelty of the subject at the time, and to the avidity with which, after our long separation from them, we turned again to the glowing pictures of Italy—of her scenery, ruins, and works of art—of her population, manners, and literature.

The course of events has at length allowed us to see these things with our own eyes; and, during the last year or two, the tide of migration has been setting southwards, with a force proportioned to the previous restraint. The English have long been peculiarly the nation of travellers; and to the causes which formerly gave them this impulse, have recently been added others, not less decided in their influence. The motive of economy is the most important of these, and one that belongs especially to the present time. That of fashion is certainly as effective as it used to be; possibly more so:—that of idleness and ennui embraces perhaps the same proportion of the community as heretofore. But to these causes we think we may fairly add, a greater degree of information in English society at large; a more active and enlightened spirit of curiosity; and a taste for what is beautiful in nature and art, more extensively diffused than it was half a century ago. We trust that we are not carrying these terms of panegyric too far; and that the modern race of our travellers in Italy, as well as elsewhere, will justify the expectation we have formed, and which we now venture to express. We certainly do not look for a volume of new discoveries from that country; but there is much yet to be told by an intelligent observer, of what relates to its natural history; the present moral and intellectual state of its population; and the influence which recent events have had in changing or modifying their condition. We should rejoice to see any work which might accomplish these objects; and we are quite certain, that there are many among our travelled countrymen perfectly qualified to produce it.

But to return to the work before us.—We learn from the title-page, that at the time of its publication Breislak was resident in Milan, as director of the public manufactory of nitre for the kingdom of Italy. This kingdom now exists no longer; but the *Regno Lombardo-Veneto* has become a partial substitute for it, in the *most modern distribution* of Italy; and we are well satisfied to hear that the Austrian government, to which the new kingdom appertains, has allowed him to retain the situation he before held in this country. We confess it to be an object of interest with us, that Milan, the capital of the north of Italy, should preserve, as far as possible, the advantages it had acquired during the last twelve years, even amidst the oppressions and burdens of unceasing war. Rendered the seat of government for a territory peopled by six millions of native Italians, and receiving the impulse of new national institutions, and of great public works, it rose above the calamities of the time, and made rapid progress in all that constitutes the greatness and dignity of a metropolis. It would seem that science,

more especially, was beginning to derive encouragement from the aids afforded to it; and the information we have collected from recent travellers in this part of Italy convinces us, that it was here we were to look for the serious revival of such studies among the Italians. The names of Volta, Moscati, Oriani, Cæsaris, Breislak, Brocchi, Pini, Rasori, with several others which have reached us by report, may be considered as belonging almost exclusively to Milan, and in the department of science alone. Two excellent observatories, three rich and extensive mineralogical collections, (one the property of Breislak himself), a school of mines, an academy, together with several other scientific institutions, gave impulse and vigour to the progress of these pursuits. New periodical works were set on foot; * and the constant intercourse with France afforded facilities of very great importance to the *savans* of the north of Italy. It is true, that these circumstances were not exclusively the creation of the period to which we have referred; but they certainly derived a new character from the political state of Lombardy during that time, and held out a fairer augury than heretofore, of the advancement and future prosperity of the Italian people.

We cannot venture, from our present information, to speak very decidedly as to the effects of the recent changes in the north of Italy, on the condition of things just described. We feel ourselves compelled, however, to surmise unfavourably on the subject. The changes made have all been such as to impair the unity of national character, which was rapidly growing among this people. The title of kingdom, indeed, is preserved; but its boundaries are contracted on every side, and scarcely more than three millions of people are now placed under the shelter of this name. In all that concerns the internal government, and the administration of justice, we understand that the influence of the native population is diminished; and the fetters of a provincial

* We have received the names of the following periodical works, among others more academic in their characters, which belong particularly to the north of Italy.

Collezione d'Opuscoli Scientifici e Letterarie.
Il Giornale di Giurisprudenza Universale.
Giornale della Società Medico-Chirurgica di Parma.
Annali di Medicina Straniera.
Giornale Enciclopedico.
Memorie della Società Medica d' Emulazione.
Lo Spettatore ossia Varietà Istoriche, Letterarie, Critiche, &c.
Bibliotheca Italiana, ossia Giornale di Letteratura, Scienze, ed Arti.

system imposed again upon those, who had, or fancied they had, acquired some degree of national independence. Names, too, have a sovereign influence, not only with individuals, but with communities of people. The title of kingdom of Italy acted as a talisman on Italian feelings: that of the 'Lombard-Venetian kingdom' is a poor and paltry coinage, which will scarcely pass into the currency of language; and, if it excite any feelings or remembrances at all, must obviously lead to those which are hostile to the present system of things.

We must again, however, recal ourselves from this digression, to the work of M. Breislak. The geological question between the advocates for fire and water, which has excited, and continues to excite so much active controversy in Germany, France and England, has been carried into Italy also; and our author may be considered as the most zealous champion of the Plutonic cause in the latter country. His researches have led him through various districts of volcanic country; and not only his opinions, but his manner of controversy also, appears to have taken something of its character from this source. Even in the preface to his work, he commences his attack on the system and doctrine of Werner, in terms which may not perhaps be deemed perfectly courteous by the advocates of the school of Freyberg.

'Alcuni principi assai vaghi ed incerti di quella scuola, molte idee indeterminate, come lo è il *più* o *meno*, il *poco* o *molto*, una nomenclatura misteriosa, priva d'ogni significato ragionevole, quanto aspra alla pronunzia, altrettanto difficile a ritenersi dalla memoria, molte decisioni assolute, appoggiate solo all'autorità, mancanti d'argomenti validi, e fondate al più sopra qualche osservazione isolata, contradetta da altre moltissime che si dissimulano, formano un corpo di dottrina che sembra fatto per allontanare dallo studio della geologia quelli che amano di ragionare. Questra dottrina, propagata da cento penne, altre buone ed altre cattive, è già penetrata in Francia ed in Inghilterra, ed ora cerca d'insinuarsi ancora in Italia. È necessario dunque che gl'Italiani siano prevenuti ond'essere guardinghi e cauti sopra la medesima, e che si avvezzino a riconoscere ciò che v' è di buono, che certamente è molto, nella mineralogia ed anche nella geologia di osservazione, abbandonando per à ciò che v' è di strano e di assurdo nella parte sistematica.'

While admitting, in part, the justice of many of these expressions, we cannot forbear smiling at the seriously moral tone with which M. Breislak cautions his countrymen against the sinful and dangerous heresy of the Geognosy, which is seeking to make its way amongst them. We are obliged too to remark, that in his uniform eagerness to contradict the tenets of this school, and to establish the sacred cause of fire, he very often deviates from the course implied in the title of his work,

and appears as the devoted advocate of one doctrine, rather than as the impartial instructor in both. Professing to be an elementary book on Geology, it is certainly too controversial throughout; and, while we readily admit the advantage of theoretical discussions in forwarding the interests of knowledge, we must object to the idea of trammeling the young inquirer in science, by giving him that devotion to theory, which may impede the free progress of his opinions, and the accuracy of his researches into nature.

In recommending the study of Geology to the youth of Italy, M. Breislak notices the opinion of some naturalists, that this country furnishes little that is interesting to mineralogical observation—except in those districts which have been subject to volcanic agency. We were not aware that such an opinion had ever been stated; but if it has, we agree with our author in thinking the refutation a very easy one. It is true, that the greater part of the Apennine chain is composed of calcareous rock, very uniform in its characters: but, even here, there are abundant sources of interest in the organic fossil remains, both marine and terrestrial, which these mountains afford; in the bituminous substances they contain; and in the fossil bones of the great quadrupeds, discovered in the vallies or plains which lie at their feet. To this it may be added, that each extremity of the chain consists, in great part, of primitive rocks; and that the northern or Ligurian portion, forming the magnificent coast of the Genoese States, is more especially interesting in its primitive slate rocks; in the marbles and serpentine, connected with these; and in the detached formations of conglomerate, magnesian limestone, coal, and other secondary rocks occurring in the same district. The work of M. Brocchi, and two short memoirs which we have seen by Professors Viviani and Mojon of Genoa, * sufficiently indicate how much room there is for research in this quarter. † Then, again, along the whole northern frontier of Italy, the Alps, declining into the plain of Lombardy, present to the observer their granites, porphyries, and primitive schists; while the lower chains of the Vicentine and Euganean hills exhibit those forms of basalt and porphyry which most strongly suggest the idea of volcanic origin. If the argument is extended to Sicily, we shall greatly strengthen our

* Voyage dans les Apennins de la ci-devant Ligurie, par M. Viviani, and Descrizione Mineralogica della Liguria, fatta da G. Mojon.

† We learn from the Preface to the Memoir of Professor Viviani, that he is at this time engaged in a large work on the Natural History of the ci-devant Liguria. He possesses, we understand, considerable reputation as a man of science, particularly in the departments of Mineralogy and Botany.

proof by a reference to the primitive and volcanic rocks, the secondary limestones, the sulphur, the gypsum, the rock salt, &c. of that singular and interesting island.

M. Breislak divides his work into Nine chapters; and we shall guide ourselves by this arrangement, in the remarks we have to make upon it; the more so, as it would be difficult otherwise to follow the train of theoretical speculations, in which, as we have said, our author largely indulges, and on which it will be our principal business to comment. The First Chapter is occupied by some considerations on the primitive state of the globe. In speaking of its figure, he notices the opposite hypotheses of geologists, to account for the depression at the poles of the spheroid; some of them, as De Luc and Kirwan, considering that the fluidity necessary for the assumption of this figure, was merely superficial; others, among whom is Dolomieu, supposing that fluidity at one time existed throughout all the mass, and that the interior is still permanently in this condition, and only enveloped by the solid crust on which we dwell. The remainder of the chapter is occupied by some general remarks, possessing little novelty, on the agency of heat and water upon solid substances; and by the discussion of another topic of great importance in the outset of Geology, viz. the physical conditions necessary to the crystallization of bodies. De La Metherie has supposed, that the great masses of the primitive mountains may themselves be crystals, on a colossal scale. But, setting aside this idea, we have, in the internal crystalline structure of the primitive rocks, a fact so extensive and interesting, that the question as to its cause becomes one of the first and most important in the science. These rocks, while they form the loftiest summits on the globe, are yet more remarkable as the substratum of all the rest, beyond which the industry or curiosity of man have never yet been able to penetrate: Their formation belongs to the earliest terrestrial epoch which actual observation has made known to man. The general theory of crystallization, then, is of singular interest in relation to this subject; and, in proportion to the accuracy of our knowledge of it, may we reasonably expect, that our geological views will become more distinct and demonstrable.

Our modern controversialists in the science have been aware of this importance, and have respectively laboured to reduce the proof to their side of the question; and it might perhaps have been conceived, *a priori*, an easy thing for one party or other to accomplish this. The fact, however, is otherwise. Various circumstances may retard, accelerate, or otherwise modify, the process of crystallization; but, as far we know, the only condition indispensable to it is that degree of mobility in the particles

of the crystallizing matter, which may enable them to assume the definite places prescribed by the laws of molecular attraction. Now, this condition is obtained both by solution in a menstruum such as that of water, or by fusion from a sufficient application of heat. The processes of our laboratories, and those of nature which are subject to our observation, prove, that the one or the other cause is adequate to the general effect in question.

Nevertheless, it cannot be reasonably supposed, that the crystallized rocks of our globe, the granites, gneiss, marbles, syenites, quartz rocks, &c. should have been produced, some by the one and some by the other of these two modes of natural agency. The general character of the workings of nature, and the uniformity of structure in the rocks themselves, are almost decisive testimony to the singleness of their origin. If the granitic rock of Arran has been crystallized from solution in water, so have the granites of the Alps, of the Samo-sierra, of Siberia, and of Brazil. If the greenstone of Sweden is a product of igneous fusion, so, we may presume, is that of Scotland, of Germany, and of the Andes. If this be allowed, the question returns to us in a very distinct shape; and the importance is evident of those researches into the laws of crystallization, which may eventually enable us to say in what manner these great natural formations took place. We do not pretend to assert, that the discovery will of necessity be drawn from this source; but it certainly strikes us as being one of the means most probable in progress, and most secure in result. The evidences from organic remains are wanting in the rocks in question: these from stratification are only in part obtained. Our chief sources of information, then, are relative position and internal structure; and of the latter, the crystalline arrangement is the most remarkable circumstance, and that to which we believe future research may most successfully be directed. It is not impossible that we may hereafter find the means of imitating, by artificial processes, even the more compound crystalline rocks; and it will belong to the advocates of heat and water, to show respectively how near their favourite elements will bring them to the reality of nature.

Some experiments of this synthetical nature have already been made, and we trust they will be prosecuted farther. Our knowledge of the principles of crystallization has certainly been advanced of late years. In our own country, Dr Wollaston has done much for this branch of science; and we have been gratified recently by the account of the ingenious experiments of Mr Daniell, given in the first Number of the Journal of the Royal Institution. It is clear to us, that a great deal is yet to be learnt

on this subject, as well from an observation of the phenomena attending the process of solution, as from those connected with the assumption of the crystalline form. Such researches may enable us hereafter to explain many of those varieties of crystallization, which at present embarrass us equally by their number, and by the obscurity of the causes producing them.

The Second Chapter of the work before us, relates to the theory of the primitive aqueous fluidity of the globe; and M. Breislak, after discussing the several opinions of Romé de L'Isle, De Luc, Dolomieu and Kirwan, brings certain arguments, which he considers as affording the strongest presumption, that neither water alone, nor water aided by the power of any solvent, could have sufficed for the solution of the solid parts of the globe. These arguments are founded on calculation as to relative quantities; and, as it may amuse our readers to see how philosophers play with round numbers, we give a brief abstract of one of them.

The mean depth of the sea being taken at 250 toises, or somewhat more than a quarter of a mile, and its superficial extent at 13,772,900 square leagues, it is calculated that the mass of sea water is equal to 1,530,320 cubic leagues. The total mass of the globe is estimated at 1,230,320,000 cubic leagues; and, deducting from this amount that of the waters just given, there remains a solid quantity of 1,228,789,680 cubic leagues. "How enormous the mass of waters required for its dissolution!" exclaims M. Breislak. To afford some idea of this, he takes an hypothesis very favourable to his opponents; and supposes, that all the matter composing this vast solid, is as soluble in water as muriate of soda. As a mean from Bergman's and Kirwan's experiments, about $2\frac{1}{4}$ parts of water are required for the solution of one part of this salt. But he makes the farther concession, that only two parts are necessary; in which case, to dissolve a solid of 1,228,789,680 cubic leagues, a quantity of 2,457,579,360 cubic leagues of water would be required. But we have seen, that the actual mass of waters of the sea is only 1,530,320; and, admitting that an equal quantity is in circulation on the globe, and in the atmosphere, the total quantity existing in nature will not exceed 3,060,640 cubic leagues, which, deducted from 2,457,579,360, leaves an amount of 2,454,518,720 cubic leagues of water, the existence of which it is necessary to suppose, to account for the solution of the solid materials of the globe.

To render the proof more striking, M. Breislak repeats this calculation with the expression of weight; but we cannot afford to burden our pages with the multitude of figures belonging to this estimate. He concludes it by asking, what is become of

this immense quantity of water, superfluous after the precipitation of its earthy contents, and after the formation of the sea? It cannot have sunk into any central abysses of the globe, because the space it would occupy is nearly double that of the earth; and because, from the researches of Maskelyne and Cavendish, it appears that the mean density of the earth is nearly five times as great as that of water, which renders it probable that the central parts are more dense than those nearer the surface.

While admitting the weight of these arguments, we have, however, one or two comments to make upon them. The *first* is, that they do not apply as objections to those who consider that the nucleus, or great body of the earth, was originally solid; and the fluidity required for the assumption of its figure, and for the actual appearances of rocks, superficial only. We may remark in the *second* place, that M. Breislak has not shown perfect fairness in taking Keil's estimate of the depth of the sea, instead of that of Laplace; which latter, founded on the theory of the tides, gives, as its result, a mean depth of not less than four leagues; or about forty-five times the amount of that on which the above calculation depends. It is true that he alludes, in a note, to the estimate of Laplace; but the objection still remains in force against him, since he neither adopts it, nor gives any reason why he does not. On a point of this kind, it can scarcely be doubted to which statement the preference should be given. That of Laplace, connecting itself with the theory of the tides, and the general doctrine of gravitation, may be said to belong to the class of mathematical truths. The source of the estimate opposed to it, is the very uncertain one of marine soundings, the information derived from which is necessarily of the most partial and limited kind. Compared with the trifling space thus examined, how vast are those tracts of ocean, where the line has never quitted the hand of the mariner; or, if let down, has floated idly and unprofitably over the great abyss of waters beneath! Here we have nothing in the form of proof, upon which science can satisfactorily rely.

To the argument of M. Breislak, which we have just stated, and to others of a similar kind which follow in his work, some readers will probably object, *in limine*, that they are built too much on broad assumption, and on sweeping numerical statements of quantity and dimension. To this objection we can only partially accede. There are many cases in science, where truth is more nearly approached, and error better obviated, by a general calculation of averages, than by attention to minute realities and details. The mathematician assumes a very small

portion of the circumference of a circle to be identical with a straight line: he reasons upon this,—and founds something which is true, upon a basis which probably is false. In like manner, it often happens in physics, that uncertain premises, when they become sufficiently numerous, afford a mean result, which corrects particular errors; and either itself constitutes the truth, or approaches it within a certain assignable distance.

After discussing Kirwan's theory of a Chaotic Fluid, M. Breislak, in his 3d chapter, enters on the topic of the igneous fluidity, and succeeding consolidation, of the globe. Some general remarks on the modern doctrines of heat, pave the way to his own theory on this subject; of which, if we mistake it not, the following is the outline. He conceives caloric, or the matter of heat, to have existed in such quantity in the great original mass of materials composing our planet, as to have held them in a common state of igneous fusion. In a mass thus heterogeneously composed, he conceives that the whole might be cooled, without the total quantity of its heat being diminished; and this by the different capacities for latent caloric in different constituents of the mass. At some unknown time, and from some unknown cause, the series of changes began, producing this effect. The several substances which, in their present state, compose the atmosphere and waters of the globe, assumed the gaseous form, rose to the surface, and enveloped the central mass, consisting of earths, metallic substances, &c. These, losing the great quantity of heat absorbed by the former, while passing into the gaseous state, assumed the solid form, with a crystallization more or less perfect, according to local circumstances. Electric matter is supposed to have been present as another element in the chaotic mass. It probably developed itself, while the equilibrium was broken by the changes just described; and its agency may have been chiefly that which reduced the hydrogen, and a portion of the oxygen evolved, to the state of water; while another portion of the waters of the globe was formed by the simple union of these gases in the nascent state. The tendency of the centrifugal force to throw off the heaviest bodies towards the surface, was counteracted by the explosive power of these elastic fluids and vapours, which transported thither the lightest materials on which their action was exerted. The cooling, which took place superficially, in consequence of the rapid absorption of heat by the nascent gases, must have produced the consolidation of an exterior shell, while the interior was yet in a state of [illegible] compressing the latter by its contraction, [illegible] by the various forces from beneath, may [illegible] to have been rent open in different places,

and the newly consolidated beds irregularly broken, displaced and removed from an horizontal into an inclined, or even perpendicular position. Hence, in great part, the various deviations from regularity in the present appearances of primitive rocks.

This, stripped of its details, seems to be the theory of M. Breislak, as to the original state of the globe, and the consolidation of our oldest strata. We will not object to him, that his postulates are many and of great magnitude; his suppositions extensive and daring. We are well aware that the subject does not admit of being otherwise treated; and presume that most geological theories are liable to similar objections. The principal novelty in his views (though perhaps only in part a novelty), is that of making use of the doctrine of latent caloric, to dispose of all the heat necessary to the condition of igneous fusion in the globe. One class of elements in the chaotic mass, absorbs it, in consequence of a tendency to the gaseous form: another class of elements give it up, and become consolidated in so doing. In vindication of this idea, our author refers to the old experiment on the burning of phosphorus, from which it is inferred that the heat contained in a pound of oxygen, is sufficient to melt 66 lib. of ice. Extending this conclusion to the total weight of the atmosphere surrounding the globe, he remarks 'how enormous must be the quantity of heat absorbed and rendered latent, by the passage of its constituent gases from the fluid to the aeriform state!'—an inference of which we certainly cannot deny the justness, whatever may be said of the more extended assertion, that this absorption on the one side was equivalent to a total consolidation of all the other materials of the globe. We cannot equally allow M. Breislak to strengthen his proof, by speaking of the absorption of heat in the formation of water. It is true, we have no definite idea or explanation of the state in which he supposes oxygen or hydrogen to have existed in the melted chaotic mass; but it does not appear that his theory will permit him to suppose a less solid state, than that in which they occur in water; and, if so, nothing can be gained from this source.

We may remark further of this hypothesis, that its application is chiefly to the primitive rocks of the globe; and we find M. Breislak labouring under some difficulties to keep up the appearances of an igneous theory, in explaining the origin of transition and secondary rocks. He does, indeed, suppose, that the heat of the globe was not entirely lost by the formation of gases; that the central parts, compressed by the surrounding crust, might long remain in a state of partial fusion; and

communicate something of their heat to the substance on the surface. But still his theory is that of final and total cooling, by interchange of heat among substances having different capacities for caloric; and he does not adopt the principle of the Huttonian theory, which provides for the consolidation of rocks, and the renovation of strata.

We are surprized, indeed, that M. Breislak should have taken so little notice of a doctrine, which in some points accords with his own views, and in others might have been very useful in modifying or enlarging them. At the end of this chapter, he gives a very brief sketch of Dr Hutton's Theory, as illustrated by Professor Playfair; and accompanies it by a few critical remarks, chiefly seeking to disprove the idea of a continued central heat, sufficient to produce effects on the actually existing strata. He seems to us, however, neither very strenuous, nor very successful in these comments. The Huttonian Theory evidently affords a more enlarged, and, we think, a more philosophical view, of the changes that have occurred on the earth's surface, than that for which he contends. We say more enlarged—because its application may more successfully be made to the different classes of rocks; more philosophical—because its reasonings from the outset are more strictly founded on the observation of phenomena. The existence and the agency of subterraneous heat are not presumed by the Huttonian, till he has seen what he considers proof of them in actual appearances. He reasons upon the observed tendency to degradation of the earth's surface; upon the natural deposition of the materials thus separated; upon the actual consolidation of strata, which plainly appear to have been composed from the materials of more ancient rocks; upon the present position of the strata; upon the particular appearances of granitic veins, whin dykes, &c.; upon the phenomena of volcanoes, and other more casual evidences of internal heat. It is possible, that some of his conclusions may be rendered erroneous by imperfect observation,—a defect which belongs to every theory; but still, all his elements are taken from nature, and combined on a just principle of reasoning. We speak the more pointedly on this subject, because the Huttonian Theory has been very unjustly censured by some of its adversaries, as a mere ingenious hypothesis, unsupported by research, or a knowledge of facts.

M. Breislak's Fourth and Fifth chapters treat of the individual rocks, classed into those which were formed during the first consolidation of the globe, and those formed subsequently to this event,—a division, which nearly corresponds with the old one, of primary and secondary rocks. To his long disquisition

on Granite, we should apply the objection we have before made to the book at large, that it is too theoretical for an elementary work. On the much disputed point, as to the stratification of granite, M. Breislak adds little that is new. What surprizes us more, is, that he scarcely even alludes to the existence or origin of granitic veins, and speaks in the most cursory manner of the different formations of granite, though these facts are of such obvious importance in geology. The truth seems to be, that he is unwilling to admit the idea of any movement or projection of this substance while in a state of fusion; and he expressly declares his dissent from the opinions of Dr Hutton on this subject. The dissent is the more singular, because a great part of his proof of the crystallization of granite, as well as of sienite, porphyry, and the trap rocks, from a state of igneous fusion, is founded on the observation of analogous appearances in lavas, and other volcanic products. It might be thought, that the pursuit of this analogy should have led him not to reject totally the notion, of some of the unstratified rocks having been fused and elevated at later periods than the first consolidation of the globe.

Our author proceeds from granite to the other primitive rocks, stratified and overlying. He is more brief, and less distinct upon these; and, with respect to marble, serpentine, and some others, scarcely ventures any decided opinion as to their origin. He wishes, indeed, to avail himself of Sir James Hall's experiments, in proof of the probable igneous origin of marble; but to the benefit of these he is not fairly entitled, since his doctrine does not allow of the compression necessary to retain the carbonic acid in a fixed state. It is evident that his theory continually labours, from too speedily setting to rest some of the great agencies which it employs. He has done too much for granite; too little for all the other classes of rocks.

This remark is applicable to the account he successively gives of the transition and secondary stratas. Here, indeed, he introduces water as one of his agents; heated, during a certain period, by emanations of heat still continuing from the inner parts of the globe; and rendered, by this cause, and by the chemical principles it contained, an active solvent of the materials afterwards deposited.

'Le acque del mare primitivo, bollente ed animate da molti principi chimici, potevano in qualche modo sciogliere o tenere sospese quelle terre che diedero origine alle rocce di transizione e secondarie, le quali si andarono depositando a misura che diminuiva l'intensita del calore. I gradi dunque di cristallizzazione divenivano sempre minori, come si diminuivano i gradi di calore, perchè a questi corrispondeva una maggiore o minore soluzione delle terre.'

Here, it will be seen, that M. Breislak's theory approaches somewhat closely to the Wernerian, which elsewhere he is so much disposed to censure; and he partially recognizes, himself, this approach, in his comments on the opinions of M. Ebel, one of the advocates of this doctrine. It does not appear that he regards heat as concerned in the consolidation of the secondary rocks, or in any of the more important changes they have undergone. All the statements in this part of his work have reference to chemical or mechanical deposition from water; and we no longer discern the Plutonist, who has submitted the whole class of primitive rocks to fusion by fire. Entering thus far into the Neptunian doctrine, he subjects himself to many of its consequences; above all, to the necessity of supposing a repeated rise and depression of the waters, and of explaining their ultimate retreat from the higher parts of the earth's surface.

In speaking of the gypsum formations, M. Breislak conceives that they may have had their origin in the vapours of sulphuretted hydrogen, rising towards the surface, and passing through calcareous matter. He supports this idea by some analogous phenomena in volcanic districts. As to the origin of rock salt, he does not give any distinct opinion; speaking vaguely of intense emanations, which proceeded from the interior of the earth, still heated, producing these local depositions. He is equally unsatisfactory on the subject of coal; and appears only very partially informed as to the natural history of this interesting mineral.

In his Sixth Chapter, our author treats of different phenomena attending the consolidation of the globe. The first subject is that of veins, and other metallic depôts; and he criticizes with considerable justice the principles laid down by Werner, in his 'Theory of the Formation of Veins.' These principles we had occasion to notice, and to comment upon, in our review of the work of that eminent mineralogist. M. Breislak proceeds to substitute a theory of his own; applicable, he conceives, to all true metallic depôts, as distinguished from those, which afford merely the appearance of having been open fissures, filled subsequently by transported materials. He founds this theory on the principle, that a mass, composed of different elements, may be placed under such circumstances, as to form within itself certain centres of attraction; in such manner that the homogeneous elements shall unite together, in separating themselves from the others which had been interposed. These circumstances may occur, when the mass, not yet consolidated, is in a fluid or viscid state: they may be renewed, when the force of cohesion of the compound is so far destroyed by the action

of fire or water, that the movements produced by corresponding attractions are in no degree impeded. This general principle, supported by particular examples from the mineral kingdom, he applies to the veins both in primitive and secondary rocks; with one important difference, however, rendered necessary by his previous views, viz. that the veins in primitive rocks were formed by such attractions taking place during a state of igneous fusion; while those in transition and secondary rocks, owe their origin to combinations taking place in water, or rather in the heterogeneous mixture of water, earths, metals, &c. to which he attributes these later formations. Here it will be seen that M. Breislak again approaches the confines of the Wernerian doctrine; differing, however, in this, that he substitutes the idea of an elective attraction, contemporaneous with the formation of the rocks, for the tranquil precipitation of the Wernerian school, taking place in open fissures, which were subsequently filled with the fluid menstruum from above.

We have not room here to enter into any details on this question, which certainly is among the most interesting in Geology. Nor are we disposed, indeed, to comment with any severity on M. Breislak's theory of veins, though it does admit the operation of two such distinct causes, as fusion by fire and solution by water. It is perfectly possible, or even probable, that each of these may have had effect at different times in their formation; and while the subject is still so far embarrassed by difficulties, it would be unwise to reject totally either the one or the other agency. In this point, however, the Huttonian theory has an obvious advantage, in explaining the origin of veins, which have the appearance of being filled from beneath; and, although the topic is one, upon which the Wernerians are accustomed to claim for themselves a superiority, we are persuaded that they have generalized their views further than the present state of our knowledge will permit, and have laid down laws, where the exceptions are too numerous to allow of their standing as such. In many points, we think that M. Breislak's views as to the combination and disposition of the materials of veins, are capable of being more plausibly applied to actual appearances.

The remainder of this chapter is occupied by considerations as to the causes of the great inequalities on the earth's surface; its mountain chains, hills, basins, and vallies. We have already seen, that M. Breislak supposes these to be produced, in great part, by the escape and particular direction of gases, during the first consolidation of the globe. He now enters more at large into this idea; and cites, in confirmation of it, the general direction of all the loftiest mountain chains from east to west;

which he conceives may have been owing to the direction the torrents of gas received from the rotatory motion of the earth on its axis. This hypothesis is a bold one; and we cannot help thinking that our author has generalized a little too much in its behalf, in the sketch he gives of the direction of mountain chains. We admit the greater number of the instances; but the exceptions are more numerous than he is willing to allow; especially if we come to the secondary chains, for the elevation of which it is necessary to account, as well as for that of the primitive rocks. We may remark too that he gives an insufficient degree of importance to the changes produced by different agents on the surface of the globe, subsequently to the first period of consolidation. In commenting upon the opinions of Pallas, he again finds occasion to express his belief, that no elevation of rocks by heat has taken place since that time; except in the partial instances of volcanic agency. Upon this topic, we have not leisure for any further comments, and must hasten to the concluding chapters of the work.

The Seventh Chapter relates to Organic Fossil Remains; a subject which M. Breislak treats at considerable length; rightly conceiving it to be of the highest interest as a part of geological science. The arrangement and short sketch which he gives of these fossil remains, are well calculated, on the whole, for an elementary work. The labours of Cuvier, Blumenbach, Humboldt, and other scientific inquirers, have indeed laid an admirable foundation for research in this branch of geology; and we rejoice to find that the object is now generally prosecuted by mineralogists, with a zeal and accuracy proportioned to its importance. The discovery of marine fossils at the height of ten or twelve thousand feet above the actual level of the sea;—the fact that a great proportion of these, especially those contained in the older limestones, are now unknown to us, except in the fossil state;—the evidence they afford, in certain places, of a repeated alternation having taken place of marine and fresh water depositions;—the discovery, among the newer rocks and alluvial strata, of innumerable bones of terrestrial and amphibious animals, many of them of vast size, and no longer known to exist on the earth;—all these circumstances give testimony to the value of such researches in reference to the natural history of the globe.

M. Breislak's theory, as to the origin of the marine fossils, depends upon what we may call the Neptunian part of his doctrine, though well aware how strenuously he would object to this name. The waters which deposited the transition and secondary strata, though heated and in an agitated state, were capable, he thinks, of supporting certain forms of animal life;

which increased in variety during the later periods of deposition. He considers that the strata, containing such fossil remains, were formed in their present situation; the waters, which at that time, had a corresponding level, having since retired to one much lower. The latter phenomenon he attributes to the falling in of the crust of the earth in various places; a passage being thus afforded into the great cavities in the interior, which may have been produced by the original unequal expansion of the ascending gases. This doctrine, in its main points, contains little that has not been suggested before; and we should only repeat old topics of discussion, in entering into any detailed argument on the subject.

The two concluding chapters of the work relate to Volcanoes, and to the Basaltic Rocks. Our author's intimate knowledge of the volcanic districts of Italy, gives great weight to all his remarks on the first of these subjects; and the chapter is certainly an interesting one; though there are several parts of it, particularly those developing his theoretical views, to which we find much reason to object. On the sketch which he gives of the different products of volcanoes, we have no remarks to make. His observations are taken in great part from Vesuvius and the Campi Phlegrei; a district which affords a greater variety of products, and those of a more interesting nature, than any other volcanic region of equal extent that has hitherto been made known to us. The primitive fragments ejected from this mountain; the peculiar crystals, melanite, leucite, nepheline, &c. existing in its ancient lavas; and the extraordinary quantity of muriatic acid evolved, as well in the gaseous as in the combined form, are circumstances so striking in the history of volcanic phenomena, that we are not surprized to find M. Breislak attaching himself to this spot, with a peculiar and almost personal interest. Yet, notwithstanding this, and although he comes before us as a professed Plutonist, we are obliged to say, that we think his views too partial and limited as to the causes and extent of volcanic agency. His theory of causes, which was originally started many years ago, in application to Vesuvius alone, is very analogous to the Wernerian doctrine on the subject, and liable in great part to the same objections. He considers that the local combustion of petroleum or bituminous matters, aided occasionally by the access of the waters of the sea, may be the origin of all the phenomena; and, what he at first applied to Vesuvius only, he now extends, though with some hesitation, to other volcanic districts. An argument in support of this opinion is sought for in a vague reference to the number of bituminous springs existing in different parts of the world. It is

scarcely necessary to remark how insufficient such proof is, and how inadequate the cause assigned, to explain the variety and magnitude of the effects in question.

We may extend further our objection to M. Breislak's manner of treating this subject; and remark, that he has not sufficiently pointed out those general and enlarged views of volcanic mineralogy, which are so important to the geological student. The living volcano, however magnificent and awful as a spectacle to the senses, is yet, in many respects, less interesting to the scientific observer, than those natural records of past convulsion, over which ages have slept in silence, and which receive no light from the history or traditions of man. The actual volcano, it is true, exhibits a great variety of products, some which cease to exist, when its action is at an end. But many of those products are merely superficial; and limit, rather than augment our knowledge, by concealing from us those changes which are taking place beneath. In the ancient and extinct volcanic formations, the hand of time has done for us what no art could effect; and by throwing off the surface, and making its bold sections of these rocks, it displays their interior structure, shows us the effects of different modes of cooling, and different degrees of pressure, and teaches us the conditions which may influence crystallization in its various forms. The field of observation here, is of the most extensive kind; and much yet remains to be done in it. Even excluding all the disputed localities of basaltic rocks, we have in Europe numerous districts, where the former agency of fire is marked by the most unquestionable traces. This is the case in France, Germany, Hungary, Sardinia, and peculiarly in Italy; and we own that we are surprized, in this account, that M. Breislak should have entered so partially into the great general views which they suggest; more especially as, in the following chapter, he professes to consider basalt as a volcanic product. Our general knowledge of volcanoes, whether active or extinct, is rapidly increasing; and much has been recently added to it by the invaluable researches of Humboldt in the Andes and islands of the Atlantic; and by the observations of M'Kenzie in the northern volcanic region of Iceland.

M. Breislak notices, cursorily, the suggestion of Sir H. Davy, that volcanic phenomena may be owing to the admission of water or air to the metallic bases of the earths existing in the interior of the globe. He proposes two objections to this idea; —the first depending on the great lightness of these metallic bases;—the second having reference to the quantity of heat, which he thinks would be too small from this cause to account for the actual effects. To the latter, in particular, of these objections, we can hardly accede.

In one part of this chapter, we find M. Breislak speaking of volcanic appearances in the Orkney Islands and Hebrides; a statement which, in part at least, certainly requires correction. This is not the only instance in his work in which we discern inaccuracies relating to our own country. Some flagrant mistakes occur, in a table of the heights of mountains, which is prefixed to the first volume; of which one or two examples may suffice. The highest mountain in England is said to be Picco Ruivo, having an elevation of 5281 feet above the level of the sea. By a singular mistake, the estimate of Snowden is twice given; in the first instance at 3542, afterwards at 3555 feet; Whernside, or *Wenside*, as it is printed, is set down at 5010 feet. Errors of this kind are not creditable to a catalogue, and throw suspicion on its general accuracy.

In the chapter on Basalt, with which our author concludes his work, he brings various arguments to prove its igneous origin; apparently without adverting to the inconsistency of this with some parts of his preceding theory. He has limited the causes and influence of volcanoes; and deprived himself of the aid of the central heat, by confining its action to a particular class of rocks, and to a certain period of time. In consequence of these difficulties, and probably from his having had himself few opportunities of examining basaltic rocks *in ortu*, his discussion of this topic is by no means complete or satisfactory. He scarcely seems aware of the extent and peculiarities of these rocks; of their occurrence in veins or dykes; of their singular relation to coal; and of their association with other rocks, and very remarkable position, in what Werner calls the 'newest 'floetz trap formation.' Considering the interest which these objects have excited among geologists, we are surprized that M. Breislak should pass over them so superficially, and with so little regard to their influence upon every part of the science.

Art. VIII. *The History of the Church of Scotland, from the Establishment of the Reformation to the Revolution, illustrating a most interesting period of the Political History of Britain.* By George Cook, D. D. Minister of Laurencekirk. 3 vol. 8vo. Edinburgh, 1815.

In spite of all the mockeries of their reverend historian, we cannot bring ourselves to believe that Jack is at all a worse fellow than either Peter or Martin. The two last, indeed, have contrived somehow to make a better figure in the world, and affect to look down on their less opulent brother. Yet per-

haps there are some particulars in which it would be as well for them if they were to follow his example. At all events, the whole history of these allegorical heroes must be allowed to be very important, and, when fairly detailed, will bring out many points of substantial identity in their character, which should allay the mutual animosities of their respective followers, and promote their final return to a state of brotherly concord and affection. To the inhabitants of these united kingdoms in particular, the prospect of such a consummation cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting, as all the three churches, shadowed out in the allegory, do not only exist among us, but each of them is actually *by law established*, in one part or other of the British empire; and the inhabitants of this island have their souls consigned to the cure of Episcopal or Presbyterian pastors, according as they happen to reside in England or Scotland. These churches, too, had all of them, in former times, a considerable, and one of them a mighty influence, on the civil government; and their mutual hostilities, to which their alliance with the State gave a dreadful importance, produced effects which are still perceptible, and suggest lessons which may still be useful. At present, we mean only to state one or two observations concerning the Scottish Church, which we conceive to be neither unimportant nor unseasonable.

Protestant writers, in general, are apt to describe the Reformation as a struggle for religious freedom; and the learned author before us, distinguished as we think he is for the fairness and moderation, as well as the sagacity of his views, has very implicitly adopted the common opinion. Thus, in alluding to the intolerant spirit of the Covenant in the reign of Charles the First, he represents it as 'destroying that free exercise of pri-'vate judgment, for which (he is pleased to say) the first re-'formers, to their immortal honour, had strenuously contend-'ed.' (vol. III. p. 65.) Now, we humbly apprehend that the free exercise of private judgment was most heartily abhorred by the first Reformers—except only where the persons who assumed it had the good fortune to be exactly of their opinion.

For we may observe, in the *first* place, that in the questions concerning election, justification and grace, which occupy the principal department in the science of Theology, greater diversity of opinion was tolerated among the Catholics than among the early Protestants. Upon these subjects Catholic divines debated with much freedom and vivacity; and neither incurred the censures of their Church, nor ceased to be regarded as good Christians, whether they favoured the one or the other of the two great schools which we are now accustomed to distinguish as Arminians and Calvinists. But both Luther and Calvin ad-

opted the peculiar tenets of this latter school exclusively, and in their utmost rigour; and these tenets were also stated as the true faith, in the third, seventh, eighth and twelfth articles of the Confession which was drawn up by our first Reformers in Scotland, and ratified by the Parliament in 1560.

We may observe, in the *next* place, that the freedom for which our first reformers contended, did not include any freedom of dissent from the Athanasian creed. Grotius and Lardner, and Locke and Newton, those great and pious men, who were an honour to human nature, and the most illustrious advocates of Christianity, would have been adjudged by the first Reformers as well as by the Catholics, by Cranmer and Knox as well as by Bonner and Beaton, to be worthy of death in the present world, and of everlasting misery in the world to come. The martyrdoms of Servetus in Geneva, and of Joan Bocher in England, are notable instances of the religious freedom which prevailed in the pure and primitive state of the Protestant churches.

It is obvious also, that the freedom for which our first Reformers so strenuously contended, did not, by any means, include a freedom to think as the Catholics thought; that is to say, to think as all Europe had thought for many ages, and as the greatest part of Europe thought at that very time, and continue to think to this very day. The complete extirpation of the Catholic church, not merely as a public establishment, but as a tolerated sect, was the avowed object of our first Reformers. In 1560, by an act of the Parliament which established the Reformation in Scotland, both the sayers and hearers of mass, whether in public or in private, were, for the first offence, to suffer confiscation of all their goods, together with corporal punishment, at the discretion of the magistrate: they were to be punished by banishment for the second offence; and *by death* for the third! (See Knox's History, p. 254. folio edition of 1732.)

We know what is urged in defence of these violent measures; —that the Catholic religion, at that time at least, was essentially hostile to every other form of Christianity, insomuch, that even the toleration of its worship was incompatible with the safety of the Protestant interest. We must, however, beg leave to observe, that the first Reformers themselves, although they inveighed, with great vehemence, against the persecuting spirit of the Roman hierarchy, yet rested their own cause on principles of the same description—principles which, independently of every consideration of self-defence, demanded the persecution of the Catholics even to death, as one of the most sacred of Christian duties. But as most of our

modern historians have been careful to keep this important subject in the shade, it will be proper to bring it forward a little, for the consideration of those who are so fond of contrasting the terrible intolerance of the Catholic with the liberality of the Reformed Churches.

In 1564, Maitland of Lethington, who was Secretary of State, and several noblemen who were attached to the court, invited the most eminent of the reformed clergy to a private conference; and Knox, in the Fourth Book of his History, has recorded with great minuteness the debate which took place between himself and Lethington on that occasion. The whole passage is extremely curious; and as the book is scarce, we shall furnish our readers with some extracts, sufficient to manifest the nature of that hostility which our first Reformers waged with the Established Church. After much reasoning upon the Queen's good dispositions, and unhappy affection for idols, Lethington says—'Our question is, whether that we may and ought to suppress the Queen's mass? or whether that her idolatry shall be laid to our charge? What ye may, said John Knox, by force, I dispute not: but what ye may and *ought* to do by God's express commandment, that can I tell. *Idolatry ought not only to be suppressed, but the idolater ought to die the death, unless we will accuse God.* I know, said Lethington, the idolater is commanded to die the death; but by whom? *By the people* of God, said the other. For the commandment was made to Israel, as ye may read, *That if it be heard that idolatry is committed in any one city, that inquisition shall be taken; and if it be found true, that then the whole body of the people shall arise and destroy that city, sparing in it neither man, woman, nor child.* But there is no commandment given to the people to punish their King, said the Secretary, if he be an idolater. I find no privilege granted unto kings, said the other, by God, more than unto the people to offend God's majesty.' (*Knox*, p. 357.)

When Lethington stated, that Calvin and some others of the foreign Reformers had counselled their followers to be quiet and submissive even under persecution, Knox very truly and wisely observed, that this referred to Christians 'so dispersed, that they have no other force but only to sob to God for deliverance.—That such indeed (he continues, p. 358) should hazard any further than these godly men wills them, I could not hastily be of counsel. But my argument has another ground; for I speak of a people assembled together in one body of a commonwealth, unto whom God has given sufficient force not only to resist, but also to suppress all kind of open idolatry; and such a people, yet again I affirm, are *bound* to keep their land clean and unpolluted.'

When, in the course of the discussion, Knox quoted the example of Jehu, who, even while he was a private person, received a divine commandment to destroy the posterity of Ahab:—

'We are not bound to imitate extraordinary examples, said Lethington, (p. 360), unless we have like commandment and assurance. I grant, said the other, if the example repugn to the law. But where the example agrees with the law, and is as it were the execution of God's judgment expressed in the same, I say that the example approved of God stands to us in place of a commandment: For as God in his nature is constant and immutable, so can he not damn [condemn] in the ages subsequent that which he has approved in his servants before us. But in his servants before us, he by his own commandment has approved, that subjects have *not only destroyed their kings for idolatry*, but also has [have] *rooted out their whole posterity*, so that none of their race was left after to empire above the people of God. Whatsoever they did, said Lethington, was done at God's commandment. That fortifies my argument, said the other; for God by his commandment has approved that subjects punish kings for idolatry and wickedness by them committed. We have not the like commandment, said Lethington. That I deny, said the other; for *the commandment, that the idolater shall die the death, is perpetual*, as ye yourself have granted; ye doubted only, who should be the executers against the king; and I said, the people of God; and have sufficiently proved, as I think, that God has raised up the people, and by his prophet has anointed a king, to take vengeance upon the king and his posterity, which fact God since that time has never retracted; and therefore to me it remains for a *constant and clear commandment to all people professing God, and having the power to punish vice, what they ought to do in the like case.*'

Dr M'Crie, in his excellent Life of Knox, p. 299, has said, in reference to this discussion between Knox and Lethington, that 'both parties held that idolatry *might* justly be punished 'with death.' But this is not to do justice to his hero. We have seen that our root-and-branch Reformer went a great deal farther. In fact, it was not possible for the most bigoted Catholic to inculcate more distinctly the complete extirpation of the opinions and worship of the Protestants, than John Knox inculcated as a most sacred duty, incumbent on the civil government in the first instance, and, if the civil government is remiss, incumbent on the people, to extirpate completely the opinions and worship of the Catholics, and even to massacre the Catholics, man, woman and child.

At present, every sect of Christians will no doubt be shocked with principles so savage; but it has been pleaded in his favour, that vehemently as he inculcated these principles, he did not practise what he preached. 'They [the Reformers] discovered no disposition, says Dr M'Crie, to proceed to capital punishment, even when it was completely in their power. I never read, nor heard of an instance, in the time of our Reformer, of a person being put

to death for performing any part of the Roman Catholic worship. If the reason of this disconformity between their opinions and their practice be asked, it may be answered—their aversion to blood.' (*Life of Knox*, p. 299.)

Now, we doubt not that this observation was applicable to most of the Protestant Nobility, and even to some of the Protestant Clergy; though in all sects the clergy, from obvious causes, are less guilty than the laity, of tolerating error. But we scarcely think that Knox would have thanked his advocate for his good-natured apology. It is a topic of reproach, and not of praise, that aversion to blood has prevented a magistrate from executing justice on a murderer,—or a general from saving his country by cutting off an invading army; and to a person who believed what Knox believed, it must have appeared incomparably worse, to spare the Papists, who were the murderers of souls, and whose idolatry was bringing down the wrath of heaven on the land.

The apology, however, might be admitted, if these principles had only been struck out in the heat of an accidental debate, without being gravely maintained in cooler moments. But the fact was widely different. The very same principles which our great Reformer defended with so much ardour and ingenuity in his debate with Lethington, he deliberately recorded for the public benefit, on different occasions, both before and after that celebrated conference. The account of them which we have quoted, is taken from the Fourth Book of his History; and the introduction to this book appears to have been written in May 1566, (*Knox*, p. 282.) The same principles had been maintained by him ten years before, in his letter to the Queen Regent in 1556, which he afterwards published with additions and explanations in 1558; and they had been stated at greater length, and with equal intrepidity, in his Appellation to the Nobility, which was written soon after he left Scotland in July 1556, both which are engrossed in the folio edition of his History.

The following quotations, we trust, will show that we are not guilty of exaggeration. 'After that Moses had declared what was true religion, to wit, to honour God as he commanded, adding nothing to his word, neither yet diminishing any thing from it; and after also that vehemently he had exhorted the same law to be observed, he denounceth the punishment against the transgressors, in these words: If thy brother, son, daughter, wife or neighbour, whom thou lovest as thine own life, solicitate thee secretly, saying, let us go serve other Gods, whom neither thou nor thy fathers have known, consent not to him, hear him not, let not thine eye spare him, show him no indulgence or favour, hide him not, but utterly kill him; let *thy* hand be first upon him, that he may be slain, and after, the hand

of the whole people. Of these words of Moses, are two things appertaining to our purpose to be noticed. First, that such as solicitate only to idolatry, *ought to be punished to death*, without favour or respect of persons. . . . . The second is, that the punishment of such crimes as are idolatry, blasphemy, and others that touch the majesty of God, doth not appertain to kings and chief rulers only, but also to the whole body of that people, and to every member of the same, according to the vocation of every man, and according to that possibility and occasion which God doth minister to revenge the injury done against his glory, what time that impiety is manifestly known.'—'I fear not to affirm, (he adds, in a subsequent part of the Appellation), that the Gentiles (I mean every city, realm, province or nation among the Gentiles, embracing Christ Jesus and his true religion) be bound to the same league and covenant that God made with his people Israel, what time he promised to root out the nations before them, in these words, Beware that thou make any covenant with the inhabitants of the land, &c. but thou shalt destroy their altars, &c. To this same law, I say, and covenant, are the Gentiles *no less bound* than sometime were the Jews, whensoever God doth illuminate the eyes of any multitude, province, people or city, and putteth the sword in their own hand, to remove such enormity from among them, as before God they know to be abominable. Then, I say, are they no less bound to purge their dominions and country from idolatry than were the Israelites, what time they received the possession of the land of Canaan. And moreover, I say, if any go about to erect and set up idolatry, or to teach defection from God, after that the verity hath been received and approved, that then not only the magistrates to whom the sword is committed, but also the people, are *bound* by that oath which they have made to God, *to revenge to the uttermost of their power* the injury done to his Majesty.' (*History*, p. 444.)

If the reader is shocked at these principles, and at what he may probably conceive to be an unwarranted extension of the commandment for the destruction of the Canaanites, he may perhaps be comforted, by learning from the same high authority, that although many Catholics contrive to save appearances, and impose on the world, yet every Catholic is in reality an abandoned reprobate, as bad as a murderer, and cannot possibly be otherwise. This we find explicitly stated in his famous letter to the Queen Regent, both as it was first written in 1556, and as it was augmented and explained by the author in 1558. After enlarging on the idolatry of the mass, he says, 'Yea, further, I say, that where this venom of the serpent (idolatry I mean) lurketh in the heart, it is impossible but that at one time or other it shall produce pestilent fruits, albeit peradventure not openly before men, yet before God, no less odious than the facts of *murderers*, publicans and harlots; and therefore in my former letter I said, that superfluous it was to require reformation of manners where

the religion is corrupted. *Which yet again I repeat,* to the end that your Grace more deeply may weigh the matter.' (*History,* p. 422.)

But perhaps the most striking evidence how deeply these principles were rooted in his heart, appears in the remorse with which he confesses, but without mentioning particulars, that at one time he had so far yielded to humanity or prudence, as to employ his influence in moderating the zeal of some of his brethren in the good cause. 'For (he says) God had not only given unto me knowledge and tongue to make the impiety of that idol [the mass] known unto the realm, but he had given me credit, with many, who *would have put in execution God's judgments,* (what these were in his opinion, we have abundantly seen), if I would only have consented thereto: but so careful was I of the common tranquillity, and so loth was I to have offended those of whom I had conceived a good opinion, that in secret conference with earnest and zealous men, I travelled rather to mitigate, yea to slacken that fervency that God had kindled in others, than to animate or encourage them to put their hands to the Lord's work; *wherein I unfeignedly acknowledge myself to have done most wickedly,* and from the bottom of my heart do ask of my God grace and pardon, for that I did not what in me lay to have suppressed that idol in the beginning.' (History, 287).

For our own part, we are tempted to ascribe this confession to that excessive tenderness of conscience with which some men are apt to be distressed, in those very cases, where all the world conceive them to have excelled the most: for it is not easy to discover that at any period he had not done every thing in his power for the suppression of the Catholics; insomuch that if he had attempted more, he must have been infatuated with a degree of imprudence which might well be called insanity, a feature which, notwithstanding all his vehemence, never appears to have belonged to his character. We presume not, however, to assert, in opposition to his own confession, and at this distance of time, that he never was betrayed into any inconsistency between his principles and practice. But we think it appears in sufficient evidence, that during ten long and trying years he most earnestly inculcated, both by word and by writing, the same principles which he maintained in his debate with Lethington;—priciples, of which we must say that we receive a very inadequate idea from some of our modern histories; but which, as we have them at first hand from himself, are to the full as bloody and intolerent as any that were ever maintained by the Roman Catholics.

At the best, then, the true state of the matter is this:—the Catholics actually did persecute; but our first Reformers only preached persecution, without having the heart to carry it into effect. But, before we admit even this, we must consider how far they actually possessed the power, and whether they could,

with any reasonable hope of success, venture farther than they did in their attempts to exercise it.

From the beginning of the Reformation in Scotland, till its settlement by the Parliament in July 1560, the Catholic was the established religion, as it had been for ages before. If, during *this* period, the Reformers had inflicted death on the sayers and hearers of mass, they must have been regarded as atrocious assassins of their countrymen, for conforming to what all parties knew to be the law of the land. But, without dwelling on this legal topic, which, for any thing we know, would not have proved a very effectual obstacle, we are to remember that during the whole of this period the Protestants were either a feeble party, dispersed and unorganized, or they were engaged in an arduous struggle against their own Government and the French auxiliaries, which they were unable to bring to a successful conclusion without the aid both of English money and English forces. Even so late as October 1559, when they ventured to issue a proclamation suspending the Queen Regent from her authority, they found themselves in a situation extremely critical, beset with treacherous friends, and protected by ill-paid and mutinous soldiers. 'The Queen [Regent]' says Knox in his history, p. 188, 'had amongst us her assured Espyells, who did not only signify to her what was our estate, but also what was our purpose, counsel and devises. Some of our own company were vehemently suspected to be the very betrayers of all our secrets; for a boy of the Officialis of Lothian, Mr James Balfour, was taken carrying a writing which did open the most secret things that were devised in the counsel, &c. The men of war (for the most part men without God or honesty) made a mutiny because they lacked a part of their wages; they had done the same thing at Linlithgow before, when they made a proclamation that they would serve any man to suppress the Congregation, and set up the Mass again.' It was not till the pacification on the 8th of July 1560, that the Protestants were in a situation to *give the law;* and then, it must be confessed, they lost but little time in making the necessary arrangements for the suppression of idolatry. For, on the 17th of July, that is to say, on the ninth day after the pacification had been proclaimed, the Parliament established the Protestant Church to the exclusion of every other; and, on the 24th of the following month, bound the Judges, by the statute already mentioned, to pronounce sentence of death against every person convicted for the third time of attending mass even in the most private manner.

That no capital execution followed immediately upon this law, is by no means surprising. The affairs of the Protestants were still uncertain; the law itself had not received the sanction

of the sovereign, to whom it was well known it must be extremely disagreeable; and who might insist, with some plausibility, that it was not quite consistent with the articles of pacification which had just been settled, (*History*, 229.) It was to be feared, also, that France, notwithstanding her internal dissensions, might still be extremely troublesome. 'The papists 'were proud,' says Knox, 'for they looked for a new army 'from France at the next spring, and thereof was there no 'small appearance, if God had not otherwise provided.' (p. 257.) The Scotch Catholics themselves, though checked for the present, were still a numerous party. The English army had departed on the 16th of July, (p. 234); and the reformers knew with what difficulty they had procured the succours from Elizabeth, who was not disposed to quarrel with France, and was very far from being friendly to the form of the protestant religion now established in Scotland, which breathed too much of the same spirit with the puritans in her own kingdom. In such a situation, whatever might be the intentions of the two parties, or however they might endeavour to overawe, by threatenings or by occasional riots of the populace, it was most natural for both of them to abstain for a season from any regular system of bloodshed, either by the civil or military power. Besides, we cannot but suppose that the Catholics, at the present juncture, would be extremely cautious not to expose themselves to the possibility of being detected in the crime at which the deadly statute was levelled. And indeed, without proceeding to capital punishment, an experiment so hazardous in the unsettled state of public affairs, the Protestants had contrived to accomplish a wonderful purification of the land, which cannot be better expressed than in the following triumphant exclamation of our great Reformer.—'What adulterer, what fornicator, what 'known mass-monger or pestilent papist, *durst have been seen* '*in publick*, within any reformed town within this realm, before 'that the Queen arrived?' (*History*, p. 282.)

The Queen's arrival produced a material change; that is to say, it mitigated the intolerance of the Protestant nobility; though it was far from producing the same effect on the clergy. The Protestants were at this time in complete possession of the government; the Catholics having neither power, nor vote in the council, (p. 285); but then we must not forget, that the Government was possessed, not by the Protestant clergy, but by the Protestant nobility; and in reasoning from the contrast so often stated between the conduct of the Protestant and Catholic churches, it is of the utmost importance that we should keep in view the great difference in the situations of their respective hierarchies. The dignitaries of the Catholic church,

during its legal establishment, were wealthy and powerful lords, who in a great measure directed the civil government, and thus enjoyed ample means of executing vengeance on their enemies. But the Protestant clergy in Scotland, at the time of the Reformation, were small stipendiaries, dependent on the civil government, which, during the whole of Knox's life, and many years after his death, thought proper to retain them in very humble poverty. Such a clergy possessed only *spiritual* weapons; and it does not appear that they were backward in using them, though we hear many lamentations that they laboured in vain. The celebration of mass in the Queen's chapel was permitted and defended by a council, where no Catholic had either power or vote, and in particular by Lord James Stuart, who was afterwards Earl of Murray, and Regent, the strenuous and steady supporter of the Reformation, 'the man whom,' Knox says, 'all the godly did most reverence.' A law indeed was afterwards enacted, making it capital, on the very first offence, to say mass any where except in the Queen's chapel; but this was in fact a parliamentary confirmation of the liberty which she had at first assumed in opposition to Parliament.

Though we believe, therefore, with Dr M'Crie, that in Knox's life no person was punished *capitally* for performing any part of the Catholic worship, we do not exactly see how this omission can be imputed to our great Reformer, or to the clergy. Nothing could be more earnest than their remonstrances, nothing more awful than their warnings, against this impious toleration of idolatry; but so it was, that all their warnings and remonstrances served only to disgust the Protestant nobility. And during the distracted state of public affairs, and the hostilities between the Protestants themselves, from the period of the Queen's marriage till after Knox's death, it does not appear that any of the factions who successively assumed the government, ever showed the least inclination to indulge the clergy with the execution of an idolater. The clergy, however, did what they could; they fulfilled with zeal the duty of good watchmen; they solicited, both in public and private, for the strict execution of the laws against papists; they sounded the alarm with all their might; and it was not their fault if their alarms were disregarded, and their solicitations evaded.

Here it will not be improper to produce, from the testimony of Knox himself, one or two instances of the variance between the Government and the Protestant clergy with respect to toleration. The very next Sunday after the first celebration of mass, as we read in his history, p. 287, 'John Knox inveighing against idolatry, showed what terrible plagues God had taken upon realms and nations for the same; and added, that one mass, (there were no more

suffered at the first) was more fearful unto him, than if ten thousand armed enemies were landed in any part of the realm, of purpose to suppress the whole religion. For, said he, in our God there is strength to resist and confound multitudes, if we unfeignedly depend upon him; whereof heretofore we have had experience: But when we join hands with idolatry, it is no doubt, but that both God's amiable presence and comfortable defence will leave us; and what shall then become of us? Alas, I fear that experience shall teach us, to the grief of many. At these words *the Guiders of the Court mocked*, and plainly spake that such fear was no point of their faith; it was beside his text, and was a very untimely admonition.'—The fourth book of the history details the lamentable backsliding of the Rulers after the Queen's arrival; and in the introduction to it, we find the following passage.—'Whence, alas, cometh this miserable dispersion of God's people within this realm this day, in May 1566? And what is the cause that now the just is compelled to keep silence, good men are banished, murderers and such as are known unworthy of the common society, *if just laws were put in due execution*, bear the whole regiment [rule] and swing within this realm? We answer, because that suddenly the most part of us declined from the purity of God's word, and began to follow the world, and so again shook hands with the Devil and with idolatry, as in this fourth book we will hear. For while that Papists were so confounded, that none within the realm *durst more avow the hearing and saying of mass, than the Thieves of Liddisdale durst avow their stouth* [robbery] *in the presence of an upright Judge;* there were Protestants found, that ashamed not at tables and other open places to ask, Why may not the Queen have her mass, and the form of her religion? What can that hurt us or our religion? And from these two, Why and What, at length sprang out this affirmative,—The Queen's Mass and her Priest will we maintain; This hand and this Rapier shall fight in their defence. The inconveniences were shown both by tongue and by pen. *But the advertisers were judged to be men of unquiet spirits; their credit was defaced at the hands of such as before were not ashamed to have used their counsel in matters of greater importance, &c.* These, and the like reasonings, took such deep root in flesh and blood, that the Truth of God was almost forgot; and from this fountain, to wit, that flesh and blood was, and yet alas is, preferred to God and to his *Messengers* rebuking vice and vanity, hath all our misery proceeded.' (Hist. p. 282.)

The *message* which they brought we have heard already, as it was delivered, in the presence of the Clergy, from our great Reformer's mouth to the Nobles and Rulers at the celebrated conference already mentioned. The effect of this message on those to whom it was delivered, is shortly but emphatically expressed by himself, in these words, which immediately follow his account of that conference: 'After which time, the ministers, which were called precise, were holden of *all* the courtiers as MONSTERS.' p. 366.

We have no intention to justify the courtiers for using so uncourtly a term. It is not fair to apply harsh terms to messengers; and we think it would have been better, though perhaps very ineffectual, if the noble Lords had stated, as they might have done with equal politeness and justice, 'That the reverend gentlemen could not be sufficiently praised for their zeal and intrepidity in the service which they had undertaken; but really there appeared to be some small mistake in the business;—that the Greek and Hebrew instructions on which the reverend gentlemen acted, were pretty voluminous, written at different times and on different occasions, and contained a great variety of messages, several of which the predecessors of the present messengers had long ago delivered to the parties for whom alone they were intended; and that this was humbly apprehended to be the predicament of that particular message which Mr Knox had enforced with so much ability and eloquence.' But we have no business at present either to censure or justify the courtiers. All that we aim at is to vindicate our first Reformers from the charge of gross inconsistency between their principles and practice; and we think it appears, from unexceptionable evidence, not only that a great variance existed between the Protestant Clergy and Government, but also, that if the Government had followed the directions of the Clergy, the Catholics would have been extirpated by the sword.

But whatever we may think of the intolerance of our first Reformers, we ought never to forget the benefits which have resulted from the Reformation. Although that important event was sometimes disgraced in Scotland, by riots of those whom Knox calls the *rascal multitude*, it was, in fact, conducted and accomplished by a great party of the nobles, together with some persons distinguished by their talents and learning, as well as by their popular eloquence; and whatever might have been the various motives which instigated this powerful combination, civil liberty was undoubtedly promoted by their conflict with the Government and the Established Church. The despotism of the Prelates was destroyed; and the despotism of the Court was checked by a well-regulated opposition, composed of men of influence and abilities. The nobles were enlightened by their learned coadjutors; the ambition and rapacity of the Protestant clergy were counteracted by the ambition and rapacity of the nobles; and not a little attention was shown, upon all sides, to the inclinations and instruction of the people. The Catholics, indeed, suffered hardships and indignities beyond what either justice or sound policy could warrant; but great advantages were gained by the nation in general, and the seeds were sown of

still greater advantages to succeeding generations,—who, unfortunately, have not always known how to reap them.

The Reformation was also the dawn, through a clouded dawn, of religious freedom. The reforming clergy, indeed, seem to have had no other intention but to erect another infallible and persecuting hierarchy in the place of that which they had overthrown. But their own example could not fail to be followed. Even the absurd interference of the civil government could not, in this country, long protect the new system from the free examination to which they themselves had subjected that great establishment, whose authority, for so many ages, it was held impious to question. The very first Reformers were divided against themselves. Besides the unsuccessful contest of Knox with the nobles, for the complete suppression of idolatry, he had not sufficient influence to preserve in Scotland that pure form of Presbyterian government to which he was fondly attached, or to banish from the Church of England those garments and ceremonies, which gave great offence to himself, and still greater to a very numerous party of the Protestants in both kingdoms. And thus gradually arose that multiplication of sects, which, although inconsistent with the exclusive dominion asserted by all the three Established churches in their turns, is perhaps, after all, the state of things most favourable, both for the discovery of truth, and for the public peace.

But there is one change deserving of particular notice, for which we are indebted to the Reformation; a change, which, although accomplished with a harshness and injustice altogether unnecessary, was most indispensably requisite, both for civil and religious freedom, for the safety of the State, as well as the purity of the Church; we mean the reduction of the immense temporalities of the clergy.—While human nature continues what it is, every community may be expected to pursue its own aggrandizement as far as may be consistent with prudence,—and often a great deal farther: And it will not scruple, for the *public good*, to employ means to which no person of proper feelings could reconcile himself in his private concerns. Now, the Church is a community which naturally identifies both its temporal prosperity, and its spiritual dominion, with the eternal interests of mankind; and it is only thus that we can account for many transactions which astonish us in ecclesiastical history. But at the period of the Reformation, and long before it, the Catholic Church, in almost every nation of Europe, had, from causes quite unconnected with its doctrine, acquired immense possessions, which endowed its dignitaries with princely revenues. In Scotland, half the property of the king-

dom is said to have belonged to the clergy. It is easy to conceive what powerful means such a body must have possessed for controuling the Government as well as the people. The mere circumstance, that so vast a proportion of the national wealth had become the unalienable property of a society distinct in its habits and interests from the rest of the country, must of itself have bestowed on the clergy a political preponderance extremely dangerous; and this preponderance would be wonderfully increased, particularly in the darker ages, by the awful influence of the spiritual character. The State was constrained to court the friendship of the Hierarchy, which could be so useful an ally, and so formidable an enemy; and which, in fact, was sometimes an overmatch for the most powerful princes. Besides, from the learning, as well as the wealth, of the clergy, the great offices of the State were, in those times, monopolized by the prelates; and the temporal Lords, and even the Kings, became interested in the prosperity of a Church, which held forth such splendid dignities to be enjoyed by their sons and brothers. When these circumstances are considered, we cannot wonder at the result. We cannot wonder that persons of the most unworthy character, but of powerful families, should sometimes find their way to the highest ecclesiastical preferments: We cannot wonder, that, in this intimate connexion, kings and priests were sometimes infected with each other's vices; that kings were inflamed with the bigotry of priests, and priests with the pride of kings; that they sometimes united in a dreadful league against the rights and liberties of the people; and that the selfishness and cruelty of worldly ambition sometimes disgraced the transactions of the mitred chiefs: We cannot wonder, in short, that the clergy, like other men, were corrupted by wealth and dominion—exorbitant wealth and the transcendent power of spiritual dominion: We cannot wonder that they sometimes stooped to improper arts for securing this proudest of all supremacies; that they regarded heretics and reformers, as the disturbers of the world, as the common enemies of Church and State,—and exerted against them that jealous and merciless hostility, with which great wealth and dominion always are, and (where so many are eager for their plunder), always *must* be guarded.

This is the true secret of the terrible intolerance and merciless persecutions of the Catholics of old—Not that their bigotry was worse, but that their wealth was greater;—not that their doctrines were more immoral or absurd, but that their possessions were more precious, and their power of maintaining them proportionably more irresistible. This is the plain and natural

account of those enormities which have unquestionably disgraced the Roman Catholic far beyond any other Christian church, —but which would have equally disgraced any other church in the same situation. But no other Christian church has been placed in the same, or nearly in the same situation;—no other Christian church has been exposed to the same, or nearly the same temptations, or possessed the same or nearly the same opportunities to execute the dictates of spiritual intolerance, and spiritual ambition. We know, however, what Knox thought it his duty to do, if he had only possessed the power; and we know it from his own repeated declarations deliberately recorded by himself. We know also, that the reformed Church of Scotland, in its primitive purity, asserted the same lofty pretensions as the Roman hierarchy. For in a solemn remonstrance addressed by the first reformers in 1559 to the nobility of Scotland, this memorable declaration remains for the edification of posterity;—'Ye may perchance contemn and despise the excommunication of the Church (now by God's mighty power erected among us) as a thing of no force; but yet doubt we nothing but that our Church and the true ministers of the same, have the *same power* which our master Christ Jesus granted to his apostles in these words, "whose sins ye shall forgive shall be forgiven, and whose sins ye retain shall be retained." (*History*, p. 133.) At the very same superhuman authority is to this day asserted by the Protestant Church of England; for to every young gentleman who is admitted to the priesthood, the bishop, in the very act of ordination, addresses the same *verba solennia* of awful import, but with a most emphatic variation of the pronoun from the plural to the singular number;—"whose sins *thou* forgivest they are forgiven; and whose sins *thou* retainest they are retained." To this day also the ecclesiastical constitutions and canons of the same Church denounce excommunication, not against her own clergy alone, but against every person who disapproves of this formula of ordination; and enjoin that he shall not be restored without the Archbishop's permission, and a public revocation of his '*wicked error.*'

We do not believe that the temporalities of the established Church of England are sufficient to render her formidable to Government, more especially when we consider how great a proportion of the population have withdrawn from her communion. Whatever, therefore, may be the case with the ecclesiastical constitutions and canons, it must be imputed to the civil government alone, if any traces of religious intolerance remain in the statute book; and indeed we cannot but persuade ourselves that the statute book will soon be purified completely from these relics of barbarous times. We should imagine also, that the

Church would consult her real dignity, if she erased from her standards those lofty pretensions and disregarded anathemas, so discordant with that pure and humble and benevolent piety which is the general spirit of her admirable liturgy. But the Church has a right to judge for herself; and, if she still think proper to retain these pretensions and anathemas, they will certainly be valuable, both as a historical document, and, moreover, as a constant warning, fairly and honestly published by herself, of what may be expected as soon as the Church and State shall be as much identified, or as soon as the Church shall be as powerful as in the days of old.

That a Protestant church, when it happens unfortunately to be backed by the civil Government, can persecute as stoutly as the Roman Antichrist himself, is but too well exemplified in the History of Scotland. In the reigns of Charles the Second and of his brother, a Protestant prelacy, in alliance with a Protestant administration, outstript the wishes of these arbitrary monarchs in the persecution of their Protestant countrymen. It is needless to weary ourselves or our readers with disgusting details, which the curious in martyrology may find in various publications. Every body knows, that the martyrdoms were both numerous and cruel; but perhaps the comparative mildness of the *Catholic* Church of Scotland is not so generally known. Knox has investigated the matter with commendable diligence, but has not been able to muster more than eighteen martyrs who perished by the hand of the executioner, from the year 1500, when heresy first began, till 1559, when the Catholics had no longer the power to persecute. The names of these persons, with several interesting particulars concerning some of them, will be found in pages 6, 19, 22, 40 and 62 of Knox's history. It is indeed a horrid list; but far short of the numbers who, during the twenty-two years immediately previous to the Revolution, were capitally executed in Scotland, for the '*wicked error*' of separation from the worship of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Such was the cruelty of a Protestant Church, when in alliance with a profligate and tyrannical administration. On the other hand, if the Church is destitute of political power, and if the State remembers its duty and dignity so far, that it scorns to be the tool of a particular sect, but reigns the common and impartial guardian of all the subjects, then, whether the church is Protestant or Catholic, and however intolerant her pretensions may be,—she will gradually acquire those habits of forbearance and general charity, which become those who are the ministers, not of the Old Testament only, but of the New. This also has been sufficiently exemplified in the history of *Scotland*, even al-

though the State has not quite fulfilled the condition which is supposed. The Church of John Knox, that 'breathed out threatenings and slaughter,' first against the Catholics, and afterwards with not less fury against the Episcopals, has been happily converted by a better light; she now sees, without apprehension or jealousy, the sectaries admitted by law as freely as her own disciples to every honour and emolument of the State; and she has even addressed the Throne in behalf of the injured Catholics of a sister kingdom. She wants many things indeed which, in the opinon of many, are essential to an Established Church. Her Ministers have no representative in either House of Parliament; not even an elective franchise from their benefices, along with the lay electors: there are no dignities to reward her Ministers, and no Bishops to superintend them. They are merely a parochial clergy with moderate revenues, and not likely, we think, to be much corrupted by better revenues than we fear they have any chance of obtaining. And there is still another strange anomaly which deserves to be mentioned:—The ecclesiastical courts are composed, in pretty nearly an equal proportion, of clerical and of lay members.—Yet, notwithstanding all these disadvantages, we have great pride and satisfaction in declaring, that we know not where to look for a Church, which better answers all the good purposes of an Establishment,—which is so completely free from the reproach of allowing to any individual a plurality of pastoral charges,—or which maintains a more careful, but not inquisitorial, vigilance over the pastoral fidelity and morals of its clergy.

ART. IX. *A General View of the Progress of Metaphysical, Ethical, and Political Philosophy, since the revival of Letters in Europe.* By DUGALD STEWART, Esq. 4to. pp. 166.

[*Prefixed to the Supplement of the* ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA, Edinburgh, 1816.]

'HISTORY,' says Lord Bacon, 'is Natural, Civil or Ecclesiastical, or Literary; whereof the three first I allow as extant, the *fourth I note as deficient.* For no man hath propounded to himself the general state of learning, to be described and represented from age to age, as many have done the works of nature, and the state civil and ecclesiastical; without which the history of the world seemeth to me to be as the statue of Polyphemus with his eye out; that part being wanting which doth most show the spirit and life of the person. And yet I am not ignorant, that in divers particular sciences,

'as of the Jurisconsults, the Mathematicians, the Rhetoricians, 'the Philosophers, there are set down some small memorials of 'the schools,—of authors of books; so likewise some barren re- 'lations touching the invention of arts or usages. But a just 'story of learning, containing the antiquities and originals of 'knowledges, and their sects, their inventions, their traditions, 'their divers *administrations* and *managings*, their oppositions, 'decays, depressions, oblivions, removes, with the CAUSES and 'OCCASIONS of them, and all other events concerning learning 'throughout the ages of the world, I may truly affirm to be 'wanting. The USE and END of which work I do not so much 'design for curiosity, or satisfaction of those who are lovers of 'learning, but chiefly for a more serious and grave purpose, 'which is this, in few words, "*that it will make learned men* "*wise in the use and administration of learning.*" *—*Advance-ment of Learning*, *Book II.*

Though there are passages in the writings of Lord Bacon more splendid than the above, few, probably, better display

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* The Latin book *De Augmentis*, a translation from the published and unpublished English composition of Lord Bacon, made by men of eminent talent, and under his own inspection, may be considered, in respect to the matter, as a second original; but wherever we possess his own diction, we should be unwilling to quote the inadequate expression in which any other man labours to do it justice. In the following instances, however, the Latin version contains passages of which his original English is not preserved.

'Ante omnia autem id agi volumus (*quod Civilis Historiæ decus [illegible]t et quasi anima*) ut cum eventis causæ copulentur, videlicet ut 'memorentur naturæ regionum et populorum, indolesque apta et 'habilis, aut inepta et inhabilis ad disciplinas diversas, accidentia tem- 'porum, quæ scientiis adversa fuerint aut propitia; zeli et mixturæ 'religionum, malitiæ et favores legum, virtutes denique insignes et 'efficacia quorundam virorum ad scientias promovendas,—et similia. 'At hæc omnia ita tractari præcipimus ut non criticorum more in 'laude et censurâ tempus teratur, sed plane historicè res ipsæ nar- 'rentur, judicium parcius interponatur.

'De modo hujusmodi historiæ conficiendæ, monemus ut per sin- 'gulas annorum centurias libri præcipui qui per ea temporis spatia 'conscripti sunt in consilium adhibeantur, ut ex eorum non perlec- 'tione (id enim infinitum esset) sed degustatione, et observatione 'argumenti, styli, methodi, *genius illius temporis literarius, velut in- 'cantatione quadam, a mortuis evocetur.*

'Quod ad usum attinet, hæc eo spectant non ut honor literarum 'et pompa per tot circumfusas imagines celebretur, nec quia, pro 'flagrantissimo quo literas prosequimur amore, omnia quæ ad earum 'statum [illegible]que modo pertinent usque ad curiositatem inquirere et

the union of all the qualities which characterised his philosophical genius. He has in general inspired a fervour of admiration which vents itself in indiscriminate praise, and is very adverse to a calm examination of the character of his understanding, which was very peculiar, and on that account described with more than ordinary imperfection, by that unfortunately vague and weak part of language which attempts to distinguish the varieties of mental superiority. To this cause it may be ascribed, that perhaps no great man has been either more ignorantly censured, or more uninstructively commended. It is easy to describe his transcendent merit in general terms of commendation: For some of his great qualities lie on the surface of his writings. But that in which he most excelled all other men, was in the range and compass of his intellectual view—the power of contemplating many and distant objects together, without indistinctness or confusion—which he himself has called the discursive or comprehensive understanding. This wideranging Intellect was illuminated by the brightest Fancy that ever contented itself with the office of only ministering to Reason: And fro[m] this singular relation of the two grand faculties of man, it h[as] resulted, that his philosophy, though illustrated still more th[an] adorned by the utmost splendour of imagery, continues still su[b]ject to the undivided supremacy of intellect. In the midst of a[ll] the prodigality of an imagination which, had it been independent, would have been poetical, his opinions remained severely rational.

It is not so easy to conceive, or at least to describe, other equally essential elements of his greatness, and conditions [of] his success. He is probably a single instance of a mind wh[ich] in philosophizing, always reaches the point of elevation whence the whole prospect is commanded, without ever rising to such a

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' scire et conservare avemus, sed ob causam magis seriam et gravem,
' ea est (ut verbo dicamus) quoniàm per talem, qualem descripsimus
' narrationem, ad virorum doctorum, in doctrinæ usu et administra-
' tione prudentiam et solertiam maximam accessionem fieri posse
' existimamus, et rerum intellectualium, non minus quam civilium,
' motus et perturbationes, vitiaque et virtutes notari posse, et regimen
' inde optimum educi et institui.'—*De Augmentis Scientiarum, Lib. II,* c. 4.

We have ventured on this long quotation, not only for the valuable additions to the English text which it contains, but for the very striking proof which a comparison of the English and Latin text will afford, of the inferiority of the version in the passages where we have the good fortune to possess the original. Yet we know that Hobbes, one of the best of our writers, was Bacon's favourite translator. *III. Aubrey,* 602.

distance as to lose a distinct perception of every part of it.* It is perhaps not less singular, that his philosophy should be founded at once on disregard for the authority of men, and on reverence for the boundaries prescribed by nature to human inquiry; that he who thought so little of what man had done, hoped so highly of what he could do; that so daring an innovator in science should be so wholly exempt from the love of singularity or paradox; that the same man who renounced imaginary provinces in the empire of science, and withdrew its landmarks within the limits of experience, should also exhort posterity to push their conquests to its utmost verge, with a boldness which will be fully justified only by the discoveries of ages from which we are yet far distant.

No man ever united a more poetical style to a less poetical philosophy. One great end of his discipline is to prevent mysticism and fanaticism from obstructing the pursuit of truth. With a less brilliant fancy, he would have had a mind less qualified for philosophical inquiry. His fancy gave him that power of illustrative metaphor, by which he seemed to have invented again the part of language which respects philosophy; and it rendered new truths more distinctly visible even to his own eye, in their bright clothing of imagery. Without it, he must, like others, have been driven to the fabrication of uncouth technical terms, which repel the mind, either by vulgarity or pedantry, instead of gently leading it to novelties in science, through agreeable analogies with objects already familiar. A considerable portion doubtless of the courage with which he undertook the reformation of philosophy, was caught from the general spirit of his extraordinary age, when the mind of Europe was yet agitated by the joy and pride of emancipation from long bondage. The beautiful mythology, and poetical history of the ancient world, not yet become trivial or pedantic, appeared before his eyes in all their freshness and lustre. To the general reader they were then a discovery as recent as the world disclosed by Columbus. The ancient literature, on which his imagination looked back for illustration, had then as much the charm

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* He himself who alone was qualified, has described the genius of his philosophy both in respect to the degree and manner in which he rose from particulars to generals. 'Axiomata infima non multum ab experientiâ nudâ discrepant. Suprema vero illa et generalissima (quæ habentur) notionalia sunt et abstracta et nil habent solidi. At media sunt axiomata illa vera, et solida et viva in quibus humanæ res et fortunæ sitæ sunt, et supra hæc quoque, *tandem* ipsa illa generalissima, talia scilicet quæ non abstracta sint, sed per hæc media vere limitantur.'—*Nov. Org. Liber I. Aphoris.* 104.

of novelty as that rising philosophy through which his reason dared to look onward to some of the last periods in its unceasing and resistless course.

In order to form a just estimate of this wonderful person, it is essential to fix steadily in our minds, what he was not, what he did not do, and what he professed neither to be nor to do. He was not what is called a metaphysician. His plans for the improvement of science were not inferred by abstract reasoning from any of those primary principles to which the philosophers of Greece struggled to fasten their systems. Hence he has been treated as empirical and superficial by those who take to themselves the exclusive name of profound speculators. He was not, on the other hand, a mathematician, an astronomer, a physiologist, a chemist. He was not eminently conversant with the particular truths of any of those sciences which existed in his time. For this reason, he was underrated by men of the highest merit, who had acquired the most just reputation, by adding new facts to the stock of certain knowledge. It is not therefore very surprising to find, that Harvey, though the friend as well as physician of Bacon, * 'though he esteemed him much for his wit and style, would not allow him to be a great philosopher;' but said to Aubrey, 'He writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor,'—'in derision,'—as the honest biographer thinks fit expressly to add. On the same ground, though in a manner not so agreeable to the nature of his own claims on reputation, Mr Hume has decided, that Bacon was not so great a man as Galileo, because he was not so great an astronomer. The same sort of injustice to his memory has been more often committed than avowed, by professors of the exact and the experimental sciences, who are accustomed to regard, as the sole test of service to knowledge, a palpable addition to its store. It is very true that he made no discoveries: But his life was employed in teaching the method by which discoveries are made. This distinction was early observed by that ingenious poet and amiable man, on whom we, by our unmerited neglect, have taken too severe a revenge, for the exaggerated praises bestowed on him by our ancestors.

'Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he past,

* III. Aubrey, 381. The very curious literary anecdotes of Aubrey, are so much the most important part of the publication in which they have lately appeared, (Letters by eminent Persons from public Libraries at Oxford, 3 vol. London [illegible]) all reason, to receive its title from them [illegible] of quite sufficient honour for the

Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promised land;
And from the mountain top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shewed us it.'

Cowley's Ode to the Royal Society.

The writings of Bacon do not even abound with remarks so capable of being separated from the mass of previous knowledge and reflection, that they can be called new. This at least is very far from their greatest distinction: And where such remarks occur, they are presented more often as examples of his general method, than as important on their own separate account. In physics, which presented the principal field for discovery, and which owe all that they are, or can be, to his method and spirit, the experiments and observations which he either made or registered, form the least valuable part of his writings, and have furnished some cultivators of that science with an opportunity for an ungrateful triumph over his mistakes. The scattered remarks, on the other hand, of a moral nature, where absolute novelty is precluded by the nature of the subject, manifest most strongly both the superior force and the original bent of his understanding. We more properly contrast than compare the experiments in 'the Natural History,' with the moral and political observations which enrich the 'Advancement of Learning' the Speeches, the Letters, the History of Henry VII.; and, above all, 'the Essays,' a book which, though it has been praised with equal fervour by Voltaire, Johnson and Burke, has never been characterized with such exact justice and such exquisite felicity of expression, as in the Discourse before us. * It will serve still more distinctly to mark the natural tendency of his mind, to observe that his moral and political reflexions relate to these practical subjects, considered in their most practical point of view; and that he has seldom or never attempted to reduce to theory the infinite particulars of that 'civil knowledge,' which,

* 'Under the same head of Ethics, may be mentioned the small 'volume to which he has given the title of *Essays*; the best known 'and most popular of all his works. It is also one of those where 'the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage; '*the novelty and depth of his reflexions often receiving a strong relief* '*from the triteness of the subject.* It may be read from beginning to 'end in a few hours; and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something unobserved before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be 'accounted for *by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own* 'thoughts, *and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid fa-*'culties.' Disc. 54.

as he himself tells us, is, 'of all others, most immersed in matter, and hardliest reduced to axiom.'

His mind, indeed, was formed and exercised in the affairs of the world. His genius was eminently civil. His understanding was peculiarly fitted for questions of legislation and of policy,—though his character was not an instrument well qualified to execute the dictates of his reason. The same civil wisdom which distinguishes his judgments on human affairs, may also be traced through his reformation of philosophy. It is a practical judgment applied to science. What he effected was a reform in the maxims of state, before unsuccessfully pursued in the Republic of Letters. It is not derived from metaphysical reasoning, nor from scientific detail, but from a species of intellectual prudence, which, on the practical ground of failure and disappointment in the prevalent modes of pursuing knowledge, builds the necessity of alteration, and inculcates the advantage of administering the sciences on other principles. It is an error to represent him either as imputing fallacy to the syllogistic method, or as professing his principle of induction to be a discovery. The rules and forms of argument will always form an important part of the art of logic; and the method of induction, which is the art of discovery, was so far from being unknown to Aristotle, that it was often faithfully pursued by that great observer. What Bacon aimed at, he accomplished; which was, not to discover new principles, but to excite a new spirit, and to render observation and experiment the predominant character of philosophy. It is for this reason that Bacon could not have been the author of a system or the founder of a sect. He did not deliver opinions—he taught modes of philosophizing. His early immersion in civil affairs, fitted him for this species of scientific reformation. His political course, though in itself unhappy, probably conduced to the success, and certainly influenced the character of the contemplative part of his life. Had it not been for his active habits, it is likely that the pedantry and quaintness of his age would have still more deeply tainted his significant and majestic style. The force of the illustrations which he takes from his experience of ordinary life, is often as remarkable as the beauty of those which he so happily borrows from his study of antiquity. But if we have caught the leading principle of his intellectual character, we must attribute effects still deeper and more extensive, to his familiarity with the active world. It guarded him against [illegible] subtlety, and against all speculation that was either visionary or fruitless. It preserved him from the reigning prejudices of contemplative men, and from undue preference to particular parts of [illegible] had been exclusively bred in the cloister.

not have had courage enough to reform their abuses. It seems necessary that he should have been so placed as to look on science in the free spirit of an intelligent spectator. Without the pride of Professors, or the bigotry of their followers, he surveyed from the world the studies which reigned in the schools; and, trying them by their fruits, he saw that they were barren, and therefore pronounced that they were unsound. He himself seems indeed to have indicated as clearly as modesty would allow in a case that concerned himself, and where he departed from an universal and almost natural sentiment, that he regarded scholastic seclusion, then more unsocial and rigorous than it now can be, as a hinderance in the pursuit of knowledge. In one of the noblest passages of his writings, the conclusion of his Fragments 'of the Interpretation of Nature,' he tells us, 'That there is no composition of estate or society, nor order 'or quality of persons, which have not some point of contra-'riety towards true knowledge; that Monarchies incline wits to 'profit and pleasure; Commonwealths to glory and vanity; U-'niversities to sophistry and affectation; Cloisters to fables and 'unprofitable subtlety; Study at large to variety; and that it is 'hard to say whether mixture of contemplations with an active 'life, or retiring wholly to contemplations, do disable or hinder 'the mind more.'

But, though he was thus free from the prejudices of a science, a school or a sect, other prejudices of a lower nature, and belonging only to the inferior class of those who conduct civil affairs, have been ascribed to him by encomiasts as well as by opponents. He has been said to consider the great end of science to be the increase of the outward accommodations and enjoyments of human life. We cannot see any foundation for this charge. In labouring indeed to correct the direction of study, and to withdraw it from these unprofitable subtleties, it was necessary to attract it powerfully towards outward acts and works. He no doubt duly valued 'the dignity of this 'end, the endowment of man's life with new commodities;' and he strikingly observes, that the most poetical people of the world had admitted the inventors of the useful and manual arts among the highest beings in their beautiful mythology. Had he lived to the age of Watt and Davy, he was not of that vulgar and contracted mind as to cease to admire grand exertions of intellect, because they are useful to mankind. But he would certainly have considered these great works rather as tests of the progress of knowledge than as parts of its highest end. His important questions to the Doctors of his time were, 'Is Truth ever barren? Are we the richer by one poor in-'[illegible], by reason of all the learning that hath been these many

'hundred years?' His judgment, we may also hear from himself—'Francis Bacon thought in this manner. The knowledge 'whereof the world is now possessed, especially that of nature, 'extendeth not to *magnitude and certainty of works.*' He found knowledge barren: He made her fertile; and he did not underrate the utility of particular inventions: But it is evident that he valued them most, as they are themselves among the highest exertions of superior intellect; as they are monuments of the progress of knowledge; as they are the bands of that alliance between action and speculation, where an appeal to experience and utility checks the proneness of the philosopher to extreme refinements; which teaches men to revere, and excites them to pursue science by these splendid proofs of its beneficial power. Had he seen the change in this respect, chiefly in his own country, produced in part by the spirit of his philosophy, and which has made some degree of science almost necessary to the subsistence and fortune of large bodies of men, he would assuredly have regarded it as an additional security for the future growth of the human understanding. He must always have viewed with complacency those inventions which demonstrate to the most ignorant that 'Knowledge is Power.' In the pursuit of knowledge, however, he proposed to himself a practical end, and an end (even in the modern acceptation of the word) of unquestionable utility. He taught, as he tells us, the means, not of the 'amplification of the power of one man over his country, nor of 'the amplification of the power of that country over other na-'tions; but the amplification of the power and kingdom of man-'kind over the world.' 'A restitution of man to the sovereignty 'of nature.'—(*Of the Interpretation of Nature*). 'The enlarg-'ing the bounds of human empire to the effecting all things 'possible.'—(*New Atlantis*). From the enlargement of reason, he did not separate the growth of virtue, for he thought that 'truth and goodness were one, differing but as the seal and the 'print; for truth prints goodness.'—(*Advancement of Learning, Book 1.*)

These general observations may at first seem but remotely connected with Lord Bacon's Plan of a History of Philosophy. But perhaps more consideration will show a closer relation between them than appears on a cursory glance. There could scarcely have been any passage of his works better calculated to justify our notion of the constitution and education of his mind, than that which we have placed at the commencement of this article. The whole of its peculiar phraseology; all its illustrations and metaphors, are taken from civil life. As civil history teaches statesmen to profit by the faults of their predecessors, he proposes that the history of philosophy should

teach, by example, 'learned men to become wise in the administration of learning.' Early immersed in civil affairs, and deeply imbued with their spirit, his mind in this place contemplates science only through the analogy of government, and considers principles of philosophizing as the easiest maxims of policy for the guidance of reason. It seems to us, also, that in describing the objects of a history of philosophy, and the utility to be derived from it, he discloses the principle of his own exertions for knowledge—a reform in its spirit and maxims, justified by experience of their injurious effects, and conducted with a judgment analogous to that civil prudence which guides a wise lawgiver. If (as may not improbably be concluded from this passage) the reformation of science was suggested to Lord Bacon, by a review of the history of philosophy, it must be owned, that his outline of that history has a very important relation to the general character of his philosophical genius. The smallest circumstances attendant on that outline, serve to illustrate the powers and habits of thought which distinguished its author. It is an example of his faculty of anticipating, not insulated facts or single discoveries—but that of which the complexity and refinement seem much more to defy the power of prophecy—the tendencies of study, and the modes of thinking, which were to prevail in distant generations;—that the parts which he has chosen to unfold or enforce in the Latin versions, are those which a thinker of the present age would deem both most excellent and most arduous in a history of philosophy;—'the causes of literary revolutions; the 'study of contemporary writers, not merely as the most authen-'tic sources of information, but as enabling the historian to pre-'serve in his own description the peculiar colour of every age, 'and to recall its literary genius from the dead.'

This outline has the uncommon distinction of being at once original and complete. In this province, Bacon had no forerunner; and the most successful follower will be he, who, like the author of the present admirable Discourse, most faithfully observes his precepts. Here, as in every province of knowledge, he concludes his review of the performances and prospects of the human understanding, by considering their subservience to the grand purpose of improving the condition, the faculties, and the nature of man, without which indeed science would be no more than a beautiful ornament, and literature would rank no higher than a liberal amusement.

Yet it must be acknowledged, that he rather perceived than felt the connexion of Truth and Good. Whether he lived too early to have sufficient experience of the moral benefit of civilization, or his mind had early acquired too exclusive an inte-

rest in science, to look frequently beyond its advancement; or whether the infirmities and calamities of his life had blighted his feelings, and turned away his eyes from the active world;—to whatever cause we may ascribe the defect, certain it is, that his works want one excellence of the highest kind, which they would have possessed if he had habitually represented the advancement of knowledge as the most effectual means of realizing those hopes of benevolence for the human race.

It is obvious, that Bacon had the history of science more in view than that of literature: And though he cannot be supposed to have excluded such great provinces of knowledge, as the mathematical and physical sciences; yet he seems, from his language, more to have contemplated the history of that philosophy which discovers the foundation of the sciences in the human understanding, and which becomes peculiarly connected with the practical sciences of morals and politics—because, like them, it has human nature for its object. It is that which is most immediately affected by the events and passions of the world; and on it depends the colour and fashion of all other researches. Respecting the history of philosophy, thus understood, we must at this day 'note the deficiency,' which was remarked by the philosopher.—Brucker is a learned compiler of the most praiseworthy candour and industry;—but it must be owned, that he is a very unphilosophical historian of philosophy. In later times, the Germans have cultivated this department more successfully than any other nation. 'Tiedeman's Spirit of Speculative Philosophy' is a book of great value to Inquirers into this subject.—'Fulleborn's Contributions to the History of Philosophy;'—'Buhle's History of Modern Philosophy,' are useful publications. 'Tenneman's History of Philosophy' (not yet completed) is the best work on the subject which the Continent has produced. The fault common to them all is, that being deeply imbued with the metaphysical speculations of their own age and country, and being animated by them to undertake the history of philosophy, they have almost unconsciously spread the doctrines and the technical language of their contemporaries over the description of the opinions of past times. In other Continental countries, we know of no attempts worthy of particular notice, since the excellent fragments of Gassendi. The first general history (only indeed of ancient) philosophy, on a large scale, in modern times, was that of Stanley, formed on the model of Gassendi, and suggested to the author by his learned relation Sir John Marsham. It is a work of uncommon merit for the time in which it was written, and continued during more than a century to be the standard book on this subject for all Eu[illegible] un-

til it was succeeded by Brucker. Since Stanley, we have had no general work of this kind; but some abridgments of more or less perspicuity and convenience. Incidental information respecting the subject, of a valuable kind, and often too abundant, is indeed to be found in the Intellectual System of Cudworth, whose mind, nourished by the doctrines of the Grecian philosophy, had acquired its modes of thinking, and deeply imbibed its characteristic prejudices. He seems as if he had studied and taught in the school of Alexandria. Even his English style, nervous and copious as it is, has the appearance of a translation from a Platonist. Though it be foreign from our present subject, we should have expressed our wonder, that large manuscript works of this celebrated English philosopher, preserved from destruction by accident, should be suffered to remain unpublished in the British Museum, if it were not a much greater subject of astonishment, or rather of reproach, that notwithstanding the gratitude due to the beginner of reformation, and the growing cultivation of our ancient language, there should yet be no edition of the English works of Wicliffe. The press of the two Universities would be properly employed in works, which a commercial publisher could not prudently undertake.

Since the time of Cudworth, many of the demands of Bacon have been satisfied by Adam Smith's beautiful account of the ancient Ethical Systems, which clearly show what efforts it must have cost him to prevent the unseasonable display of sensibility and eloquence in his great work. The influence of the state of society, and the revolutions of government, as well as of the characters of individuals and nations on moral systems, are here admirably exemplified. He imbibes the spirit of the philosophy which he describes, and delivers the morality of the Stoical school with the austerity and loftiness of a Stoical sage, tempered by modern mildness, and retained within the bounds of nature, by his own repugnance to exaggeration and paradox. It was unfortunate that this fine fragment should have been formed with that subordinate regard to his own peculiar theory, which placed him at a lower point of view than that from which the historian should survey the opinions or the actions of men.

At length a faithful disciple has filled up the outline of Bacon, for those sciences, and during that period, which are most interesting to us; but which require the greatest talent, both because they awaken the strongest prejudices, and because the materials are already, in some measure, known to those superficial judges whose severity bears a pretty exact proportion to their ignorance of the difficulty of such a work.

This discourse is the most splendid of Mr Stewart's works;

and places the author at the head of the elegant writers on Philosophy in our language. Though these are matters on which our brethren in the South may question our competence, we will venture to give a still more hazardous opinion,—that notwithstanding some doubtful expressions, of which we may take notice in the sequel, the Discourse is, on the whole, a composition which no other living writer of English prose has equalled. Few writers rise with more grace from a plain groundwork to the passages which require more animation or embellishment. He gives to his narrative, according to the precept of Bacon, the colour of the time; by a selection of happy expressions from original writers The frequent allusions to the ancient literature of the East and the West, are becoming ornaments of a history of letters. Among the secret arts by which he diffuses elegance over his diction, it may be most useful to remark the skill which, by deepening or brightening a shade in a secondary term, or by opening partial and preparatory glimpses of a thought to be afterwards unfolded, unobservedly heightens the import of a word, and gives it a new meaning without any offence against old use. It is in this manner that philosophical originality may be reconciled to literary stability, and that we may avoid new terms, which are generally the easy resourse of the unskilful or the indolent, and often a characteristic mark of writers who neither know nor love their language.

He reminds us of the character given by Cicero of one of his contemporaries, who expressed 'refined and profound thought in soft transparent diction.' He is another proof that the mild sentiments have their eloquence, as well as the vehement passions. It will be difficult to name a work in which so much refined philosophy is joined with so fine a fancy,—and so much elegant literature with such a delicate perception of the distinguishing excellences of great writers, and with an estimate in general so just of the services rendered to knowledge by a succession of philosophers. It is pervaded by a philosophical benevolence, which keeps up the ardour of his genius, without disturbing the serenity of his mind. It is felt in his reverence for knowledge, in the generosity of his praise, and the tenderness of his censure. It is still more sensible in the general tone with which he relates the successful progress of the human understanding among many formidable enemies. Those readers are not to be envied who limit their admiration to particular parts, or to excellences merely literary, without being warmed by the glow of that honest triumph in the advancement of knowledge, and of that assured faith in the final prevalence of truth and justice, which breathe through every page, and give the

unity and dignity of a moral purpose to the whole of this classical work.

The greater part of the observations contained in Mr Stewart's Preface, on the plans of Bacon and other philosophers for a classification of the sciences, are certainly just. They chiefly prove, however, that such an arrangement, though it must be sometimes attempted, is never likely to be unexceptionable. He seems, too, to suppose that the plans of Bacon and Locke are for different distributions of the same subject. But they plainly related to different matters. That of Bacon respected all the objects of those faculties of the human mind called Intellectual, which, in the philosophy of his age, were distinguished from the Senses on the one hand, and from the Will on the other. The object of Locke was more limited. His distribution is only 'of what falls under the compass of the Understanding;' meaning, by that term, what Bacon denotes by 'Reason.' Mr Locke, therefore, proposed only a subdivision of one of Bacon's classes, —that, namely, of 'Philosophy:' and Dr Smith uses the same language when speaking of a similar distribution adopted by the Greeks. It is plain, indeed, that an arrangement which includes history and the fine arts, cannot be intended to apply to the same subject with one which excludes them. That of Bacon, therefore, is a distribution of all the objects of Mind;—that of Locke, only of what are strictly called Sciences.

We cannot think with Mr Stewart, that some objects of mind are not properly referred to one faculty, because none can be *exclusively* referred to one. Poetry is surely with perfect propriety considered as the produce of imagination; memory only supplies materials—reason ministers aids, or sometimes guides imagination; but the faculty which predominates must be imagination. Nor does it appear to us that the connexion often discovered in the progress of knowledge between sciences apparently remote, such as the illustration of ancient history from etymology, or of geology from comparative anatomy, can at all affect the principle of classification. None of these connexions imply resemblance, or could be allowed to modify the arrangement of the sciences. Shakespeare abounds with illustrations of human nature: and Courts exhibit very curious modifications of the human character. But neither the art of tragic poetry, nor the science of a courtier, can be placed in any arrangement of knowledge near the philosophy of the human mind.

The principal difficulty in all such classifications is, that there being several purposes to be obtained by them, one of these purposes can hardly be completely fulfilled without some sa-

crifice of the others. There are at least three principles on which such an arrangement may be attempted; by attending, chiefly—either, I. to the *faculty* to which each object of the human mind most eminently relates, which is that chosen by Bacon, but not confined by him to science; or, II. to the *manner* in which human reason considers each of its objects, which is that chosen by Mr Locke, but limited to science; or, III. to the connexion subsisting between *the things known themselves*, which is that chosen for the purpose of this Discourse, and, like that of Mr Locke, confined to science. As we conceive the second and third to be only different subdivisions of one of Bacon's three classes, it would be needless to include it in any general comparison. The difference between the second and the third, will be most quickly felt in instances. The theory of the human Passions belongs, according to Mr Locke's division, to a perfectly different class of sciences, from the right regulation and proper discipline of them. The first is Physical, for it is an answer to a question, What *is?*—The second is Moral, for it is an answer to a question, What *ought* to be? These are sciences, of which one may be greatly illustrated by the other, and of which one must indeed be founded in the other, but which are nevertheless in themselves not only distinct, but having not the least likeness to each other. According to this principle of arrangement, the sciences ought to be classed according to the aspects under which the understanding contemplates its objects. However remote or dissimilar the objects may be which the mind considers in one view, they are, under that view, the subjects of the same science: as every material substance, when its colour is the quality contemplated, becomes the subject of Optics.

The plan of Mr Stewart, (which he does not offer indeed as any general classification), is to class together all the sciences which regard Mind, and to form a distinct class of those which relate to Matter. This, however, evidently blends physical with moral inquiries. The Philosophy of the Human Mind is as much a science of fact as any part of Natural Philosophy. But Ethics, as we have already observed, is an answer to the question, 'What *ought* man to do?'—and this word 'ought' introduces the mind at once into a new region, and presents a conception, to which the sciences founded on experience have nothing akin. This classification, then, brings together sciences totally unlike. But that of Mr Locke is, it must be owned, liable to at least an equally strong objection, though of a totally different nature. It brings together sciences which are seldom cultivated by the same persons; such, for example, as Mechanics, and the Theory of Imagination and Taste. It is therefore inconvenient when the object is prac-

tical, or, in other words, at the only time when the distribution of the sciences is of much importance,—when any thing is to be taught or observed concerning them. In the distribution of literary labour, for example, in the Introductory Discourses to this Supplement, it is certainly convenient that the same writer should review the progress of all the sciences with which he is peculiarly conversant; and, for that purpose, it is convenient to class them by their relation to a common subject, which, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their nature, is the cause of their being generally studied by the same persons. Bacon's subdivisions of his class of Philosophy into Natural and Human, are entirely founded on the affinity of the things known, and would much resemble the arrangement of Mr Stewart, if Bacon's 'Human Philosophy' had not comprehended both the body and mind of Man, bringing together, in a singular order, Anatomy and Jurisprudence. That great author seems, however, to have been little solicitous about systematic distribution, and to have been content with any map of knowledge in which he could place his observations without confusion. He lays it down, indeed, 'as a rule, that all partitions of knowledge be accepted rather for lines and veins than for sections and separations, and that the continuance and entireness of knowledge be preserved.'

The very general divisions seems to us a much less useful subject of consideration than the subdivisions. The number and exactness of these last, in the Physical sciences, must be regarded both as an indication and as a cause of their great advances in modern times. That there should, for example, be a separate preface to this Supplement required by Chemistry, *—that it

* It is but justice to say, that the present Supplement affords a most promising specimen of the skill and care of the Editor: and that we have nowhere seen any collection of treatises, especially on scientific subjects, which contained, in the same compass, nearly so much exact and original information as the two parts which have just been published. The Encyclopedical Dictionaries, which have of late succeeded each other with extraordinary rapidity, have, in more than one instance, shown strong tendencies to improvement, though these favourable symptoms have nowhere manifested themselves so clearly as in this Supplement.—A work, indeed, which is to be supported in any considerable degree by the contributions of such men as Stewart, Playfair, Leslie, Brande, Ivory, Thomson, Smith, and others of the same rank, in the sciences,—and in the literary department by Scott, Alison, Barrow, and more of their standing, cannot fail to possess extraordinary excellence:—Nor are there many ways in which these eminent persons could employ themselves with such an assurance of doing extensive good. Such

should thus claim an equal share of attention with all the other sciences which regard matter and quantity,—that it should have risen, within sixty years, from an appendage to Pharmacy, to this high rank among the objects of human knowledge, is itself a proof of the activity and success of physical research, more striking, if not more conclusive, than any other. The very defective nomenclature, and imperfect subdivision of the moral and political sciences, is attended with practical inconve-

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compilations are so convenient to all readers, for quick reference, and such important sources of knowledge to those who want either wealth or leisure, or fixed residence, for the command of many books, that their execution is of great consequence in its effect on the general cultivation of the understanding. Their importance is increased in a country where multitudes of intelligent young men, dispersed over the Colonies, when they can obtain an Encyclopædia and a Collection of English Poets, consider themselves as well provided with a library; and indeed it must be owned, that a subaltern in Canada or Bengal, who carries with him no more than these books, possesses more knowledge, and not much less delightful literature, than could have had a place in the equipage of Julius Cæsar, in one of his campaigns in Gaul.

If these compilations were not thus to be considered as forming the principal part, if not the whole, of the library of persons so circumstanced, it would be matter of regret that so much historical and biographical matter has been introduced into them. The articles which relate to the sciences are generally the best. Those that are literary, moral or political, are in most danger of being executed with less ability. The biographical and historical accounts will have the best chance of answering their purpose, when they most abstain from literary criticism or political reflexions, and most exclusively aim at conveying the greatest number of facts in few words, and in such a form that a glance is sufficient to catch the information sought. Chronological tables and maps, both minute and numerous, would be substantial improvements. The tabular form is very useful in a book of reference, both because it quickly informs the eye, and limits the writers to facts alone. Geographical articles, originally copied from old books, are apt to be transcribed from edition to edition of such works, with a disgraceful negligence of new information. The biography of foreign nations in modern times is not tolerably delineated in any English compilation since 'the General Dictionary,' except in 'the General Biography' of Dr Aikin. The French *Encyclopedie*, notwithstanding the extraordinary merit of many philosophical and literary essays which it contains, is, in most of the ordinary articles, of very little value, chiefly from too frequent forgetfulness of its purpose, which was, not to be an ingenious Miscellany, but a well ordered and accessible repository of knowledge.

niences, of which a better example cannot perhaps be given, than the want of a line of demarkation between Politics and Political Economy, and the confusion of political with economical reasonings, in the most important legislative discussions. Of the more general classification, we cannot but say, as Lord Bacon says on a like occasion, 'Remote and superficial generalities are no more aiding to practice, than an universal map is to direct the way between London and York.'

We have been somewhat surprized at the degree of praise bestowed on D'Alembert, in a place where his mathematical merits could not come into consideration. We are far from adopting the quaint description of one of his works in Gray's Letters, that '*it is as hard as a stone, as dry as a stick, and as cold as a cucumber.*' Though we are aware of the influence which the independence and simplicity of his character, and his union of exact science with general philosophy and polite literature, may perhaps unconsciously have exercised over the mind of his panegyrist, we cannot think it an act of judicious admiration, more than once to have placed his name in the immediate neighbourhood of the name of Bacon.

As some atonement for the length of our remarks, we subjoin a part of the conclusion of the preface, as a specimen of the manner of thinking and writing which prevails in this discourse.

'I am not without hopes, that this disadvantage may be partly compensated by its closer connexion with (what ought to be the ultimate end of all our pursuits) the intellectual and moral improvement of the species.

'I am, at the same time, well aware that, in proportion as this last consideration increases the importance, it adds to the difficulty of my undertaking. It is chiefly in judging of questions "coming home to their business and bosoms," that casual associations lead mankind astray; and of such associations, how incalculable is the number arising from false systems of religion, oppressive forms of government, and absurd plans of education! The consequence is, that while the physical and mathematical discoveries of former ages present themselves to the hand of the historian, like masses of pure and native gold, the truths which we are here in quest of may be compared to *iron*, which, although at once the most necessary and the most widely diffused of all the metals, commonly requires a discriminating eye to detect its existence, and a tedious, as well as nice process, to extract it from the ore.

'To the same circumstance it is owing, that improvements in Moral and in Political Science do not strike the imagination with nearly so great force as the discoveries of the Mathematician or of the Chemist. When an inveterate prejudice is destroyed by extirpating the casual associations on which it was grafted, how powerful is the new impulse given to the intellectual faculties of man! Yet

how slow and silent the process by which the effect is accomplished! Were it not, indeed, for a certain class of learned authors, who, from time to time, heave the log into the deep, we should hardly believe that the reason of the species is progressive. In this respect, the religious and academical establishments in some parts of Europe are not without their use to the historian of the Human Mind. Immovably moored to the same station by the strength of their cables, and the weight of their anchors, they enable him to measure the rapidity of the current by which the rest of the world are borne along.

'*This*, too, is remarkable in the history of our prejudices; that, as soon as the film falls from the intellectual eye, we are apt to lose all recollection of our former blindness. Like the fantastic and giant shapes which, in a thick fog, the imagination lends to a block of stone, or to the stump of a tree, they produce, while the illusion lasts, the same effect with truths and realities; but the moment the eye has caught the exact form and dimensions of its object, the spell is broken for ever; nor can any effort of thought again conjure up the spectres which have vanished.'

The author was doubtless at liberty to fix the period at which he chose to commence his work. The revival of letters, or, to speak more strictly, the renewed study of the Greek and Roman writers, is one of the most conspicuous landmarks of literary history. But it is not equally clear that all the reasons assigned for the choice of this period are equally conclusive. The middle age is spoken of with a contempt too undistinguishing. The inactivity of the human mind was very far from being alike in all the portions of this long period. During the darkest part of it, which extends from the fall of the Western empire to the beginning of the thirteenth century, the numerals called Arabic were introduced. Paper was fabricated from linen. Gunpowder and the compass were discovered. Before its termination, oil painting, printing and engraving, closed this series of improvements, unequalled in use and brilliancy, since those first inventions which attended the rise of civilization, and which therefore preceded history. These inventions were proofs of mental activity as well as incitements to it; and it may even be doubted, whether the human mind could have rendered a greater service to the science of the succeeding age, than in thus preparing the soil which it was to cultivate, and constructing new instruments for its use. In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, however, it cannot be doubted that the faculties of men throughout Europe were generally and very signally turned towards various studies. About the same period we find the cultivation of the Roman Law, the rise of the School Philosophy, and the commencement of Poetry in modern languages, in Sicily, in Tuscany, in Provence, in Catalonia, in Normandy, in England, in Scotland, and in Suabia. These dissimilar stu-

dies, appearing to us, at this distance, to arise suddenly in countries remote from each other, and at a period of small intercourse between nations, mark a general revolution in the mind of Europe. The government, laws, and manners of the middle age, have been studied with a diligence due to the investigation of the source of the diversity of institutions and national character which still prevails in Europe. The literature of the same period has of late almost every where inspired a general curiosity and interest. Most nations have returned with renewed affection to the earliest monuments of the genius of their forefathers; and amidst circumstances which abundantly counteract the extravagant whimsies of a few writers, there is no danger of permanent excess in that disposition. It is an useful fashion which makes a refined age familiar with those powers and graces which are familiar to each language, and with those original qualities which distinguished the first literary efforts of each, when they must have arisen spontaneously out of the national character;—which turns each nation from the imitation of foreign models to the improvement of their own native and characteristic excellences; which contributes somewhat to strengthen national spirit, and in any degree, however small, to confirm the love of every people for their own country.

It would be folly to compare the importance of the study of the ancient laws and literature of Europe with that of the history of the metaphysical speculations of any period, and especially where those speculations, with whatever power of mind they were conducted, must be owned to have been peculiarly unsuccessful. —But the philosophy of the middle age may deserve some notice. As long as the scholastic systems continued to be formidable enemies to free inquiry and sound philosophy, it might be an excusable policy to display only their vices, which were sufficiently enormous. But since they have ceased to be dangerous, we may safely be just to them. They are in truth the source from which most of the metaphysical discussions of modern times have sprung. Under the scholastic discipline the understanding of Europe was educated; and, from its first operation, probably acquired much of its peculiar character. A system in which every European of liberal education during three centuries was trained, cannot have been without a powerful influence on the reasonings and opinions of succeeding times. Whatever occupies so long the force of the general understanding, however unprofitably as far as regards positive results, cannot be uninstructive in its course, and by its example. The widest deviations from our modes of thought and expression, and even from the course of right reason, are the subject of the more curious problems in the theory of intellect. Even in a practical view,

the contemplation of them weans the mind from the narrowness incident to those who think constantly in the forms and words of their own time and country, turns reflexion into unaccustomed channels, dispels the illusion of combinations of language to which we have been long habituated, and may present a new side of a principle or an opinion which a better mode of philosophizing kept out of view. For these reasons, we are interested by an account of the most extravagant speculations of China or Japan;* and the less they resemble our own, the more they excite our curiosity.

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* Two literary phenomena of a singular nature have very recently been exhibited in India. The first is a Hindu Deist. *Rammohun Roy*, a Bramin, has published a small work, in the present year, at Calcutta, entitled, '*An Abridgement of the Vedant, or resolution of all the Veds; the most celebrated work of Braminical theology; establishing the unity of the Supreme Being, and that he alone is the object of worship.*' It contains a collection of very remarkable texts from the Vedas, in which the principles of Natural religion are delivered, not without dignity; and which treat all worship to inferior beings, together with the observance of rites and seasons, and the distinctions of food, as the aids of an imperfect religion, which may be altogether disregarded by those who have attained to the knowledge and love of the true God. His contemporaries and his ancestors he considers as idolaters, notwithstanding the excuse of an allegorical theology which some Europeans have made for them. This Socinian Bramin is made to complain, with feeling, in the English version, of the obloquy which he has incurred among his countrymen by the purity of his faith. He alludes nowhere to any other system of religion; and passes over, in absolute silence, the labours, and indeed the existence, of the Missionaries. The second is a work about to be published at Bombay by MULLA FEROUZ, a Parsee priest, and probably the first of that sect, for many ages, who has made any proficiency in the general literature of the East. He proposes to publish the '*Dusateer*,' with an English translation and notes—a singular and somewhat mysterious book, of 'which he tells us that no copy is known to exist but that in his possession.' It is said to be the source from whence the *Dabistan* (Edin. Rev. vol. XXVI. p. 288) is borrowed. The original is said to be in a language or dialect of which there is no other specimen; and so ancient, that an old Persian version which accompanies it, professes to have been made before the conquest of Persia by the Mahometans. It is quoted by several writers in comparatively modern times; and the Persian version is often cited as an authority by Persian dictionaries of the seventeenth century. Its pretensions, therefore, as a mere monument of language, are very high, and cannot fail to attract the curiosity of all Orientalists to this reappearance of the followers of Zoroaster in the literary world.

A contempt for the exertions of intellect under forms different from ours, is as sure a mark of a narrow mind as that hostility, almost to be called hatred, which is sometimes betrayed by men of talent against those sciences which they are incapable of learning. Neither disposition could find any place in a mind like that of Mr Stewart, formed in the school of Bacon, of which it is the peculiar character to estimate the relative value of all sciences with an equal eye, and to explain the causes of philosophical failures in a manner which avoids all injustice to the talents of the philosophers whose speculations have been unsuccessful. Yet he has spoken of the schoolmen, with a nearer approach to acrimony than has been justifiable, since their remaining authority at Salamanca or Louvain has ceased to be dangerous to the free exercise of reason.

The character of the scholastic system, in general, is that of a collection of dialectical subtleties, contrived for the support of the doctrines of the corrupted Christianity of that age by a body of Divines—some of extraordinary powers of discrimination and argument strengthened in the long meditation of their cloister by the extinction of every other talent, and the exclusion of every other pursuit—to whom their age and their condition denied the means of studying polite letters—of observing nature, or knowing mankind. Thus driven back as it were upon themselves—cut off from all the materials on which the mind can operate—and doomed to employ all their powers, in the defence of what they must never presume to examine, the condition of these men seemed without one advantage, unless it should be thought such, that it cultivated to the highest degree of subtlety, the logical talents of acute disputants, and rendered them on their own ground invincible Polemics. Till the thirteenth century, their logic was the mere slave of their theology. The labour of the schools was employed only to rivet the fetters of reason. But the effect of the wretched and prohibited versions of Arabic translations of Aristotle, then for the first time introduced into the West, soon proved, that it is impossible in any way to excite the activity of the human faculties, without ultimately promoting the independence of reason. This pretended Aristotelianism was as much resisted at that period by persecution, as it was supported by the same means about three centuries later. The schoolmen were the innovators and reformers of the thirteenth century. As soon as they conquered the prohibitions, and quoted liberally the real or supposed opinions of Aristotle, Philosophy began to assert her independence; to blend her authorities with those of Theology, and insensibly to claim a sphere of her own, within which her

jurisdiction was exclusive. A division of the authority to which they were subject, was the first step towards emancipation. The most conspicuous schoolman of this second period, was Aquinas, * whose *Secunda Secundæ* continued for three hundred years to be the ethical code of Christendom. No work of a private man probably ever had so many commentators, as this once famous treatise. *Suarez*, the last celebrated person among them, was a contemporary of Lord Bacon. The first reformers of learning distinguish it by honourable commendations from the other productions of the schools. Erasmus considered Aquinas as superior in genius to any man since his time; and Vives owns him to be the soundest writer among the schoolmen. However the Secunda might be disgraced by being the manual of Henry VIII, it is a matter of some interest to see the book which was the first moral instructor of Sir Thomas More. Fontenelle, a Cartesian, exempt from any prejudice in favour of a schoolman or a saint, says, that 'in another age, Aquinas might have become a Des Cartes.' To his moral treatise, Leibnitz chiefly alludes, in the just observation frequently repeated by him, that 'there was gold in 'the impure mass of Scholastic philosophy, and that Grotius 'had discovered it.' The same great philosopher, indeed, often confessed his own obligations to the schoolmen, and the value of some part of their works, at the moment when such an avowal required most courage—when their authority had been just entirely abolished, and before the dread of its restoration was extinguished. Under the shelter of his authority, we may venture to own, that we have read this work in the nineteenth century with pleasure and advantage. Whatever may be thought of his theological morals, it is certain, that no moralist has stated the nature and grounds of all the common duties of

* The historians of Italian literature have latterly thought that Aquinas, of a noble family in that part of Lower Italy which had never utterly relinquished its ancient connexion with Greece, and educated at the famous monastery of Monte Cassine, where some sparks of ancient literature were kept alive in the darkest times, was not without some tincture of Grecian learning. Whether there be any grounds for a like opinion concerning Roger Bacon, we shall be unable to determine, till the Oxford Press shall present us with a complete edition of the works of that great ornament of the University; who ought not to be mentioned in any sketch of the scholastic age, in which he appeared as a stranger; being, in truth, a philosopher of the seventeenth century, formed, by some unaccountable combination of causes, in the schools of the thirteenth.

mankind with more fullness and perspicuity. The number and refinement of the practical observations in this work, which have been repeated by modern philosophers, have sometimes given rise to suspicion of plagiarism against these last, instead of the much more reasonable inference, that the superior understanding of this ingenious recluse had anticipated remarks, which, without any knowledge of his writings, were naturally presented to succeeding writers by their observation of human life in a more civilized age.

To find the exact agreement of such a work as that of Aquinas with the moral precepts of our own age, has some tendency to heighten our reverence for the Rule of Life which thus preserves its unchangeable simplicity, amidst the fluctuations of opinion, under the most unlike and repugnant modes of thinking, and in periods of the most singular, or, if it so pleases the reader, of the most perverted speculation.

Those who are accustomed to remark the faint and distant indications of the progress of the human mind, will observe, that in the twelfth century, the first revolt against the tyranny of Rome broke out in France; that Aquinas and Dante flourished at the same time, in the same country; that when, in the next age, polite literature had begun to drive the School philosophy over the Alps, and when it seemed to have established its chief seat in England, the ferment excited by the subtleties of Scotus, and by the bold novelties of Occam, were almost contemporary with Chaucer, and seemed to have called forth Wicliffe.

Scotus is probably the extreme point which verbal subtlety can reach. The genius of the scholastic system could advance no farther. William of Ockham (in Surry), born about the beginning of the fourteenth century, the circumstances of whose life are obscure, and whose writings it is extremely difficult to procure, is generally known as the reviver of the Nominalists, justly distinguished above other schoolmen by Mr Stewart and by Leibnitz; but he was, in truth, also the restorer of an independent philosophy in the middle age. He defended the rights of the Civil Magistrate against the usurpations of the Church, and gave an example of free inquiry, in speculations which had become inaccessible to Reason by their alliance with the Papal Theology. The century which passed between his death and the revival of letters, was a period of active progress towards mental independence. His works against the Papal authority are preserved in collections which are to be found in all great libraries. They are represented by Selden as 'the best that had been written in former ages, on the Ecclesiastical

Power;' and the testimony of Selden has peculiar weight on behalf of a Popish schoolman. But those writings on which his great reputation in his own age was founded, are now very rare. Brucker, who appears to have seen none of them, contents himself with a few passages of modern writers, in commendation or censure of Ockham: but a very clear and satisfactory account of them, supported by numerous extracts, is contained in 'Tenneman's History of Philosophy, Vol. VIII. Part 2.' published at Leipsic in 1811.

This memorable English philosopher retained many opinions which he had imbibed from Scotus, and, among others, that justly obnoxious position, which makes the distinction of Right from Wrong depend on the Will of God. But he is the first, from the downfall of ancient philosophy, who had the boldness, in express words, to reject human authority, even that of his master—'I do not support this opinion because he lays it down, but *because I think it true*; and therefore, if he has elsewhere maintained the opposite, I care not.' * This language, now so trivial that no slave can disclaim it, and every schoolboy would think it too commonplace to be repeated, was, in the fourteenth century, far more important than the most brilliant discoveries, and contained the germ of all reformation in philosophy and religion. Luther and Bacon were actuated by no other principle in the deliverance of the human understanding.

It is well known that Occam was the author of the opinion, that the words which are called universal, are to be considered as signs which equally indicate any one out of many particular objects. This opinion was revived by Hobbes, Berkeley, Hume, Hartley, and Condillac; abused with great ingenuity by Horne Tooke; and followed by Mr Stewart, who has on this occasion made common cause with philosophers in whose ranks he is not usually found. Few metaphysical speculations have been represented as more important by its supporters and opponents. Perhaps, however, when the terms are explained, and when the darkness is dissipated with which controversy never fails to cloud a long contested question, it may appear that this subject has not yet been examined on true principles. But whatever may be the future fate of the controversy, it cannot be denied, that the reasonings in defence of Nominalism are stated with singular ingenuity, and even perspicuity, in the passages of Occam which now lie before us. Among many other obser-

* This curious passage is quoted by Tenneman from Occam. Prolog. ad Lib. 1. Sententiarum Quest. 1. Edit. 1585;—probably the last, if not the only edition of a work once of great authority, and even now of no contemptible interest.

vations, perfectly unlike his age, we find him limiting the philosophy of the human mind to what can be known by experience of its operations, and utterly excluding all questions relating to the nature of the thinking principle. 'We are conscious that 'we understand and will; but whether these acts be performed 'by an immaterial and incorruptible principle, is a matter of 'which we are not conscious, and which is no farther the subject 'of demonstration than it can be known by experience. All 'attempts to prove it must be founded on the assumption of 'something doubtful.' * But the most remarkable of all the reasonings of this original thinker, are those which he employs against the then received doctrine 'of sensible and intelligible species' (or *appearances*) of things which are the immediate objects of the mind when we perceive or think. These images or likenesses of objects alone, were supposed to be contemplated by the senses and the understanding, and to be necessary to perception and mental apprehension. *Biel*, a follower of Occam, in expounding the doctrine of his master, tells us, That 'a spe-'cies was the similitude or image of a thing known, naturally 'remaining in the mind after it ceases to be the object of actual 'knowledge; or otherwise, that likeness of a thing, which is a 'previous condition of knowledge, which excites knowledge in 'the understanding, and which may remain in the mind in the 'absence of the thing represented.' † The supposed necessity of such *species*, moving from the object to the organ of sense, is, according to Occam, founded on the assumed principle, that what moves must be in contact with what is moved. But this principle he asserts to be false; and he thinks it sufficiently disproved by the fact, that the loadstone attracts iron to it without touching it. He thought nothing necessary to sensation but the power of sensation, and the thing which is its object. All intermediate beings he regarded as arbitrary figments. We cannot pursue these quotations farther. It is easy to conceive his application of a similar mode of reasoning to 'the *intelligible species*,' which, indeed, he who denied abstract ideas, had already virtually rejected. It is plain, indeed, that Occam denied both parts of this opinion; not only that which is called Aristotelian, concerning the *species* supposed to move from outward objects to the organs of sense; but also that which, under the name of the Ideal Theory, has been imputed by Dr Reid and Mr Stewart to Descartes, and all succeeding philosophers, who are considered as teaching the actual *resemblance* of our thoughts to external things, and thereby laying their phi-

* Occam, ibid. in Tenneman. † Gabriel Biel, II. Sent. in Tenn.

losophy open to the inferences afterwards made from it by Berkeley about the origin of our perceptions, and by Hume against the possibility of knowledge. The philosophical reader will be struck with the connexion between this rejection of 'images or likenesses of things' as necessary to perception; and the principle, that we know nothing of mind but its actions; and cannot fail, in a system of reasoning of which these are specimens, illustrated by an observation of the less observed appearances of outward nature, and animated by a disregard of authority in the search for truth, to perceive tendencies towards an independent philosophy, to be one day built by reason upon a wide foundation of experience. The rejection of the doctrine of 'Species' must be considered by Mr Stewart as still more remarkable than it is by us. In his view of things, Occam thus escaped a fundamental error, which has led the greatest philosophers of modern times into scepticism. But as we cannot think that the terms 'Image, Likeness,' &c. were ever steadily applied to ideas by modern philosophers, otherwise than as metaphors used for illustration, so we regard their exclusion only in the very respectable light of a reform in philosophical language, with a view to prevent figurative expressions from being, however transiently, confounded with real things.

Richard Suisset, 'the famous English mathematician * of the middle age,' was a follower of Occam, the persecution and defence of whose philosophy was the principal occupation of the Speculative during the fourteenth century; soon after the end of which, it was lost in the Lutheran controversies, which were in some degree its issue. On a general review of this period, Roger Bacon, and Suisset, should probably be considered rather as philosophers of the scholastic age than schoolmen; Aquinas is the most clear, sober, and practical of school philosophers; Scotus, from qualities not of the same nature, most perfectly represents the genius and character of that philosophy; and Occam was the reformer who undermined its foundations, and prepared the way for its destruction.

The arrival of the Grecian refugees in Italy being the most memorable event which distinguishes any moment in the early progress of modern literature, has been commonly considered as the era of the revival of letters: And the expression may

* The list of English mathematicians of the fourteenth century, given by Montucla, among whom is Chaucer, shows the terms of the text to be too exclusive, and seems indeed, as he observes, to presage the future success of the English nation in that department.—*Montu. I.* 529.

be justifiable, if we bear in mind the previous preparation of Italy for classical learning; the men of genius, who had, before that period, cultivated most modern languages; the superior efficacy of printing, the Reformation, and probably the discovery of America; and if we also hesitate, whether the preservation of Constantinople, and the education of western students in her schools, might not have contributed to quicken the literary progress of Europe as much as the destruction and emigration which actually occurred. Certainly if the Greek empire had been saved, it might have been as speciously argued, that we owed our literature to the salvation of that great school and repository of learning, as it has been asserted for the last three centuries, that the cultivation of letters in the West is to be ascribed to the flight of Grecian exiles into Italy. But however that may be, the revival of letters is an epoch in the history of philosophy.

Literature, which lies much nearer to the feelings of mankind than science, has the most important effect on the sentiments with which the sciences are regarded, the activity with which they are pursued, and the mode in which they are cultivated. It is the instrument, in particular, by which ethical science is generally diffused. As the useful arts maintain the general honour of physical knowledge, so polite letters allure the world into the neighbourhood of the sciences of Morals and of Mind. Wherever the agreeable vehicle of literature does not convey their doctrines to the public, they remain the occupation of a few recluses in the schools, with no root in the general feelings, and liable to be destroyed by the dispersion of a handful of doctors, and the destruction of their unlamented seminaries. Nor is this all. Polite literature is not only the true guardian of the moral sciences, and the sole instrument of spreading their benefits among men, but it becomes, from these very circumstances, the regulator of their cultivation and their progress. As long as they are confined to a small number of men in scholastic retirements, there is no restraint upon their natural proneness to degenerate either into verbal subtleties or into showy dreams. It is peculiar to these vices, that having no boundaries prescribed by reason, their course may be prolonged for ever. As long as speculation remained in the schools, all its followers were divided into mere dialecticians, or mystical visionaries, both alike unmindful of the real world, and disregarded by its inhabitants. The revival of literature produced a revolution at once in the state of society, and in the mode of philosophizing. It attracted readers from the common ranks of society, who were gradually led on from eloquence and poetry, to morals and philosophy. Philosophers and

moralists, after an interval of almost a thousand years, during which they had spoken only to each other, once more discovered that they might address the great body of mankind with the hope of fame and of usefulness. Intercourse with this great public, supplied new materials, and imposed new restraints. The feelings, the common sense, the ordinary affairs of men, presented themselves again to the moralist.

Philosophers, compelled to speak in terms intelligible and agreeable to their new hearers, were compelled to abandon the language of the scholastic age, and to adapt both the object of their inquiries, and their manner of reasoning, to the general understanding and sentiments. Literature led out Philosophy from the schools, enabled her to teach and to serve mankind, and recalled her to experience and utility, from thorny distinctions and splendid visions. Then philosophers began to write in the modern languages. Before that period, little prose had been written in any of them, except Chronicles or Romances. Boccacio had indeed acquired a classical rank, by compositions of the latter kind; and historical genius had risen in Froissart and Comines to a height which has not been equalled among the same nation in times of greater refinement. But Latin was still the language in which all those subjects were treated, then deemed of higher dignity, which occupied the life of the learned by profession. In general, this system continued till it was totally subverted by the Reformation, which, by the employment of the living languages in public worship, gave them a dignity unknown before; and, by the versions of the Bible, and the practice of preaching and writing on theology and morals in the common tongues, did more for polishing modern literature, for diffusing knowledge, and for improving morality, than all the other events and discoveries of that active age.

Among the first writers who took a part in this Revolution, was Sir Thomas More. His short historical narrative is in this respect remarkable. He, too, is the first person named among us who seems to have acquired part of his importance by public speaking. His controversial tracts, in other respects compositions of great curiosity, must be considered as the offspring of the Reformation. In speaking of the English language, as fit for translating the Bible, he uses terms of honour towards it which would not have been applied to any vulgar tongue before learning had left the schools. 'For as for that 'our tonge is called barbarouse, is but a fantasye. For so is, as 'every lerned man knoweth, every straunge language to other. 'And if they wolde call it barayne of wordes, there is no doubt 'but it is plenteouse enoughe to express our myndes in any

'thinge whereof one man hath used to speke with another.' *

Machiavel is the first still celebrated writer who discussed grave questions in a modern language. This peculiarity is the more worthy of notice, because he was not excited by the powerful stimulant of the Reformation. That event was probably regarded by him as a disturbance in a barbarous country, produced by the novelties of a vulgar monk, unworthy of the notice of a man wholly occupied by the affairs of Florence, and the hope of expelling strangers from Italy; and having reached, at the appearance of Luther, the last unhappy period of his agitated life. The justness of the discriminating praise bestowed on this famous writer, in the following beautiful passage, will be acknowledged by every reader of his works; and the observation required by the censure, will be rather for explanation than dispute.

'No writer, certainly, either in ancient or in modern times, has ever united, in a more remarkable degree, a greater variety of the most dissimilar and seemingly the most discordant gifts and attainments;—a profound acquaintance with all those arts of dissimulation and intrigue, which, in the petty cabinets of Italy, were then universally confounded with political wisdom;—an imagination familiarized to the cool contemplation of whatever is perfidious or atrocious in the history of conspirators and of tyrants;—combined with a graphical skill in holding up to laughter the comparatively harmless follies of ordinary life. His dramatic humour has been often compared to that of Moliere; but it resembles it rather in comic force, than in benevolent gaiety, or in chastened morality. Such as it is, however, it forms an extraordinary contrast to that strength of intellectual character, which, in one page, reminds us of the deep sense of Tacitus, and in the next, of the dark and infernal policy of Cæsar Borgia. To all this must be superadded a purity of taste, which has enabled him, as an historian, to rival the severe simplicity of the Grecian masters; and a sagacity in combining historical facts, which was afterwards to afford lights to the school of Montesquieu.

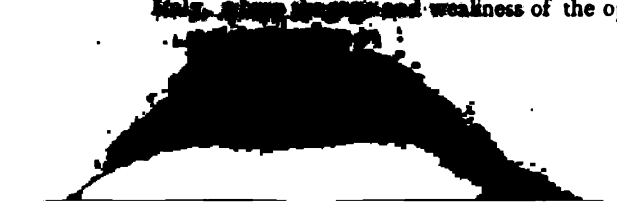
'Eminent, however, as the talents of Machiavel unquestionably were, he cannot be numbered among the benefactors of mankind. In none of his writings, does he exhibit any marks of that lively sympathy with the fortunes of the human race, or of that warm zeal for the interests of truth and justice, without the guidance of which, the highest mental endowments, when applied to moral or to political researches, are in perpetual danger of mistaking their way. What is still more remarkable, he seems to have been altogether blind to the mighty changes in human affairs, which, in consequence

* A dialogue of Sir Thomas More, Knight, touching the pestilent sect of Luther and Tindal, iii. 16, London, 1530.

of the recent invention of printing, were about to result from the progress of reason and the diffusion of knowledge. Through the whole of his *Prince* (the most noted as well as one of the latest of his publications) he proceeds on the supposition, that the sovereign has no other object in governing, but his own advantage; the very circumstance which, in the judgment of Aristotle, constitutes the essence of the worst species of tyranny. He assumes also the possibility of retaining mankind in perpetual bondage by the old policy of the *double doctrine;* or, in other words, by enlightening the few, and hoodwinking the many;—a policy less or more practised by statesmen in all ages and countries; but which (wherever the freedom of the press is respected) cannot fail, by the insult it offers to the discernment of the multitude, to increase the insecurity of those who have the weakness to employ it. It has been contended, indeed, by some of Machiavel's apologists, that his real object in unfolding and systematizing the mysteries of *King-Craft*, was to point out indirectly to the governed the means by which the encroachments of their rulers might be most effectually resisted; and, at the same time, to satirize, under the ironical mask of loyal and courtly admonition, the characteristical vices of princes. But, although this hypothesis has been sanctioned by several distinguished names, and derives some verisimilitude from various incidents in the author's life, it will be found, on examination, quite untenable; and accordingly it is now, I believe, very generally rejected. One thing is certain, that if such were actually Machiavel's views, they were much too refined for the capacity of his royal pupils. By many of these his book has been adopted as a manual for daily use; but I have never heard of a single instance, in which it has been regarded by this class of students as a disguised panegyric upon liberty and virtue. The question concerning the *motives* of the author is surely of little moment, when experience has enabled us to pronounce so decidedly on the practical *effects* of his precepts.

'"About the period of the Reformation," says Condorcet, "the principles of religious Machiavelism had become the *only* creed of princes, of ministers, and of pontiffs; and the same opinions had contributed to corrupt philosophy. What code, indeed, of morals," he adds, "was to be expected from a system, of which one of the principles is,—that it is necessary to support the morality of the people by false pretences,—and that men of enlightened minds have a right to retain others in the chains from which they have themselves contrived to escape!" The fact is perhaps stated in terms somewhat too unqualified; but there are the best reasons for believing, that the exceptions were few, when compared with the general proposition.

'The consequences of the prevalence of such a creed among the rulers of mankind were such as might be expected. "Infamous crimes, assassinations, and poisonings (says a French historian), prevailed more than ever. They were thought to be the growth of Italy, where the power and weakness of the opposite factions conspir-



ed to multiply them. Morality gradually disappeared, and with it all security in the intercourse of life. The first principles of duty were obliterated by the joint influence of atheism and of superstition."

'And here may I be permitted to caution my readers against the common error of confounding the double doctrine of Machiavellian politicians, with the benevolent reverence for established opinions, manifested in the noted maxim of Fontenelle,—"that a wise man, even when his hand was full of truths, would often content himself with opening his little finger?" Of the advocates for the former, it may be justly said, that "they love darkness rather than light, *because their deeds are evil*;" well knowing (if I may borrow the words of Bacon), "that the open day-light doth not show the masks and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately as candle-light." The philosopher, on the other hand, who is duly impressed with the latter, may be compared to the oculist, who, after removing the cataract of his patient, prepares the still irritable eye, by the glimmering dawn of a darkened apartment, for enjoying in safety the light of day.

'Machiavel is well known to have been, at bottom, no friend to the priesthood; and his character has been stigmatized by many of the order with the most opprobrious epithets. It is nevertheless certain, that to *his* maxims the royal defenders of the Catholic faith have been indebted for the spirit of that policy which they have uniformly opposed to the innovations of the Reformers. The *Prince* was a favourite book of the Emperor Charles V.; and was called the *Bible* of Catharine of Medicis. At the court of the latter, while Regent of France, those who approached her are said to have professed openly its most atrocious maxims; particularly *that* which recommends to sovereigns not to commit crimes by halves. The Italian cardinals, who are supposed to have been the secret instigators of the massacre of St Bartholomew, were bred in the same school.

'It is observed by Mr Hume, that "there is scarcely any maxim in the *Prince*, which subsequent experience has not entirely refuted." "Machiavel," says the same writer, "was certainly a great genius; but having confined his study to the furious and tyrannical governments of ancient times, or to the little disorderly principalities of Italy, his reasonings, especially upon monarchical governments, have been found extremely defective. The errors of this politician proceeded, in a great measure, from his having lived in too early an age of the world, to be a good judge of political truth."

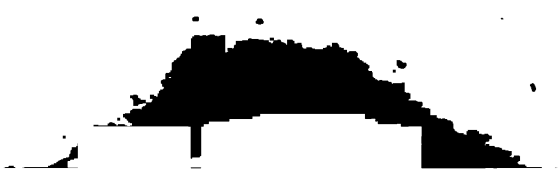
'To these very judicious remarks, it may be added, that the bent of Machiavel's mind seems to have disposed him much more strongly to combine and to generalize his historical reading, than to remount to the first principles of political science, in the constitution of human nature, and in the immutable truths of morality. His

conclusions accordingly, ingenious and refined as they commonly are, amount to little more (with a few very splendid exceptions) than empirical results from the events of past ages. To the student of ancient history they may be often both interesting and instructive; but to the modern politician, the most important lesson they afford is, the danger, in the present circumstances of the world, of trusting to such results, as maxims of universal application, or of permanent utility.

'The progress of political philosophy, and, along with it, of morality and good order, in every part of Europe, since the period of which I am now speaking, forms so pleasing a comment on the profligate and shortsighted policy of Machiavel, that I cannot help pausing for a moment to remark the fact. In stating it, I shall avail myself of the words of the same profound writer, whose strictures on Machiavel's *Prince* I had already occasion to quote. "Though all kinds of government," says Mr Hume, "be improved in modern times, yet monarchical government seems to have made the greatest advances towards perfection. It may now be affirmed of civilized monarchies, what was formerly said of republics alone, that they are a government of laws, not of men. They are found susceptible of order, method, and constancy, to a surprising degree. Property is there secure, industry encouraged, the arts flourish, and the prince lives secure among his subjects, like a father among his children. There are, perhaps, and have been for two centuries, near two hundred absolute princes, great and small, in Europe; and, allowing twenty years to each reign, we may suppose that there have been, in the whole, two thousand monarchs, or *tyrants*, as the Greeks would have called them. Yet of these there has not been one, not even Philip II. of Spain, so bad as Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, or Domitian, who were four in twelve among the Roman Emperors."

'For this very remarkable fact, it seems difficult to assign any cause equal to the effect, but the increased diffusion of knowledge (imperfect, alas! as this diffusion still is) by means of the Press; which, while it has raised, in free states, a growing bulwark against the oppression of rulers, in the light and spirit of the people, has, even under the most absolute governments, had a powerful influence—by teaching princes to regard the wealth and prosperity and instruction of their subjects as the firmest basis of their grandeur—in directing their attention to objects of national and permanent utility. How encouraging the prospect thus opened of the future history of the world! And what a motive to animate the ambition of those, who, in the solitude of the closet, aspire to bequeath their contributions, how slender soever, to the progressive mass of human improvement and happiness!' p. 32—37.

Had the above passage of the text of this discourse appeared to us precisely to correspond to the valuable note on the same subject, we should have willingly abstained from any part in the eternal dispute concerning the object of Machiavel in the com-



position of 'The Prince.' To the doctrine of the note we have little to object; but that the extract from M. *Sismondi*, though in the main just, has not all the usual clearness of that justly celebrated writer. 'The Prince' is an account of the means by which tyrannical power is to be acquired and preserved. It is a theory of that class of phenomena in the history of mankind; It is essential to its purpose, therefore, that it should contain an enumeration and exposition of tyrannical arts; and, on that account, it may be viewed and used as a manual of such arts. A philosophical treatise on poisons, would in like manner determine the quantity of each poisonous substance capable of producing death—the circumstances favourable or adverse to its operation—and every other information essential to the purpose of the poisoner, though not intended for his use. But it is also plain, that the calm statement of tyrannical arts is the bitterest of all satires against them. 'The Prince' must therefore have had this double aspect, though neither of the objects which they seem to indicate had been actually in the contemplation of the author. It may not be the object of the chemist to teach the means of exhibiting antidotes, any more than of administering poisons; but his readers may employ his discoveries for both objects. *Aristotle* * had long before given a similar theory of tyranny, without the suspicion of an immoral intention: Nor was it any novelty in more recent times, among those who must have been the first teachers of Machiavel. The schoolmen followed the footsteps of Aristotle too closely, to omit so striking a passage; and Aquinas explains it, in his commentary, like the rest, in the unsuspecting simplicity of his heart. To us accordingly, we confess, the plan of Machiavel seems, like those of former writers, to have been purely scientific: And so Lord Bacon seems to have understood him, where he thanks him for an exposition of immoral policy. In that singular passage, where Lord Bacon lays down the theory of the advancement of fortune, (which, when compared with his life, so well illustrates the fitness of his understanding, and the unfitness of his character for the affairs of the world), he justifies his application of learning to such a subject, on a principle which extends to 'The Prince;'—'*that there be not any thing in being or action which should not be drawn and collected into contemplation and doctrine.*'

* Arist. Politic. Lib. V. c. iii. In reading this chapter, it must not be forgotten, that by 'Tyrant' Aristotle means a single person possessing absolute power; usually among the Greeks, obtained by means so bad, as, even in his time, to have given to the word a shade of its modern sense.

Great defects of character, we readily admit, are manifested by the writings of Machiavel. But if a man of so powerful a genius had shown a nature utterly depraved, it would have been a painful, and perhaps single, exception from the laws of human nature; And no depravity can be conceived greater than a deliberate intention to teach perfidy and cruelty. That a man who was a warm lover of his country, who bore cruel sufferings for her liberty, and who was beloved by the best of his countrymen, † should fall into such unparalleled wickedness, may be considered as wholly incredible. No such depravity is consistent with the composition of the history of Florence. It is only by exciting moral sentiment, that the narrative of human actions can be rendered interesting. Divested of morality, they lose their whole dignity, and all their power over feeling. History would be thrown aside as disgusting, if it did not inspire the reader with pity for the sufferer,—with anger against the oppressor,—with anxiety for the triumph of right;—to say nothing of the admiration for genius, and valour, and energy, which, though it disturbs the justice of our historical judgments, partakes also of a moral nature. The author of 'The Prince,' according to the common notion of its intention, could never have inspired these sentiments, of which he must have utterly emptied his own heart. To possess the power, however, of contemplating tyranny with scientific coldness, and of rendering it the mere subject of theory, must be owned to indicate a defect of moral sensibility. The happier nature, or fortune, of Aristotle, prompts him to manifest distinctly his detestation of the flagitious policy which he reduces to its principles.

As another subject of regret, not as an excuse for Machiavel, a distant approach to the same defect may be observed in Lord Bacon's History of Henry the Seventh; where we certainly find too little reprehension of falsehood and extortion,—too cool a display of the expedients of cunning, sometimes dignified by the name of wisdom,—and throughout, perhaps, too systematic a character given to the measures of that monarch, in order to exemplify, in him, a perfect model of King-craft; pursuing safety and power by any means; acting well in quiet times, because it was most expedient,—but not restrained from convenient crimes. This history would have been as delightful as it is ad-

† Among other proofs of the esteem in which he was held by those who knew his character, we may refer to the affectionate letters of Guicciardini, who, however independent his own opinions were, became, by his employment under the Popes of the House of Medici, the supporter of their authority, and consequently a political opponent of Machiavel, the most zealous of the Republicans.

mirable, if he had felt the difference between wisdom and cunning as warmly in that work, as he has discerned it clearly in his Philosophy. Many historical speculators have indeed incurred some part of this fault. Enamoured of their own solution of the seeming contradictions of a character, they become indulgent to the character itself; and, when they have explained its vices, are disposed, unconsciously, to write as if they had excused them. A writer who has made a successful exertion to render an intricate character intelligible, who has brought his mind to so singular an attempt as a theory of villany, and has silenced his repugnance and indignation sufficiently for the purposes of rational examination, naturally exults in his victory over so many difficulties, delights in contemplating the creations of his own ingenuity, and the order which he seems to have introduced into the chaos of malignant passions; and may at length view his work with that complacency which diffuses clearness and calmness over the language in which he communicates his imagined discoveries.

It should also be remembered, that Machiavel lived in an age where the events of every day must have blunted his moral feelings, and wearied out his indignation. As we acquit the intention of the writer, his work becomes a weightier evidence of the depravity which surrounded him. In this state of things, after the final disappointment of all his hopes, when Florence was subjected to tyrants, and Italy under the yoke of foreigners; having undergone torture for the freedom of his country, and doomed to beggary in his old age, after a life of public service; it is not absolutely unnatural that he should resolve to compose a theory of the tyranny under which he fell, and that he should manifest his indignation against the cowardly slaves who had yielded to it, by a stern and cold description of its maxims. Full of disgust and loathing for men who, by submission to despotism, had betrayed the cause of human nature, he seemed to take revenge on their baseness, by a determination to philosophize, with a sort of savage indifference, on the crimes of their tyrants. His last chapter, in which he seems once more to breathe a free air, has a character totally different from all the preceding. His exhortation to the Medici to deliver Italy from foreigners, again speaks his ancient feelings. Perhaps he might have thought it possible to pardon any means employed by an Italian usurper to expel the foreign masters of his country. This ray of hope might have supported him in delineating the means of usurpation, by which he might have some faint expectation that he migh entice the usurper to become a deliverer. Knowing that the native governments were too base to defend Italy, and that all others

were leagued to enslave her, he might, in his despair of all legitimate rulers, have hoped something for Independence, and perhaps at last even for Liberty, from the energy and genius of an Illustrious Tyrant. From Petrarch, with whose pathetic verses he concludes, to Alfieri, the national feeling of Italy seems to have taken refuge in the minds of her writers. They write more tenderly of their country as it is more basely abandoned by their countrymen. Nowhere has so much been well said, or so little nobly done. While we blame the character of the nation, or lament the fortune which in some measure produced it, we must, in equity, excuse some irregularities in the indignation of men of genius, when they see the ingenious inhabitants of their beautiful and renowned country (now apparently for ever) robbed of that independence which is enjoyed by obscure and barbarous communities.

It is a just and refined observation of Mr Hume, that the mere theory of Machiavel was perverted (to waive the more important consideration of morality) by the atrocities which, among the Italians, then passed under the name of Policy. The number of men who took a part in political measures in the republican governments of Italy, spread the taint of this pretended policy farther, and made it a more national quality than in the Transalpine monarchies. But neither the civil wars of France and England, nor the administration of Henry the Seventh, Ferdinand and Louis the Eleventh (to say nothing of the succeeding religious wars), will allow us to consider it as peculiarly Italian. It arose from the circumstances of Europe in those times. In every age in which contests are long maintained by chiefs too strong, or bodies of men too numerous for the ordinary controul of law, for power, or privileges or possessions, or opinions to which they are ardently attached: the passions excited by such interests, heated by sympathy, and inflamed to madness by resistance, soon throw off moral restraint in the treatment of enemies. Retaliation, which deters individuals, provokes multitudes to new cruelty; and the atrocities which originated in the rage of ambition and fanaticism, are at length thought necessary for safety. Each party adopts the cruelties of the enemy, as we now adopt a new discovery in the art of war. Men become savage in their own defence. The craft and violence thought necessary for existence are admitted into the established policy of such deplorable times.

But though this be the tendency of such circumstances in all times, it must be owned that these evils prevail among different nations, and in different ages, in a very unequal degree. Some part of these differences may depend on national peculiarities, which cannot be satisfactorily explained. But, in

the greater part of them, experience is striking and uniform. Civil wars are comparatively regular and humane, under circumstances that may be pretty exactly defined;—among nations long accustomed to popular government, to free speakers and free writers; familiar with all the boldness and turbulence of numerous assemblies; not afraid of examining any matter human or divine; where great numbers take an interest in the conduct of their superiors of every sort, watch it, and often censure it; where there is a public, and where that public boldly utters decisive opinions; where no impassable lines of demarkation destine the lower classes to eternal servitude, and the higher to envy and hatred and deep curses from their inferiors; where the administration of law is so purified by the participation and eye of the public, as to become a grand school of humanity and justice; and where, as the consequence of all, there is a general diffusion of the comforts of life, a general cultivation of reason, and a widely diffused feeling of equality and moral pride. The species seems to become gentler as the galling curbs are gradually disused. Quiet, or at least mild disorder, is promoted by the absence of all the expedients once thought essential to preserve tranquillity.—Compare Asia with Europe: The extreme is there seen. But if all the intermediate degrees be examined, it will be found that civil wars are milder, in proportion to the progress of the body of the people in importance and wellbeing. Compare the civil wars of the two Roses with those under Charles the First. Compare these again with the humanity and wisdom of the Revolution of sixteen hundred and eighty-eight. Examine the civil war which led to the American Revolution. We there see anarchy without confusion, and governments abolished and established without spilling a drop of blood. Even the progress of civilization, when unattended by the blessings of civil liberty, produces many of the same effects. When Mr Hume wrote the excellent observations quoted by Mr Stewart, Europe had for more than a century been exempt from those general convulsions which try the moral character of nations, and ascertain their progress towards a more civilized mind. We have since been visited by one of the most tremendous of these tempests. Our minds are yet filled with the dreadful calamities, and the ambiguous and precarious benefits, which have sprung from it. The contemporaries of such terrific scenes are seldom in a temper to contemplate them calmly. * And yet, though the

* The Fourth Book of Sir T. More's Dialogue, quoted above, contains curious instances of the nature of such contemporary judge-

events of this age have disappointed the expectations of sanguine benevolence concerning the state of civilization in Europe,

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ments, to which the admirable character of that great man gives a peculiar importance. He was so deeply impressed by the horrors of the revolt of the Saxon peasants, that he considers the Lutherans as necessarily anarchists and rebels, who think '*all rule and authority only tyranny.* Now, was thys doctrine in Almayne of the comen uplandish people so plesauntly harde that it blinded them,—and there gathered them together a boisterous company of that unhappy Sect, and first rebelled against an Abbot, and after against a Byshop; wherewyth the temporal Lords had good game and sport,—tyll those uplandish Lutherans set also upon the temporal Lords, and then they slew upon the point of LXX. thousand Lutherans in one somer, and subdued the remanant in that part of Almayne to a right myserable servitude.'

He goes on to inform his countrymen, that, of the 'same ungracious Sect,' were those who perpetrated so many atrocities at the sack of Rome, under the constable of Bourbon, who, among other enormities, '*would rost a child to dethe, the father and mother lokynge on.*' In the next Chapter, he warns the readers, that these were not the usual outrages of war. '*In the Lutheranys, the sect itself is the cause of the malice.*' The rise of the Lutherans, Sir T. regards as 'a great token that the world is nere at an end:' and after calling them 'a *bestly sect,*' far more abominable than ancient Heretics, and even than Mahometans,' he adds, 'that *the chyefteyns of these execrable heresyes both teake and use more sensuall and lycentyous lyvynge than ever did Machomet.*'

When he comes, however, formally to consider the 'BURNEYNGE OF HERETYKES,' we discover some symptoms of his excellent nature, and of the liberal opinions of his youth. He struggles hard to represent the burning of heretics as a mere punishment of rebellion. 'The fere of these outrages, and myscheves to folowe upon such sects, with the profe that we have had in some countrees thereof, have been the cause that prynces and people have been constrayned to punnysh heretykes by terrible dethe.' 'While they forbare vyolence there was little vyolence done to them.' At length comes a maxim of toleration, so extensive and bold that it is put into the mouth of another speaker in the Dialogue. '*By my soule, said your frende, I wold all the world were all agreed to take all vyolence and compulsion away, uppon all sydys, Crysten and Hethen, and that no man were constrayned to byleve but as he cold be by grace, wisdom, and good workys enduced; and then he that wolde go to God, go on a Goddys name, and he that wyll go to the Devyll, the Devyll go with hym!*' As truth would prevail over falsehood, Sir Thomas allows that this would be a tolerable compromise with Heathens or Mahometans. 'Where *there be many mo to be wonne to Cryste on that syde than to be lost from hym on this syde.*' 'And

dispassionate posterity will probably decide that *it has stood* the test of general commotions, and proved its progress by their comparative mildness. One period of phrenzy was, indeed, horribly distinguished, perhaps beyond any equal time in history, by popular massacres and judicial murders, among a people peculiarly susceptible of a momentary fanaticism. It was followed by a war in which one party contended for universal dominion, and all the rest struggled for existence. But how soon did the ancient laws of war between European adversaries resume their ascendant, which had indeed been suspended more in form than in fact! How slight are the traces which the atrocities of faction and the manners of twenty years invasion and conquest have left on the sentiments of Europe! On a review of the disturbed period of the French Revolution, the mind is struck by the disappearance of classes of crimes which have often attended such convulsions—no charge of poison—few assassinations properly so called—no case hitherto authenticated of secret execution. If any crimes of this nature can be proved, the truth of history requires that the proof should be produced. But those who assert them without proof, must be considered as calumniating their age, and bringing into question the humanizing effects of order and good government.

But to return for a moment longer to Machiavel. The dispute about the intention of his *Prince* has thrown into shade the merit of his discourses on Livy. The praise bestowed on them by Mr Stewart is scanty. That 'they furnish lights to the school of Montesquieu' is surely inadequate commendation. They are the first attempts in a new science—the philosophy of history; and, as such, they form a brilliant point in the progress of reason. For this Lord Bacon commends him. 'The 'form of writing which is the fittest for this variable argument 'of negociation, is that which Machiavel chose wisely and aptly 'for Government, namely, discourse upon histories or exam-'ples; for, knowledge drawn freshly, and in our view, out of 'particulars, findeth its way best to particulars again; and it

'yet, as to *heretykes* rysynge among ourselfe, they should be in nowyse 'suffered, but *to be oppressed and overwhelmed in the begynnynge*; for we 'cannot wynne to Cryst one the mo though we wonne them all home 'agayne, for they were our owne before.' Distrusting this notable argument, however, he returns to the more decent plea of self-defence. 'Never were they, by any temporal punyshment of their 'bodyes, any thynge sharpely handled, tyll that they began to be 'vyolent themselfe.'

In five years after this publication, Sir Thomas More was put to death on the same pretence of resistance to authority.

'hath much greater life on practice when the discourse attend-'eth upon the example, than when the example attendeth upon 'the discourse.' It is observable, that the Florentine Secretary is the only modern writer who is named in that part of 'the advancement of learning which relates to civil knowledge.' The apology of Albericus Gentilis for the morality of the 'Prince,' has been often quoted, and is certainly weighty as a testimony, when we consider that the writer was born within twenty years of the death of Machiavel, and educated at no great distance from Florence. It is somewhat singular, that the context of this passage should never have been quoted. 'To the know-'ledge of history,' says Albericus, 'must be added that part 'of philosophy which treats of morals and politics;—for this is 'the soul of history, which explains the causes of the actions 'and sayings of men, and of the events which befal them:— 'and on this subject I am not afraid to name Nicholas Machia-'vel, as the most excellent of all writers, in his golden Observa-'tions on Livy. He is the writer whom I now seek, because 'he reads history not with the eyes of a grammarian, but with 'those of a philosopher.'† The book on Embassies from which the above passage is extracted, is dedicated to Sir Philip Sidney, who about the same time had two books dedicated to him by Jordano Bruno, long protected in his house, which he left from a quarrel with Greville. Our readers know that, many years after, Bruno was burnt alive at Rome, 'in order,' to use the atrocious words of Gaspar Scioppius, an applauding eye-witness, 'that he might tell in the other worlds which he had 'imagined, how the Romans treated blasphemers.' It is natural to find Sir Philip Sidney the patron of learned exiles; but it adds a new lustre to his fame, that he was the refuge even of extravagant and unintelligible sophists, for whose writings he could have no respect, when the sacred right of free inquiry was violated in their persons.

We do not remember the argument against the modern theory of utility ascribed by Mr Stewart to Buchanan. Among modern moralists, utility always signifies the interest of all men. In Buchanan, and perhaps in all writers before the eighteenth century, it denotes the private utility of the individual, and requires an enlarging epithet to give it a different signification. But the mention of Buchanan excites our regret that Mr Stewart should have excluded from his plan the history of those questions respecting the principles and forms of government,

† Alb. Gent. de Legat. Lib. III. c. 9. Lond. 1585. '*In lectione* '*historicâ non grammatizet, sed philosophetur.*'

which form one of the principal subjects of political philosophy properly so called. No writer could have more safely trusted himself in that stormy region. He was much less likely to have been tainted by its turbulence, than to have composed it by the serenity of his philosophical character. Every history of the other parts of moral and political science is incomplete, unless it be combined with that of political opinion: the link which, however unobserved, always unites the most abstruse of ethical discussions with the feelings and affairs of men. The moral philosophy of Hobbes was made for his political system—and that again arose from the state of his country in his time. Every part of the works of Locke have a certain reference, more or less palpable, to the circumstances of his age; without perceiving which, it is not easy to seize the spirit, or to estimate the merit, of that excellent man. If Mr Stewart had not denied us the gratification of seeing this subject also treated by his pen, we should have seen (what is a want in philosophical history) a just account of the *monarchomists* of the sixteenth century;—of whom, one school depressed Kings in order to exalt the Pope; and another, with an admirable spirit, if not always with accurate philosophy, prescribed bounds to civil power, and justified revolt against tyranny. Among the latter were Buchanan, Althusen, and Hubert Languet another friend of Sir Philip Sidney, and an example that the champion of every sort of liberty, philosophical, religious or civil, found a natural protector in his generous mind.

The numerous Italian innovators of that age, Telesio, Patritius, Pomponatius, Campanella, &c. are, as far as we know them, chiefly worthy of being now noticed, as a proof that the revolt against Aristotle and the schools had been maintained for near a century before Bacon; to whom we do not so much owe the zeal of the Insurrection as the wisdom of the Reformation. But as there now happens to lie before us one of the rarest works of Pomponatius, we shall state in a very few words its singular contents. It is a treatise 'on Incantations, or on the wonderful effects of merely natural causes.'* It is a philosophical theory of alchemy, magic, astrology, divination, and the gift of miracles and prophesyings. The facts which attest the existence of all these appear to him too numerous and well attested to be reasonably disputed. But as he, on the other hand, excludes all supernatural agency, either of benevolent or malignant beings, he refers these phenomena to the power of physi-

* Pomponatius de Incantat.—Basil, 1556—thirty years after the author's death.

cal causes hitherto not diligently observed. The heavenly bodies, of which the revolutions influence all terrestrial things, may, in his opinion, be supposed also to affect the constitution of the body and mind of man. Their influence may be greatest at the moment of birth, but they may also exercise great power at certain moments during life. Individuals most strongly affected by this agency, may thus naturally acquire the power of producing effects which seem to other men supernatural. All talents and powers were, according to him, the result of the disposition of the elements which compose our body, which was itself regulated by the action of the celestial spheres: Whoever knows that action, may foresee all future events, because they depend on it,—and may acquire those extraordinary powers which it confers. It was his opinion, that astrology was perfectly conformable to reason and experience; and this ingenious peripatetic does not doubt, 'that one man may transform his fellow men into wolves or hogs.' These follies may deserve to be once mentioned, as an instance of that pernicious flexibility which belongs to all extreme generalizations; by which they may be rendered compatible, in the same individual, with the boldest scepticism and the most childish credulity. Such generalities are indeed only reconcileable with every thing, because they mean nothing.

Has Mr Stewart seized the characteristic feature which gives Montaigne a place in the history of philosophy? Not certainly his philosophical discoveries, for he has made none; nor the justness of his opinions, which may be often questioned; nor the dramatic egotism with which he paints himself, and pours forth those easy boldnesses of expression which seem to belong to a more picturesque and nervous language than modern French. These are great, but not properly philosophical merits. But he seems to have a distinct character as a philosopher. As Machiavel was the first who discussed grave questions in a vulgar tongue, and created a philosophy of history; so Montaigne was the first conspicuous writer who, in a modern language, philosophized on the common concerns of men, and the ordinary subjects of private reflexion and conversation. The degree which nature claims in the diversity of talent, the efficacy of education, the value of the learned languages, the usages of society, the passions that actuate private life, the singular customs of different nations, are the subjects chiefly handled in his Essays. In the period from Socrates to Plutarch, such questions had been well treated before. But Montaigne was evidently the founder of popular philosophy in modern times. That his house was the only unfortified country house of a gentleman in France,

is a remarkable instance of the universal insecurity which prevailed at the accession of Henry the Fourth. The grossness of his anecdotes is, no doubt, to be mainly imputed to the coarseness which still belonged to the gentry. But it may in part also be ascribed to the infancy of the art of writing in a generally spoken language. Authors had not yet discovered that the same degree of indelicacy is shocking in our own tongue, which they had long indulged without notice in their barbarous Latin; —where the words being unusual, did not seem so gross, and where they were not understood by women, whose delicacy the grossest men desire in some measure to preserve.

We are somewhat surprized at finding it more than once intimated in the present Discourse, that the progress of the fame of Bacon was slow, both at home and abroad. We must distinguish between his Fame and his Philosophy. That the philosophical spirit which he excited should be slowly diffused, and his rules of investigation still more slowly followed in practice, seem necessary consequences of their nature. 'His philoso-'phy,' says D'Alembert, 'was too wise to astonish;—he there-'fore founded no sect.' But, that his fame in every department was not immediately established, and his genius acknowledged and revered, we cannot find any satisfactory reason for believing. We have seen, that Harvey's doubt of his philosophical merit was treated by contemporaries as a singularity. The silence of Hakewell amounts to little. His book is an attempt to defend the more singular side, in one of those questions which were hackneyed in the schools; such as—whether the world decayed—whether women were equal to men, &c.—in which he labours to perform his part in the disputation, by every sort of theological, historical, or philosophical argument, that his ingenuity could devise, or his recollection supply. As an ingenious disputant, he must have fallen upon some reasons similar to the principles of Bacon—which he places among his other topics, but with no steady view of the laws which determine the progress of knowledge and of society. From the foundation of the Royal Society, Mr Stewart regards his fame as fixed. Now the Philosophical Society, which became Royal at the Restoration, began its meetings about the beginning of the Civil war, which was only a few years after Bacon's death. We have not many writers of note in the intermediate time. Mr Stewart himself has referred to the language of Sir Kenelm Digby; and he has quoted a noble panegyric on Bacon's eloquence, and an affecting tribute to his character, by Ben Johnson; unquestionably the most eminent writer of that period, and whom tradition represents as one of the translators of the

Advancement of Learning into Latin. It is very observable, that Johnson speaks also of his most thorny work, the Novum Organum, which he says 'really openeth all defects of learning 'whatsoever.'* James Howell, the noted letter-writer, has an account of Bacon's death; whom, after other praises, he calls 'a 'man of recondite science, born for the salvation of learning, 'and, I think, the eloquentest that was born in this Isle.' Sir Henry Wotton, one of the most accomplished men of his time, wrote his epitaph; where he is called 'the Light of the Sciences:' thus selecting his philosophical merit, as a higher or better known distinction than his rank or station. Francis Osborn, one of those collectors of literary talk who are no bad reporters of general opinion, often speaks of Bacon. Among other curious particulars, he gives us the only information which we possess of one species of knowledge displayed by him in conversation. 'My memory doth not direct me towards an example 'more splendid in this kind than the Lord Bacon, who in all 'companies did appear a good proficient, if not a master, in 'those arts entertained for the subject of every one's discourse. 'His most casual talk deserveth to be written. As I have been 'told, his first copies required no great labour to render them 'competent for the nicest judgment. I have heard him enter-'tain a country Lord in the proper terms relating to hawks and 'dogs; and at another time out-cant a London chirurgeon. 'Nor did an easy falling into arguments appear less an orna-'ment in him. The ears of his hearers received more gratifi-'cation than trouble; and were no less sorry when he came to 'conclude, than displeased with any who did interrupt him.— 'All which rendered him no less necessary than admirable at the 'Council Table,—when, in reference to impositions, monopolies, '&c. the meanest manufactures were an usual argument; and in 'this he baffled the Earl of Middlesex, who was born and bred a 'citizen.' Osborn, it may be observed, though not a contem-

* These passages afford a new proof of the falsehood of those charges of niggardly and envious praise against Ben Johnson, which have just been finally confuted in the preface to Mr Gifford's excellent edition. That preface contains a most extraordinary instance of the danger of relying on second-hand evidence. Every English compilation for the last fifty years, including those which are now issuing from the press, quotes a sentence, with a parallel between the excellent qualities of Shakespeare and the odious vices of Johnson, as being part of the account which Drummond of Hawthornden gives of Ben. No such sentence is in Drummond's otherwise unfriendly account. It was first ascribed to him by a man of the name of Shiell, in a book called Cibber's Lives of the Poets.

porary, writes from the tradition of Bacon's time. His most considerable work, indeed, was so far from being disregarded, that it received the homage of vehement opposition. 'They would 'have cashiered Bacon's Advancement of Learning,' says Osborn, 'as an *heretical* and impertinent piece, *but for an invin-* 'cible strength of contrary judgments that came to his rescue from 'beyond the sea.' In another place, he tells us, that Queen Elizabeth had been prejudiced against Raleigh, 'for sailing a- 'loof from the beaten track of the schools, as being both against 'God and her father's honour, whose faith (if he owed any) was 'grounded on School divinity. Whereupon she chid him; *and* 'he was ever after branded with the title of an Atheist, though a 'known asserter of God and Providence. A like censure fell upon 'Venerable Bacon, till overbalanced by a greater weight of glory 'from strangers.'

From these last observations of Osborn, we may be tolerably assured that the fame of Bacon had speedily pervaded the Continent. Gassendi called his reformation a heroic enterprise. Latin versions of his works were published repeatedly in Holland and Germany, before the end of the century, with epithets of praise, which, if applied to any other person, would have been hyperbolical. The letters of Grotius prove the estimation in which he was held by the highest class of writers. And in France, where his celebrity is said only to have begun at the publication of the *Encyclopedie*, we find the Abbé Gallois, in one of the first Numbers of the earliest Literary Journal, speak of him as we should now—'It may be said that 'this great Chancellor is one of those who have most contri- 'buted to the advancement of the sciences.' (*Journal des Sçavans*, 8. *Mars*, 1666.) The context of this passage, published in the year of the establishment of the Royal Academy of Sciences, seems to show, that the experimental philosophers of France, as well there as of England, then considered Bacon as their master. Twenty years before the *Encyclopedie*, Voltaire calls Bacon 'the Father of Experimental Philosophy;' though he blames his countrymen for that partiality toward him, which led them to place so small a work as the History of Henry the Seventh on a level with Thuanus.

That Des Cartes never read Bacon, is an assertion of *Thomas* (in his Eloge de Des Cartes) which very naturally excites the surprise and scepticism of Mr Stewart. 'Some authors assure us,' says Thomas, 'that Des Cartes had not read the works of Ba- 'con; and he himself tells us, in one of his letters, that he read 'those of Galileo at a very late period.' It seems evident from

this passage, however incredible it may appear, that Thomas, when about to compose a professed panegyric on Des Cartes, had not deigned to examine either the * Letters of that great philosopher, or his Life † by Baillet, the obvious and authentic sources of information respecting his studies and his personal history. 'Des 'Cartes was at Paris,' says Baillet, 'in 1626,' (several years before the publication of his philosophical works), when he received the news of the 'death of Bacon. ‡ This news sen- 'sibly affected all those who aspired to the reestablishment of 'true philosophy, and who knew that Bacon had been en- 'gaged in that great design for several years.'—'We see, in 'several parts of his Letters, that he did not disapprove the me- 'thod of Bacon.' Des Cartes visited London in 1631; and in 1633 he writes from his retreat in Holland to his Parisian correspondent, Father Mersenne, that he wished to see '*A* '*History of the Appearances of the Heavenly Bodies, according* '*to* the VERULAMIAN METHOD, *without reasons or hypotheses.*' In another letter about the same time, he says—'I have little 'to add, respecting experiments, to what Verulam has said,' &c. Bacon is spoken of in other places; but these are sufficient. Nor does M. Thomas seem much more exact in what regards Galileo. It is certain, that in Des Cartes's journey into Italy, he did not visit that illustrious man. The letter of Des Cartes, which is supposed to prove that he read Galileo's works at a late period, is limited to some disputes respecting Mechanical Discoveries and Optical Inventions, which Des Cartes vindicates himself from having taken, without acknowledgment, from Galileo. If Thomas had read that letter, he would hardly have omitted all mention of a circumstance so very remarkable, as the general disrespect with which it speaks of the illustrious Tuscan, of whose merit the letter-writer was, or affected to be ignorant, after having read some of his works.—This ignorance, or affectation, would be commonly referred to jealousy or conscious plagiarisms,—the vulgar solution of all injustice between men of letters. But neither the character nor the genius of Des Cartes render this supposition probable in his case. Throughout all his writings, however, we see a dread of the animosity of the Church; a determination to sacrifice every collateral object for the security and undisturbed accomplishment of his philosophical reformation; and to conciliate and propitiate, by all possible concessions on other subjects, those

* Paris, 1663. † Paris, 1691.

‡ The language of Baillet is another proof of Bacon's fame in France, from 1626 to 1691.

who had the power of protecting or interrupting the quiet of his pursuit of science. Hence we find this bold innovator in philosophy the most submissive of all Catholics. Hence (notwithstanding our own predilections) his partiality for Aquinas, whom he called his guide and his favourite author. Hence, also, it probably proceeded, that in his correspondence with a Catholic Ecclesiastic, he may have been betrayed into some injustice towards a great philosopher, who had drawn the eyes of the Inquisition to the danger of modern discoveries. When he heard of the imprisonment of Galileo, he resolved to throw his manuscripts into the fire. We are as far as possible from insinuating, that a man of probity, like Des Cartes, could have been insincere in that warm language of piety of which his Letters are full. But his exclusive passion for a reformation in Philosophy, insensibly concurred with his religious sentiments, in turning his mind from men or subjects connected with the speculations alone capable of endangering his philosophical liberty, which, as he tells us, he would not exchange for all that kings had to offer.

Des Cartes, too, as well as Hobbes, was among the unreading philosophers, who avoided books, lest they might stand between them and nature. The former says, 'I study here intensely without a book.' It was the well-known saying of the latter, 'that if he had read as much as others, he might have been as ignorant.' They feared that reading might prevent them from thinking, and that they might enslave their understandings to those whose opinions they studied. At that time there was a natural excess of independent thinkers. But Bacon and Leibnitz preserved their originality, without the aid of this voluntary ignorance. There are even some subjects on which it is impossible to be new, without knowing what is old. No man could improve the general manner of philosophizing, or discover unobserved defects in a science, or, least of all, trace out the connexion of the various sciences, without that knowledge of past opinions and discoveries which Bacon brought to that undertaking.

That Des Cartes did perceive the total dissimilarity between the actions of the thinking principle, and any class of phenomena commonly called material,—and that Mr Locke agreed in the same observation, though neither always resisted the temptation of stating their illustrations with a vivacity which often seems to indicate a momentary confusion of intelligence with mechanism—we have always believed; and we are very much gratified by Mr Stewart's concurrence in the opinion;—perhaps it may have some influence on the extent of that com-

mendation to which he may think the opponents of (what they call) the Ideal theory justly entitled. It is not our present business to speak of the followers of Mr Locke. But we cannot help observing, that justice always requires that their physiological hypotheses should be perfectly detached from their theory of Mind. The general laws of thought which they lay down, may, and ought to be, examined, without any reference to the bodily changes with which these philosophers have chosen to connect them. On all systems, some changes in the corporeal organs precede thought. Into their nature no man has penetrated. But if it were perfectly known, it would not follow that the least light would be thrown on the intellectual functions. The Physiology might be complete, and the Philosophy of Mind might remain in utter darkness. Or the reverse might be truly said,—and should at least be considered by those who weigh the merit of modern Lockian philosophers.

It can scarcely be considered as a peculiar merit of Descartes, that he acknowledged the supreme and exclusive jurisdiction of Consciousness on all questions relating to the operations of the human mind. In the controversy respecting Liberty and Necessity, the only question at issue between the disputants related to a matter of fact on which they both appealed to the evidence of Consciousness—namely, whether, all previous circumstances being the same, the choice of man be not also at all times the same. Descartes, we are told, first exposed 'the logical error of attempting to define words which convey notions too simple *to admit of analysis.*' * But upon carefully examining the passages of Descartes and Locke here referred to, we cannot but think the latter philosopher entitled to claim this improvement. Descartes, in observing on his fundamental proposition 'I think—therefore I exist;' says, that he presupposes the notions of 'thought, existence and certainty, and that it is impossible for what thinks, not to exist;' † and that 'these notions, *most simple and known by themselves*, are obscured by attempts to define them.' Now this seems to us a cursory remark, carried no farther than was necessary to answer the objection which suggested it. Far from showing the impossibility of such definitions, Descartes scarcely ventures distinctly to *assert* it. His

* The want of the words in Italics in Descartes, and their full development in Locke, is what seems to deprive Descartes of a just claim to a real anticipation of Locke's important observation.

† A curious instance of presupposing the very point which he makes a show of proving. The same vicious circle, no doubt, runs through the whole; but here it shows itself most openly.

language is comparative and vague, relating to a degree of simplicity, not to a class of simple ideas. His examples are not taken from the perceptions of the external senses, but from those abstract or mental terms of which his proposition is composed. The utmost that can be granted is, that in seeking for a justification of a controverted proposition, he might have caught a faint and fugitive notion of the general truth. But the excellent passage in Locke arises from no controversy. It relates to a distinct class of ideas, called simple ideas; and demonstrates, that it is impossible to define them; because no words can convey them to him who has not the ideas previously; and because definition is analysis—and it is the distinctive character of these ideas, that they cannot be decompounded. Mr Locke takes examples from perceptions of external sense, such as colour and motion, which removes all ambiguity; and he considers the question only in that general survey of language, where it finds its place, and shows its full importance as a part of a system.

The Meditations of Descartes were undoubtedly the source of most of the controversies of a metaphysical nature, since the downfal of the Schoolmen. He was the antagonist of Gassendi. His more famous contemporary, Hobbes, was one of the objectors to the Meditations: * and Mr Locke again was principally excited by Hobbes and Descartes. Spinoza was the avowed follower of the latter, as well as Malebranche, who, through his scholar Norris, and perhaps Collier, may be regarded as the forerunner of Berkeley, from whom the opinions of Mr Hume, and the controversies to which they gave rise, immediately flowed. Descartes made an attempt to give a new system of all the sciences; an attempt excuseable only when lectures were the only means of instruction, and when one professor might have been obliged to conduct his pupil through the whole circle of education. In this impracticable plan, he is perhaps the only great metaphysician who was much more a Natural Philosopher than a Moralist. Of all subjects, he seems the least to have studied Ethics. The Moralist of the Cartesian School was Malebranche; whose Treatise on Morals † is distinguished by the ingenuity and originality of 'the Inquiry after Truth,' and by a stronger shade of that mysticism which naturally colours his Philosophy. It has a remarkable resem-

* He is the writer of the *Objectiones Tertiæ*, subjoined to the Meditations, where we discover the greater part of the peculiarities of his Philosophical System.

† Rotterdam and London, 1684.

blance to the general principles of a 'Disputation on Virtue,' by Jonathan Edwards, the acute and profound metaphysician of the North American Calvinists.

We must now return to a subject on which we most widely differ from Mr Stewart. The part of knowledge which relates to the strict duties of men and nations towards each other, according to the precise rules of justice, independent of all consideration of positive law, has been treated, in modern times, apart from General Ethics, on the one hand, and from the Municipal Institutions of any state on the other. The parts, or the whole of this science, have received many names,—the Law of Nature and Nations,—Public Law, International Law, &c. It arose from the Scholastic Philosophy; and its first dawn may be discovered about the middle of the sixteenth century in Spain. For some time before that period, the Schools had tended to more independence of opinion. Among other marks of it, we may observe, that the commentaries on the *Secunda* began to be succeeded by treatises '*de Justitiâ et Jure*,' in which the great Doctors of the Schools were indeed still cited, but which justified, in some measure, their assumption of a more independent title. That title, together with some degree of the independent spirit which it denoted, arose from the increasing study of the Roman Law,—a science which, as it treated many of the same questions with the Ethics of the Schools, naturally tended to rival their authority; and which, together with the casuistry rendered necessary by Auricular Confession, materially affected the character of this rising science, very long after its emancipation from the Schools. In the other cultivated countries of Europe, the Reformers of Religion and Philosophy had thrown off the Scholastic yoke. In Spain, the Schoolmen were left to their natural progress. *Francis de St Victoria*, frequently cited by Grotius, seems to have been the first man who acquired reputation by this study. He died a Professor of Salamanca, in 1546. His works we have never been able to procure. Of his scholar, *Dominic Soto*, we can speak with greater certainty, having perused his work 'de Justitiâ et Jure,' a book dedicated to the unfortunate Don Carlos; and which he desires may be called a *Carolopædia*. He was Confessor to Charles V., and was sent, as a Theologian, to the Council of Trent. His book, the substance of Lectures long delivered at Salamanca, was published there in 1560, in the sixty-second year of his age. It is a work which contains many symptoms of the improvements arising from the revival of letters, which had penetrated into the Spanish Schools. Among other positions, the following may be thought curi-

ous, though the very reasonable limitation be the part most peculiar to him, among the writers of that period. 'The King cannot be justly deprived of his kingdom by the Community, *unless* his government becomes tyrannical.' It ought not to be forgotten, for the honour of those now forgotten Jurists, that *Victoria* condemned the wars then waged by his countrymen against the Americans, under the pretext, or even for the purpose of spreading Christianity; and that Soto decided against the lawfulness of enslaving the same unhappy tribes, in a dispute, on that subject, between Sepulveda and Las Casas, of which the decision was left to him by the Emperor. What is still more remarkable, Dominic Soto was the first writer who condemned the African slave trade, and did honour to his new science, by employing its principles for the reprobation of that system of guilt and misery which his countrymen now almost singly strive to prolong. 'If the report,' says he, 'which 'has lately prevailed be true, that Portuguese traders entice 'the wretched natives of Africa to the coast by amusements, 'and presents, and every species of seduction and fraud, and 'compel them to embark in their ships as slaves;—neither 'those who have taken them, nor those who buy them from 'the takers, nor those who possess them, can have safe con-'sciences, until they manumit these slaves, however unable 'they may be to pay ransom.' *

In countries where a large body of men are professionally bound to give moral counsel, as the Catholic Clergy are in Auricular Confession, it is evident that they must be aided by books, and that these books, at any expense of philosophical justness, must reduce such cases to rules, which will enable very ordinary men to give prompt, brief and clear advice. Hence the rise of casuistry, and its greater influence in giving rise to this science of natural law, in the most Catholic of extensive monarchies. To this also may be added, that Spain, under Charles and Philip, having become the first military and political power in Europe, maintaining large armies, and carrying on long wars, was likely to be the first which felt the want of that more practical part of the law of nations which reduces war to some regularity, provides for the discipline of armies, and arranges the distribution of booty and spoil. The first long war in modern times,—that for the emancipation of Holland, produced a practical treatise on this part of the subject, by *Balthazar Ayala*, who appears to have been Judge Advocate

* Soto de Justitiâ et Jure, Lib. IV. Quæst. i. Art. 2.

of the Spanish army in Flanders.† The naval war between England and Spain probably contributed to direct the attention of Albericus Gentilis to the same subjects. He appears to have given opinions as Counsel in the cases of Spanish Claimants in English Courts of Prize, in consequence of which he wrote the earliest Reports of adjudged Cases in Maritime Law; a work which was in itself a proof that these studies were rising in practical importance, and that the materials accumulated, as well as the occasions of controversy, already required the hand of a writer of skill and authority.

The Belgic war may be said to have formed such a writer in the person of Grotius.* The causes of the revolt against Spain, turned his attention to the limits of authority, and the measures of submission. The long war in Flanders, showed the utility, to all parties, of rules for the mitigation of hostilities. The impudence with which the policy called Machiavelian, was professed by some of the Statesmen of that age, especially at the Court of Catharine de Medicis, excited his desire to vindicate against these odious sophists, the universal and inviolable authority of justice. The habits of his profession as a lawyer, and of his private studies as a classical scholar, had necessarily a powerful influence on the form and style of his work. The modern world had, in his time, too re-

† Two other of these early writers on the Law of War, Arias and Lupus, were also Spaniards.

* Albericus Gentilis was certainly the forerunner of Grotius. The opinion entertained, at the time, of the difference between them, will be best seen in the following words of Zouch, the pupil and successor of Gentilis at Oxford. 'He chiefly followed Albericus Gentilis and Hugo Grotius, of whom the former justifies all his positions by authorities of law, the latter tried his doctrines *by the test of reason.*'

Præfat. ad R. Zouch Juris Fecialis, sive Juris *inter Gentes* Explicatio, 1659. By the most learned contemporaries of Grotius, it was thought his distinction to have treated the Law of Nations in a philosophical spirit, and to have soared above the servile erudition of his predecessors. Zouch wrote before the appearance of Puffendorff. He was distinguished by talents as well as learning; and to him we owe the introduction of the term 'Law between Nations;' or, as it has been called by Helvetius, and Mr Bentham, 'International Law;' which steadily distinguishes the modern sense of 'Law of Nations,' from the acceptation of that phrase among the Roman lawyers, in whose language it denoted a system of those rules by which all men, except, perhaps, brutish savages, regulated, or professed to regulate, their actions.

cently emerged from disorder, to afford respectable examples; and it was not pedantry in him to confine himself to the venerated authorities of antiquity. The poets of one nation were then little known to any other; and he has quoted those of Greece and Rome,—too abundantly, indeed, as was the vice of his age; not, however, as arguments or authorities, but as the repositories of those moral sentiments with which civilized men had sympathized from age to age, and as silencing the immoral sophistry of unprincipled politicians, by the unanimous voice of mankind.

Grotius and Thuanus may be considered as two moral phenomena, of alike auspicious nature. Placed at the end of the sixteenth century, they both reviewed the age of blood which had just expired; not to palliate the enormities, or to exasperate the enmities of Protestants or Papists, but to teach both sects wisdom by the survey of their common calamities; and to persuade both to prepare a refuge for their posterity from the like misfortunes, by at length agreeing to lay the foundation of the still imperfect and unfinished system of religious liberty. Whether the tolerant spirit of Grotius arose principally from his experience of the evils of persecution, or from the mildness of his personal character, or from that connivance at religious differences, which began to be introduced by the policy of commerce into Holland, he seems, at all events, to have been the only conspicuous Protestant before the time of King William, who publicly comprehended Roman Catholics within his charity and toleration. His treatise on the Law of War appeared at the moment when war first ceased to be lawless. It is altogether an error to consider it as a philosophical work; and it is a consequence of this error, that it is tried by tests foreign to the author's purpose. Grotius was a classical scholar, a theologian, and, by his offices, what might be called a constitutional lawyer. In his age, the final victory of polite letters over the Schools kept alive some jealousy of very precise discrimination, as too nearly resembling Scholastic barbarism. The work of Grotius is entirely practical. Leibnitz indeed thought, that a philosophical treatise on this subject (which did not exist in his time, and does not exist in ours) might have been produced 'by the profound understanding of Hobbes, if he had not adopted principles fundamentally false; or by the judgment and learning of the incomparable Grotius, if he had not been distracted by the cares of a busy and unfortunate life.' * But

* Leibnitz—Letter to Molanus in 1700. In one of the late writings of Leibnitz, to which Mr Stewart ascribes the greatest autho-

though a purely practical work, it is entitled to a place in the history of Moral Philosophy, of which not the least important part is the influence of ethical reasonings on mankind. It is a manual of rules for making, conducting, and concluding war; in which, after such a cursory survey of the more general principles of morals as seemed to the author sufficient to illustrate the nature of law, and to establish the immutable distinction of right from wrong, he proceeds to inculcate the general adoption of the best usage introduced on these subjects in times then recent, and to persuade all nations to pursue it by reasons of justice, by considerations of interest, by the sanction of religion, as well as by its coincidence with the writings of the wisest men in all ages, and with the most famous examples of venerable antiquity.

Had it been a work professedly of science, it might be well charged with too slight a foundation of principle; with a confusion of the separate provinces of right and humanity, of reason and usage; and with a profusion of authorities, where a few would have left the true purpose for which they were cited more visible. But it may be doubted, whether nicer distinction and more sparing citation, would not, in his own time, have weakened the practical efficacy and persuasive power of the work. It first presented to kings and statesmen the concurrent testimony of all whom they had been accustomed to reverence—historians, poets, orators, philosophers, divines, schoolmen, lawyers ancient and modern, christian and pagan, of all creeds and nations and ages, to the wisdom and reasonableness of abstaining from unjust and even unprofitable wars; of conducting hostility with no unnecessary harshness; of observing faith, and exercising mercy; and of eagerly returning to peace. Perhaps the impression then made by the display of the universal homage rendered to these simple principles, (of which a naked proof might seem superfluous), has contributed to that reverence for them which has since distinguished the European nations above the rest of mankind. That the book of Grotius became the companion of Gustavus Adolphus during the war undertaken by that virtuous hero for civil and religious liberty, is a very striking proof of its extraordinary fitness for its purpose. A purely philosophical work of the highest excellence might have distracted his mind from his great end. Perhaps no work can be named of equally extensive practical effects, till the appearance of the Spirit of Laws.

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rity, we see his opinion of the capacity of Grotius: And the value of his commendation is certainly enhanced by the discriminating terms applied to Hobbes and Grotius.

The name of Grotius gave a lustre to this part of knowledge for more than a century. His successors rather derived credit from his name, than improved the science which he left them. About forty years after the appearance of the treatise on the Law of War, Puffendorff followed, on nearly the same subject, though evidently treading in the footsteps of Hobbes. And without adopting the judgment of Leibnitz, that Puffendorff was 'very little a lawyer, and not at all a philosopher,' it may be truly said, that as his work made pretensions to a scientific character, and had very little either of that literature or eloquence, or familiarity with the details of controversy between States, which could give it any species of practical character, he has much less excuse than Grotius for laying insecure foundations; and is more reprehensible for the confusion of discordant matters. From him, however, in consequence of his more scholastic form, rather than from Grotius, flowed those innumerable abridgements of Natural Law, which occupied the European universities till very modern times. Vattel, a diffuse, unscientific and superficial, but clear and liberal writer, still maintains his place as the most convenient abridgement of a part of knowledge which calls for the skill of a new builder.

It is chiefly on account of the moderate abilities of the greater part of the followers of Grotius, that their number and influence are observable circumstances in the condition of Europe. That great writers should impel and direct public opinion, is the ordinary course of things. Since Grotius, however, none of this class of writers could have such pretensions. Yet, from the peace of Munster to the French Revolution, writers on this subject incessantly succeeded each other. It became a principal part of the education of all politicians; the treatises concerning it were appealed to by all Sovereigns and States in their controversies; it was thought an advantage by the most powerful and ambitious prince to have them on his side; and whatever was positive and practical in those systems, whatever regulated the conduct and rights of individuals under the general usage of European war, was adopted by the tribunals of one country from the writers and courts of foreign and even hostile communities. No other age of the world had witnessed such an appearance (if it should be thought no more) of respect from the mighty to the private reason of the humble and obscure teachers of justice. The opinion of men without power or office, or even superior genius, was appealed to by conquering monarchs, discussed by statesmen, and never publicly disregarded, but by those who had renounced all pretensions to the exterior of morality. Moral appearances are always important realities. The very act of ap-

parent submission to such humble authorities by the rulers of the world, implies improvement, and produces much more. Divested of all extraordinary claims on public deference, and having little advantage but that likelihood of right opinion which arises from the absence of interest and passion, the respect shown to them could proceed only from a growing reverence for that justice which they taught. Every such appeal was a lesson taught by the sovereign to his subjects, of the homage due from both alike to the supreme authority of Reason. These were among the means which rendered the public opinion of Europe an arbiter of some authority in the disputes of States, and in the controversies of Princes with their subjects. Combined with the secure independence enjoyed in the same period by the smallest states, under the protection of the balanced strength and mutual jealousy of the greater, with the right of asylum practically granted to all political and religious refugees, with the right of free discussion exerted against their oppressors by those refugees, in the free and Protestant countries of England and Holland, it formed so effective a control on tyranny at home and conquest abroad, that it was scarcely any longer a metaphor to call Europe a commonwealth, in which the energy arising from national distinction was reconciled with the order and safety of general laws. Even the confusion of different subjects under the same general title,* gave to the moral exhortations of private jurists somewhat of the weight belonging to the opinion of a lawyer on real cases of positive law. The degree of respect shown to their authority, served in some degree as a measure not only of the morality of statesmen, but of the general happiness of the times. It decreased as violence and insecurity prevailed. In our times, it began to be openly renounced in the most wretched period of rage and fear. Furious enthusiasm, or uncontrolled despotism, for a time seemed to have banished it from Christendom.

* To show how the confusion ought to be rectified, would be to draw an outline of at least two very important Treatises;—of which one, relating to the Proper *Law* between Nations, is at the present moment a very great *desideratum*. But, without now entering on so unseasonable a task, we may observe, that Mr Stewart seems to us to lay somewhat too much stress on this confusion.—What shall be said of the very distinct sciences comprehended under the common name of Moral Philosophy in our Scottish Universities? But if this should be thought too local an observation, what definition of Natural Philosophy will, on the one hand, distinguish it from Chemistry, and, on the other, comprehend all the branches taught under [illegible] Philosophy throughout Europe?

If it has been resisted in quiet and free countries, it has only been with regard to those ambiguous acts to which the apprehension of great danger might have tempted even such communities. With a slight alteration in the saying of a philosopher, we may truly say, that no man ever became an enemy to the law of nations till that law had first been his enemy.

With these opinions, we cannot but wonder, and even somewhat regret, that Mr Stewart should have so far departed from the usual mildness and wariness of his equitable judgments; as, in speaking of these writers, to say, that, '*notwithstanding all* '*their industry and learning, it would be very difficult to name* '*any class of writers, whose labours have been of less utility to* '*the world.*' (Disc. 131.) It would be more just, in our opinion, to have said, that notwithstanding the mediocrity of their general talents, and their frequent offences against the order of science, it would be difficult to name any class of writers, whose labours have been of more utility to the world. To promote the civilization of mankind, by contributing to diffuse a reverence for the principles of justice, is certainly far more useful to the world, and (if that inferior object were worthy of notice) indirectly even more useful to science itself, than to make any addition, however splendid, to the stock of knowledge. A class of writers, remote from power, without sympathy for ambition, and happily disabled by inexperience from making allowance for the real exigencies of State necessity, addressing themselves to the great body of readers, similarly circumstanced and disposed with themselves, and expecting all their credit and popularity from the approbation of that important and daily increasing body, became necessarily the advocates of liberal principles, and the preachers of strict justice between all nations. In this manner, they became, as Mr Stewart states, the forerunners of the beneficent science of political economy,—spreading the same spirit which it breathes, and reaching, with a sort of practical coarseness, some of its results,—though their reasonings did not, we conceive, lead by any logical process to the establishment even of its first principles. The connexion is rather historical than philosophical. But at all times they carried on that avowed war against the policy (we think harshly) called Machiavelian, which was solemnly declared by Grotius in almost the concluding sentiment of his work—'That doctrine 'can have no permanent utility, which renders man the enemy 'of his fellow-men.'*

* 'Non potest diu prodesse doctrina quæ hominem hominibus in-'sociabilem facit.' Grotius de Jure Bel. et Pac. Lib. III. cap. xxv. *et ult.*—'Monita ad fidem et ad pacem.'

It is with considerable regret, that we find ourselves precluded, by time and space, from throwing the most cursory glance over the writings of Hobbes,* who fills so great a station in metaphysical history; a profound and original thinker, distinguished by a fearless consistency in following every principle through its logical consequences; whose diction is perhaps the most perfect example of the union of clearness and brevity on abstruse subjects, and in proposing new opinions,—but whose discourse of human nature is probably the work of man, which, without the circle of mathematical knowledge, has the smallest number of ambiguous or unnecessary words. In the Philosophy of Understanding, he has doubtless anticipated the greater part of those speculations, which are presented as discoveries by his successors. In that which regards the sentient and active part of human nature, he has set out from principles, or rather assumptions, so utterly false, as to contract and debase his Ethics, and to render his Politics a mere system of slavery. Should we be so happy as to meet Mr Stewart, when, in the sequel of this Discourse, he renders that justice to Locke, which there has been of late a disposition to deny to that incomparable person, we may have again an opportunity to consider the writings of Hobbes, undoubtedly the mine from which Mr Locke extracted part of his treasure;—and if ever a contrast between the intellect and character of two great philosophers can be instructive, it seems to be in that which is so striking between the mode and spirit in which Hobbes and Locke have cultivated the same science, and sometimes expounded the same truths. We are told by Mr Stewart, that 'the theory so fashionable at 'present, which resolves the whole of Morality into the princi-'ple of *Utility*, is more nearly akin to Hobbism than some of 'its partisans are aware of.' (Disc. 138.) 'It is curious to 'observe,' says he in another place, 'how nearly Hobbes and 'Locke set out from the same assumptions, though they differ 'so widely in their practical conclusions.' (Disc. 62.) There is one sense in which the first of these observations must be al-

* Hobbes is to be added to the number of those philosophers who have exerted imagination in their censure of Imagination. In one passage he condemns metaphors in very strongly metaphorical language. 'But for metaphors they are utterly to be excluded: For 'seeing *they openly profess deceit, to admit them into counsel* or rea-'soning, were absolute folly.'—*Leviath*, p. 1. c. 8. The truth is, that a writer will seldom be quoted whose mind is so mutilated as to want an imagination which will force the way, like Hobbes, in metaphorical objections to metaphors; or like Malebranche, in ungrateful hostility against fancy; or like Rousseau, in eloquent declamation against the arts, without sparing eloquence itself.

lowed to be more absolutely just than it is represented to be. It is that in which Leibnitz regards many ethical systems which hold very different language, as being no more than modifications of a principle differing only in name from that of Utili-
'ty. The next question,' says he, 'is, whether the preservation
'of human society be the principle of the law of nature. *
'This the excellent writer denies, in opposition to Grotius,
'who founds the obligation of that law in its tendency to
'maintain society;—to Hobbes, who derives it from mutual
'fear;—and to Cumberland, who derives it from mutual bene-
'volence;—both which last systems are equally resolvable into
'its tendency to preserve society.'

The theory of talent, and the various forms of intellectual character, an equally important and imperfectly cultivated subject, leads Mr Stewart to observe, that the distinction of Locke between wit and judgment, is substantially the same with that of Malebranche between the sound sense which discerns real differences, and the superficial thinker who imagines or supposes resemblances; and, finally, with that of Bacon, who says, that 'the great and radical division of minds, *in relation to philoso-*
'*sophy and the sciences*, is into the Acute, who can discover the
'smallest shade of difference—and the Sublime and Discursive,
'who recognize the slender resemblances of things the most
'unlike.'

But it seems to us, that no two of these distinctions relate precisely to the same subject. Those of Bacon and Malebranche agree in being applied to the reasoning powers, and to their employment in the pursuit of truth. The distinction is expressly so limited by Bacon; and the words of Malebranche, where he speaks of 'supposing resemblances' as the vice of 'shallow intellects,' clearly imply the same limitation. Malebranche contrasts the healthy state of reason with its chief disease. The division of Lord Bacon is into the two grand classes of merely intellectual power—the acute and the comprehensive understanding; of which last he is himself the most sublime example that human nature has yet exhibited—by the wide range of his reason, independent of all consideration of his splendid imagination, which was only the minister and interpreter of what Leibnitz calls his '*divine ge-*
nius.' † The distinction of Locke appears to us to be entirely of another kind. It is not like that of Bacon—the description

* The Law of Nature, here, evidently is coextensive with Morality. The passage is in the Letter to Molanus, cited above, and written in 1700.

† '*Divini Ingenii* Vir, Franciscus Bacon de Verulamio.'

of two sorts of intellect, both confined to objects of science;—nor like that of Malebranche, a mere contrast between cursory and patient observers. It is a discrimination between the two powers of Wit and Judgment. It is so far from being limited to philosophizing, like the two others, that one of the members is totally without the province of Philosophy. Wit can never have any influence on reasoning, but to disturb it. The titles of the chapter and section of Locke, of which the last is 'The Difference between Wit and Judgment,' manifestly point to a distinction between mental powers essentially different, and employed for different purposes. In all but the terms, it corresponds to the distinction of Hobbes (Hum. Nat. c. 10.) between Fancy and Judgment. But, says Hobbes, 'both Fancy and Judgment are comprehended under the name of Wit.' This word has indeed, in the course of two centuries, passed through more significations than most others in our language. Without going farther back than the reign of James I., wit is used by Sir J. Davies as the most general name for the intellectual faculties, of which reason, judgment, wisdom, &c. are subdivisions. (Immort. of Soul, sect. XXV.) In the time of Cowley and Hobbes, it came to denote a superior degree of understanding, and more particularly a quick and brilliant reason. In the famous description of facetiousness by Barrow, the greatest proof of mastery over language ever given by an English writer, Wit seems to have retained the acceptation of intellectual superiority. In Dryden's character of Lord Shaftesbury, it has the same signification; and is very nearly synonymous with the modern words Talent or Ability. But, in the course of forty years from the publication of Hobbes, to that of Locke, it had come to denote that particular talent which consists in lively and ingenious combinations of thought. In Mr Addison's papers on Wit, we find an approach to the modern sense of the term. To Mr Locke's account, which he adopts with warm commendation, he expressly adds, (what was perhaps implied in Mr Locke's language), that it must be such 'an assemblage of ideas as will give delight and *surprise*.' From a shade in the meaning of this last word, has gradually arisen that more limited sense of *ludicrous surprise*, which seems now an essential part of the import of wit, except where some of its more ancient significations are revived by epithets, or preserved in phrases which have descended from former times.

Having mentioned Mr Addison, in this Discourse very beautifully called the English Fenelon, we cannot refrain from expressing our satisfaction at the justice rendered by Mr Stewart to the admirable Essays on the Pleasures of Imagination. Perhaps they may deserve a still more ample consideration, when

he comes to consider the philosophy of the eighteenth century, in which they seem to have opened a new path of speculation. If we are to measure the previous progress by the notes on Boileau's Longinus, the most eminent writer who had treated a similar subject about the same time, we must allow that Mr Addison has made a step in philosophy. We are not indeed aware, that any writer before him had classed together the pleasures of contemplating beauty in nature and the arts, or had distinguished that class of sentiments from the pleasures of sense, as well as those attendant on the exertion of the understanding; or had set the example of classifying them by subdivision, under such heads as Novelty, Beauty and Sublimity. His own claim to originality may indeed be received as a proof of its justice. The modesty of his character, the result of the purity of his taste, as well as of his virtue, is an ample security against undue pretensions. 'The Characteristics' had indeed been published a very short time before: but the moral colour of that ingenious and often beautiful work, rather rendered it more difficult to distinguish and separate the pleasures of imagination, which were lost in the splendour of a stronger light.

Soon after the time of Mr Addison, the application of philosophy, to what he called the pleasures of imagination, became a favourite pursuit in the several countries of Europe. In this country, it was cultivated by a long succession of ingenious writers, of whom some, and these the greatest men of their age, are in this province the disciples of Mr Addison. On a subject of a very different nature, the two hundred and eighty-seventh Number of the Spectator may be recommended to the perusal of those who doubt the vigour and the originality of Mr Addison's understanding. 'That form of government,' says he, 'appears to me the most reasonable, which is most conformable to the equality that we find in human nature, provided it be consistent with public peace.'—'It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity; and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk into the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who *grovel* under it, have many tracks of light. Riches and plenty are the natural effects of liberty; and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately

'lift up their heads and flourish.‡ Ease and plenty are the 'great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic 'governments of the world have neither of them, they are na-'turally overrun with ignorance and barbarity.' The seeds of curiosity scattered abroad by the Essay of Mr Locke, who had recalled the busy and the lettered to those inquiries from which they had been scared by the odious opinions and haughty dogmatism of Hobbes, began thus early, in the minds of ingenious men, to produce the fruits of a liberal philosophy on government, as well as of elegant speculation concerning literature and the arts.

'Among the Divines who appeared at this era, it is impossible to pass over in silence the name of Barrow, whose theological works (adorned throughout by classical erudition, and by a vigorous though unpolished eloquence), exhibit in every page marks of the same inventive genius which, in Mathematics, has secured to him a rank second alone to that of Newton. As a writer he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterizes his manner, is a certain air of powerful and of conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes.' Disc. 69.

We quote this equally discriminating and beautiful passage, not for the unnecessary purpose of praise; nor assuredly with any view to dispute it; nor for the sake of vindicating Barrow from a contradiction imputed to him by Mr Stewart in the subsequent page, between two passages, in one of which he represents 'inordinate self-love' as the parent of most vices, while in the other he allows, that 'a self-love working for what is finally beneficial, will be allowed by common sense,' which, we must fairly own, appears to us to be no contradiction at all, but a just statement of two equally important and perfectly reconcileable truths. But we take the occasion supplied by this quotation, to express our wonder that we should find no mention of another English Divine, who seems to us by his genius, by the singularities of his ethical writings, and by the vicissitudes of his reputation, to deserve a place in the history of moral philosophy. We advert to Jeremy Taylor, who, though he survived the Restoration, belonged to an older school than Barrow. Of unbounded fame in his own time, his devotional writings, which often possess unparalleled beauty, preserved their popularity for more than a century. But in the age of calm and cool Philosophy which prevailed among English Divines, we scarcely find more than one or two notices of his name among the writings

‡ This strain of thinking, 'not insisted upon by others,' in the time of Addison, is even so far from having become commonplace, that we find it in the Discourse before us.' p. 25.

of the learned; and it is only within the last twenty years that he has again become known to many general readers. Two of his works give him a more peculiar claim to the attention of the historian of morals. Probably the last English Divine who used the scholastic forms, and was deeply imbued with the metaphysics and theology of the schools, he is the only celebrated Englishman (perhaps the only celebrated Protestant of so late a period) who composed a system of Casuistry. Notwithstanding the disadvantages of the form, there are few treatises on morals which (if due allowance be made for obsolete modes of speaking, still more than of thinking) are more sober, more practical, and more liberal. Of the numerous learned authorities with which he has sprinkled his margin, the names are now scarcely known to the curious inquirer. He seems to survey the learning of a former world. The Discourse on the Liberty of Prophesying is memorable—as the first treatise professedly written in defence of Toleration in this country, if not in Europe. Like most Divines who have been venerated after their death, he obtained the name of a Heretic for his charity, which evidently extended, though he durst not avow it, even to Roman Catholics themselves. * These two works with his Discourse on Friendship, though they do not contain his most splendid passages, are the most uniformly reasonable, and the most judiciously composed, of his writings. It is, perhaps, peculiar to him, that to the acuteness and subtlety of a Schoolman, he added the feeling and fancy of a poet. Had he lived out of the Schools, and looked at Man and Nature instead of Scholastic Treatises, it seems that he would have wanted no poetical power but the art of versification. As Gray called Froissart 'Herodotus without his Style,' perhaps we may venture to

* At the conclusion of the Liberty of Prophesying, is a Jewish story, told in the manner of a Chapter of Genesis, in which God is represented as rebuking Abraham for having driven an idolater out of his tent. This story, Taylor says, is somewhere to be found in the Jewish writers. Till the original be discovered, in some Rabbinical legend, we may ascribe the beauty of the imitation, if not the invention of the incidents, to Taylor himself. Franklin gave the same story, with some slight variations, to Lord Kaimes, who published it in his Sketches of the History of Man. But the words of Lord Kaimes do not imply that Franklin gave it as his own, though a charge of plagiarism has been grounded on the coincidence. He probably had never read Taylor. He perhaps found the story without an author's name, in some newspaper or magazine, and sent it as a curiosity to Kaimes. A man so rich as Franklin, had no temptation to steal.

say that Taylor was Fenelon without his Taste. They had the same tender heart, and flowery imagination; the same tolerant spirit; the same proneness to mystical devotion; and, though in an unequal degree, the same disposition to an ascetic morality, of which the austerities almost become amiable, when they are joined to unusual gentleness and humility. Taylor, in his writings, wanted only the great art of rejection to make the parallel more perfect. In his Devotions alone, where his sensibility is restrained, and his fancy overawed by the subject, he is of unequalled excellence. In general, his taste is more impure, his composition more irregular, his Popular Discourses more pedantic and scholastic than those of his great predecessors of Elizabeth's age—of Hooker, of Raleigh, and of Bacon. All those great men, placed near the sources of our written language, in those rare and short intervals when they resist the allurements of Latin phraseology and arrangement, have a freshness of expression, a choice of picturesque and significant words, very difficult to be attained, after the separate language of books has been long formed. The profuse imagery of Taylor, and his tender sentiments, are sure to catch the eye of the most cursory reader. A careful perusal will also discover, in many quiet and modest passages, chiefly of his argumentative and merely ethical works, an easy and soft flow of native English, not unworthy of the age which produced the prose of Cowley, who, like Taylor, was tender and fertile; but who, happily for his fame, in his prose, and in some of his verse, showed a taste less fatally indulgent to the vices of his genius.

The following Note, which was omitted in its proper place, refers to the sentence about HAKEWILL, *in p.* 223.

The third edition of Hakewill in 1635, though it has a chapter on Anatomy, makes no mention of the circulation of the blood, which Harvey had made known to all Europe, by his publication at Frankfort in 1628, and had publicly announced in his Lectures on Anatomy, at the Hall of the College of Physicians, at least as early as 1619. One of the Archdeacon's arguments against the decay of our species, is the story of one *John de Temporibus*, who lived 360 years! In his time, the ancient doctrine of a *Millennium* had begun to assume a reasonable form, in which state it gradually blended with the philosophical hopes of human improvement. From his account, it appears, '*that Aquinas was rather blamed for sticking* '*too much than too little to human reason.*' A curious report by a Protestant divine, of the opinion entertained in the seventeenth century about a schoolman of the thirteenth!

ART. X. *Reflections on the Progressive Decline of the British Empire, and on the Necessity of Public Reform.* By H. SCHULTES. 8vo. London, 1816.

Liberty, Civil and Religious. By a Friend to Both. 8vo. London, 1815.

IT is a very constant practice with the advocates of existing abuses, to accuse those who would correct them, of political fanaticism;—and to this charge he is in an especial manner liable, who shows any jealousy of encroachments upon the constitution. To what danger, it is asked, are the liberties of the people exposed? Who thinks of attacking them? Is it to be supposed that any minister will ever be bold enough to raise taxes by the army, or suffer a year to pass without calling Parliament together? or that he will rely upon a military force to obtain the sanction of the two Houses to his measures? Are there not, besides, (the argument proceeds, in the nature of a compensation or set-off) the courts of justice always open, where the subject may be secure of protection for his liberty, where royal influence is effectually excluded, and open violence never was used, even in the worst of times, by the most audacious ministers of tyranny or of usurpation? Besides, it is added, let the whole constituted authorities be ever so much inclined towards submission, through corruption or through fear, the publick opinion will always keep them right: —the press is free; the people speak their minds openly; the Parliament is virtually under their controul: And, finally, the members of that body, as well as of the army, being taken from among the classes of the community which have the principal interest in preserving the purity of the system, the people never can be enslaved, till they chuse to engage in a plot against their own liberties. Upon these grounds, the alarms excited by any particular measure in the minds of constitutional men, are treated with infinite contempt; they are termed vain, imaginary, or affected panics: Whoever mentions them, is set down at once as either factious or foolish, that is, an impostor or an enthusiast. All men of sound practical sense, we are told, know better than to regard such bugbears; and, whatever may be attempted or effected against any one branch of the Constitution, those sound men bid us look at all that is left untouched, and say whether he must not be a furious lover of freedom, who does not admit that we have still liberty enough.

We regard the prevalence of this kind of reasoning (if the word may be so applied) as beyond all comparison the worst symptom

of the times, and of the most fatal augury for the rights and the prosperity of the country. It evinces a degeneracy of political virtue and courage truly humiliating; it arises from the most sordid views, or the most effeminate habits; and as its existence a century, or even half a century ago, would have brought England to the state of slavery in which the rest of Europe is now hardly struggling, so its continuance for any length of time bids fair to naturalize amongst us, even now, the worst abuses of foreign despotisms. The topics to which those weak or corrupt declaimers against the true spirit of the constitution appeal, are the more dangerous, because they wear the guise of plain matter of fact as opposed to theory; of moderation as contrasted with exaggeration; of something rational and solid instead of something fantastic and even ridiculous. Thus they easily enlist on their side that class whose influence is always so much beyond their numerical strength, the dealers in ridicule,—the lovers of satire and merriment, rather than truth,—a class composed of lazy, squeamish, effeminate spirits,—peculiarly formidable in a soft and luxurious age,—exercising an unbounded dominion over the frivolous and the timid, and almost ruling over what is termed 'SOCIETY,' by the same fear of a laugh, to which, for their punishment, they are themselves absolutely enslaved. We consider it as a most sacred duty, to stand forward at the present moment, in defiance of all this noise—this declamation and derision—and to show how rational and solid the fears are, which the friends of their country entertain for its liberties in these times. It is the more necessary for us to do something of this sort, since views of foreign policy, and the recent dangers from that quarter, have lulled some of the stoutest advocates of the people, and set those against us 'that should be ours.' They have leagued themselves, though we trust but for a season, with the enemies of liberty, or the cold-blooded sycophants of a Court, who have not even feeling enough to hate, but are only indifferent to the rights of their fellow subjects—the true foundation of the glory of their country.

It is an unfortunate thing, that the alarms excited by the French revolution should for a while have silenced Mr Burke and those who agreed with him, upon all other constitutional questions except those immediately springing out of that great event. Their minds were filled with the contemplation of what they regarded as the paramount danger; and they could not stop to look at any other. Hence they were sometimes led to use expressions, casually indeed, and hastily, which were greedily caught up by the herd of vulgar politicians, whose interests, as well as what they call their principles, bind them to the defence of every abuse, and the ridicule and reprobation of all who plant

themselves in the outworks of the constitution, and defend, inch by inch, all its approaches. This servile tribe have thus contrived to borrow the authority of Mr Burke for their bad cause, and to persuade the unthinking mass of mankind, that they act in concert with that great man, in their warfare against the rights of the people, and their mockery of the champions of the Constitution. Because he overlooked lesser points, in preventing what he deemed for the time the preeminent evil, he is to be cited as careless of all attacks upon popular rights. Because he thought anarchy the most pressing danger in his latter days, he is to be invoked as the patron saint of those who love despotism as convenient to their purposes, or congenial to their habits; and the man who was, of all others perhaps that ever spoke or wrote upon political subjects, the most feelingly alive to every thing like a constitutional point—whose life was spent in struggles against encroachments hardly visible to the naked eye—in endeavouring to dissipate political disorders in their first stages, and while their symptoms were not discernible to the vulgar; he whose fault it was to magnify, if it be a fault, the importance of every movement, which, in any quarter, and with how little force soever, touches the fabric of the government, is now held up as covering, with the authority of his great example, those whose doctrine it is, that nothing the government can do is dangerous—short of turning the Parliament out of doors by grenadiers, and levying the taxes by the armed force of the Crown! If Mr Burke were an authority for the revilers of constitutional jealousy, it would only destroy the weight of his name in all other matters, without affording the least support to such a course. But it is fit to have remarked, how unfairly he is called in by those impostors to their assistance.

There is perhaps no way of arriving more speedily at a view of the intimate connexion between the different parts of the English constitution, and of the imminent danger to which the safety of the whole fabric is exposed, by the injury of any part, than a plain consideration of what it is that forms the real security of our liberties—the principle that keeps the system in order. After all that we have seen of Parliaments, it would be a vain fancy to imagine, that the representation of the people is of itself a sufficient security for their rights. Even if that representation were much more perfect than it is, it would be liable to the influence of the Crown, and might be intimidated by violence. In fact, to what baseness has not the Parliament at one time or another made itself a party? The administration of justice, again, is no doubt singularly pure; and the Judges, from their habits of seclusion, are, generally speaking, little under the

evil influence which a contact with the Court is apt to engender. Nevertheless, their leanings are almost always towards power; and if the Crown could safely tamper with them—if it could fully exercise the discretion vested in it by law, of chusing them from among tools fit for wicked purposes—the distribution of justice might soon become as corrupt as the accomplishment of those purposes required.

Observe then the kind of defence for our liberties, which, by the letter of the law, we have in those great bulwarks of the constitution, Parliament and the Courts of law; see how the lawful authority of the Crown encroaches often upon them—how its indirect influence tends to sap them; and then say if it is by them that we keep our rights, or if they have not as great need of being maintained against attack, as the privileges which they are meant to protect. That the majority of Parliament is steadily with the Crown, supporting all its ordinary measures, is admitted. That when a minister has been thus supported by it in all his measures, and happens to lose his place for pursuing those measures, he speedily loses the support of the very men who, the day before, backed him, is a matter of fact. That no proposition can be named much more absurd, than many which the Parliament has voted by a great plurality of voices, is equally the result of experience. Yet still we trus tto this body with a very firm, and, we think, a reasonable relianoe, that were the Crown to propose certain measures of an extremely violent, or an highly impolitick nature, it would reject them; nay that, even if the Crown could obtain its concurrence, the measures would remain unexecuted. Again, every one knows, that the Judges are chosen, generally speaking, from among barristers educated in long habits of connexion with the ruling powers; men accustomed to Crown-employment, and whose opinions are those of the Government. But the Crown might also, by law, chuse the basest of sycophants to fill this important station. They have their places, it is true, for life; but they have still promotion to expect for themselves, and favours to ask for their families,—if gratitude to their patrons were out of the question, and the servile habits or slavish opinions that recommended them to notice were forgotten with their elevation.

In the hands of parliamentary majorities so constituted, and of Judges so appointed, are our whole liberties placed by law. Thus, for the protection of personal security, there is the Habeas Corpus Act: but those Judges must execute it; and if they expose themselves to its penalties, by refusing to give it effect, they themselves, (that is, some of their body), have to interfere for the infliction of the punishment. If they refuse to inflict it, what remedy is there but a petition to, or a motion in Parliament? But the majority may reject the petition,

and negative the motion; and thus the constitution is virtually at an end, without any struggle or convulsion, or the least degree of apparent injury. All its outward parts and features remain untouched,—and yet the whole life and virtue has departed out of it. The letter has been preserved entire,—the spirit is gone. Now we are inquiring in what this spirit and this life consists:—*Wherefore* the sort of events now supposed strike us, when mentioned, as in the highest degree improbable:—*What* it is, in short, that secures the system against such attacks as we have alluded to, and in like manner against more direct and open invasions of power?—It is unquestionably the influence of Publick Opinion, and the apprehension of Resistance, intimately connected with it. As long as the proceedings of Parliament occupy the attention of the people, an effectual control is exerted over them; and the discussions in the two houses, how little soever they may seem to influence the votes, are engines of the highest power in controlling the executive through the publick. As long as Judges sit in the face of the country, and, above all, in the face of an enlightened and jealous Bar, the most scrutinizing and unsparing of all auditories,—the Crown can neither fill the Bench with its tools, nor can better instruments degenerate into that occupation. As long as all the proceedings of Government are publick,—canvassed freely by the press, and made known through that and other channels of information; and as long as there is reason to believe that gross misrule will engender resistance,—a corrupt Judicature and a venal Parliament may in vain combine with a despotic court, in defiance of public opinion. Tyranny will dread going beyond a certain length, and this fear will supersede the necessity of applying the ultimate check.

This sacred principle of Resistance is the very foundation of all our liberties; it is the cause to which we owe them:—Let it only be destroyed, and they are gone. Mr Fox is represented to have said, that it should always be held up to the Government, as possible; to the people, as impossible. We suspect there must be some mistake in this statement of his opinion; or that if he used such an expression, it was only an epigrammatick manner of hinting, what had better have been at once plainly told, that the people should not be reminded of resistance, as long as their rulers kept the possibility of it before their eyes. In no other sense is the proposition at all correct. By rulers, however, in this remark, are to be understood not merely the executive government but all the constituted authorities, through whose means the despotick designs of the Crown may be carried into effect. As long as Parliament and the Courts of Law are retained in the line of their duty by the force of publick

opinion, no necessity ever can arise for bringing the Crown and the People into immediate conflict. This, indeed, is the great use of such institutions; and it is thus only that they may be called bulwarks to our liberties. They enable us to make head against oppression, not merely with advantage, but at a distance from the danger, and without coming to close quarters; they form the grand distinction between regular and despotick forms of government, precisely because they perform this function. By means of them it is, that public opinion operates by its preventive influence, and renders it unnecessary to employ force; by their means, the Crown with us is either deterred from attempting an oppressive measure, or is foiled in the attempt, peaceably and harmlessly; while, in an absolute monarchy, it would probably have persisted in the same course, until a rebellion overthrew the dynasty; or the immediate dread of it, in the courtiers, worked the destruction of the reigning prince.

The great security of the Constitution, then, being the vigilance of publick opinion, and the possibility of Resistance, every encroachment upon the rights of the people, how trifling soever in itself,—every act of power in any the least degree contrary to the Constitution, is to be regarded not merely as injurious in itself, but as undermining the stability of the whole system: For it is manifest, that every such act, if acquiesced in by the community, accustoms the publick mind to submission; destroys that integrity of feeling, which alone can render the people capable of defending their privileges; and lulls that spirit of independence, which, to be effectual for resistance in a time of need, must be jealous and watchful at all times. The success of the attempt, in an equal proportion increases the confidence of the opposite party, and prepares him for new aggressions. Thus, we have to consider, each time that an unconstitutional measure is proposed, the four points of view in which it is dangerous. It is injurious in itself, more or less, to the happiness or wellbeing of the people;—It arms the Government with a certain portion of new power, positively and directly;—It encourages it to make further attempts against liberty, by the experience of impunity and success;—And it breaks the independent feeling of the people, habituating them to defeat, and preparing them for new submissions. Let us consider these particular heads a little more closely, in their order.

Nothing can be more false, or more dangerous, than the idea, that any one act of violence, or even of misgovernment, is unimportant in itself. Although no indirect consequences were ever to ensue, each proceeding of this description is most material;—it is a serious evil. Indeed, if it were merely indiffer-

ent, that would only be a sufficient argument against it; a conclusive reason for making no change. But can any act of misgovernment be indifferent? Connected as all the parts of every political system are together, who shall say that an injury to one of them may not reach all the rest? The notion, that because an abuse or oppression of any kind is not as great as might be imagined, therefore it is inconsiderable—is founded upon the supposition that the people have no right to complain, unless they are governed extremely ill; whereas they have a right to be governed as well as possible: They are entitled to complain of every deviation from this straight line; and they are only blameable, when they attempt to correct errors, or repress encroachments, by acts of violence which might lead to greater evils than those they wish to redress. Let it only be considered, that the wellbeing of a people is made up of various parts; and that, to make them completely miserable, it is only necessary to injure each part in detail. Let it also be remembered, that the evils arising from any even of the less important abuses, cannot be equally distributed over the community, but will necessarily press most heavily upon some parts, and upon some with a weight wholly destructive—while many may altogether escape. Now, the severe pressure of any evil upon a very small number of persons, is a very great mischief, although the rest of the people may go free; for no principle can be conceived more absurd in itself, and in its consequences more dangerous, than that of balancing the enjoyment of one class against the sufferings of another; and disregarding the amount of a calamity, by attending to the numbers who escape.

Again: It is difficult to imagine any encroachment upon the constitution, which does not arm the government with new powers; and consequently render the next step more easy than the last. An objection, we shall suppose, is made to an increase of the army; the answer is, only a few thousand men are to be added. The reply is easy: This addition makes the Executive more strong; increases its influence sensibly, as well as its force; and renders a new aggression upon our rights, by steps regularly and formally taken, or by open violence, more easy, by means of this new influence and this new force. Has an individual been overwhelmed by oppression? Besides the fear which the example holds out to others, a zealous adversary has at least been removed.

The accession of spirit and audacity which such steps, how small soever, successively give to those who are plotting against liberty, is equally obvious. There is no greater danger than letting the enemies of freedom know their own strength. It is

a lesson, however, which nothing but experience ever teaches. They are naturally timid, and see a very little way before them. To understand that they can advance safely, they must feel it; and, in civilized countries especially, and in modern times, they proceed slowly and systematically. Despotism is now grown old and wary. It has learnt how alone the people may safely be overcome: and its maxims, the result of long observation, are well worth our attention. One is, to change things without changing names—that something may be gained by surprise, and the vigilance of the enemy be evaded:—Another is, to be perpetually moving forwards, however slowly and silently:—A third, to chuse the time when the attempt is the least expected. But the grand and ruling principle is to risk nothing—to go by steps—and never to move one foot until the other is safely planted. In the nature of things an encroaching government can never know its own strength before hand; for that depends exactly upon what the people will submit to. If then the attempt at gaining a small accession succeeds, it knows that so far the people are ready to yield; and this knowledge, by encouraging it to aim at somewhat more, frequently enables it to obtain it.

But the most fatal effect of the encroachment is, its injury to the public spirit. When a man has once suffered himself to bear dishonour in any thing, it is in vain to expect any resistance afterwards. He is no longer the same being, and his sense of honour is gone entirely. Therefore, we never talk of any thing as *a slight insult*. It is an insult, and that is enough. Thus, too, an army once beaten and disgraced, is destroyed; nothing but some violent change, which alters its whole composition, can ever restore its feeling of confidence, and the courage which, if it does not command success, at least deserves it. The people is to the full as much changed by the act of submission: They are not the same being the day after they have submitted to an encroachment of power. Their pride is gone—their honour tarnished. They are prepared for new encroachments by the recollection of the past. 'They will not make a 'stand now, because it is not worth the struggle, after having 'given up the first point: Had the matter been new, indeed, it 'might have been otherwise; but it is a trifle, after the ice is 'once broken, and the first step has been made.' Such are the feelings implanted in the minds of the community by the beginning of submission; and so, while the government is encouraged to proceed, the people is disheartened, and acquires the habit of yielding. It may truly be said, that they alone can make their own chains; and every new lesson of submission learnt, is a new link forged—be the subject matter of the lesson ever so inconsiderable in itself.

To illustrate these different effects of an encroachment upon the constitution;—let us suppose the question to be raised, by the Government acquiring an accession of force or revenue without the consent of Parliament. This is not a vain or imaginary case. As far as money at least goes, the Crown has, by the course of hostilities, come frequently into possession of large sums never voted nor appropriated by the House of Commons. We may therefore take the actual case of the Droits of Admiralty, and mark the progress of this question. It was first objected, that the Crown, according to the spirit of the Constitution, should owe every part of its resources to the grants of the Commons, and that this was a sacred and inviolable principle; that the deviations from it in former times, were no authority against its force, inasmuch as the ordinary revenue was then comparatively small, and the perquisites of war were understood to go in defraying its expenses, the system of parliamentary appropriation being irregularly established. It was therefore contended, that the Droits should go into the publick treasury, with the other branches of revenue, and be under parliamentary controul. The influence of the Crown, however, prevailed against these arguments; and those funds were retained as a separate and independent patrimony,—it being, however, distinctly admitted, that some regulation should be made respecting them when a new arrangement of the Civil List became necessary.

This happened in 1812. We regard it as an encroachment upon the Constitution—and we are now to observe how it operated. *First*, it was in itself so much money taken from the people: For, whatever part of it did not go to the expenses of the war, might have set free an equal amount of taxes; and such part of it as was spent in war, was, of course, much more extravagantly and carelessly spent, than if it had been voted by Parliament. The taxes rendered necessary by this diversion or misapplication of the fund, would not perhaps have been a very great burthen on each individual, if distributed over the whole community equally; that is, according to the means of each person called upon to contribute. But they must have fallen unequally; perhaps most heavily upon the poorer classes. If they fell on articles only consumed by those classes, they alone bore the burthen:—At all events, they produced, it is almost certain, great misery to some individuals in particular branches of employment, and in all probability ruined entirely several persons. *Secondly*, the expenditure of this fund by the Crown directly increased its power, by gratifying many persons of considerable weight in the community, who, with their connexions, became the more dependent upon the Court. Many voices were thus gained at

elections; many advocates for bad measures, in private society; perhaps some votes in Parliament upon delicate questions. If the captain of a vessel who had been favoured to the amount of several thousand pounds, either as a compensation for the loss of prize money, or to repay him for a loss that might have ruined him, were asked to support Government at an election, or to make his relative abstain from voting in Parliament on an important occasion, where he was likely to decide the question against the Court, it is highly probable that the application would prove successful: And the question might very likely affect the rights of the people in a tender point. *Thirdly*, the Government having gained the point respecting the droits, saw that there was an end of the extreme delicacy about such irregular and peculiar sources of revenue, and felt that the people would yield, upon this, as upon less ticklish questions: It therefore was encouraged to try a further encroachment. And as the people, in the *fourth* and *last* place, no longer felt that it was a new attempt, or that they were for the first time called upon to make a struggle upon the matter, they were disposed to yield, as they had done before, only with much less unwillingness and alarm.

Accordingly, the event has already happened: And two several encroachments have grown out of the first, within four years, besides a kind of abuse which may well be reckoned a third encroachment. In the last campaign, the Crown has, besides the usual perquisites of Admiralty, used the Military resources of the country, in war, and in negotiations, to obtain terms advantageous to itself, in a pecuniary point of view. We speak not merely of the accessions gained for Hanover, which are clearly owing to the military exertions of England, and not at all in proportion to those of Hanover itself; but we speak of the large sums secured to the Crown by the treaty, out of the booty taken from France, and over which, it has since been contended, and successfully contended, that Parliament has no control: And thus, from having the right to appropriate all captures made before proclamation of war, and some others of a similar kind, the Crown has advanced to a new position; and been suffered to assert a right (and to maintain it successfully, in the face of Parliament) to use the military power of the country for its private aggrandizement, calling upon Parliament to support the expenses of the war, and withdrawing from Parliamentary controul, and from all participation, the whole profits of the victory.

Again, a new arrangement of the civil list became necessary last session; and the promise of Mr Perceval was expected to be fulfilled, viz. that those irregular funds should at length be plac-

ed under the control of the Legislature. But various pretexts were found to evade the fulfilment; and, the country having allowed the question to be put off in 1812, in expectation of this arrangement, in 1816 it was not thought going much farther to let it lie over until a demise of the Crown—when, in all human probability, it will be again put off, or, in other words, the separate rights of the Crown will be admitted in their utmost extent.

Lastly, the knowledge that money so obtained could be applied without Parliamentary control, encouraged the Court to deal freely with the fund. Largesses were made to some branches of the Royal family, for entertaining foreign princes; and large sums were applied to aid the deficiency in the Civil list;—that is, an immense expenditure was undertaken, beyond what Parliament had sanctioned as fit for the maintenance of the Royal dignity; and this extravagance was owing entirely to the knowledge, that those peculiar funds could support it.

We have already remarked, that the enemies of liberty generally chuse their time well; availing themselves of some peculiarly favourable combination of circumstances, to give it a blow. Unexpectedly they make an encroachment, greater in reality than in name, while the alarm of foreign danger, or internal confusion, secures them an extraordinary degree of support. A consequence then follows, deserving of all our attention. Soon after this point is gained, another occasion presents itself, when some new, but less considerable inroad, is to be made upon the Constitution. The argument for it is at hand—'This is nothing, 'compared with what was done before without objection;'—and unhappily it is a consideration which reconciles too many thoughtless persons to the fresh invasion of their rights. How many things have been submitted to of late years without a murmur, almost without a remark, only because, during the times of terror, so many more shameful violations of the Constitution were committed! It is exactly in the same manner that our system of expenditure has become so extravagant. For years, we have talked of tens, and almost of hundreds of millions, until thousands excite no attention. After spending above one hundred and twenty millions in a year, we cannot stop to consider whether a particular branch of service shall cost five hundred thousand pounds, or six. Nor shall we ever be awakened to a just sense of the value of money, until a deficit in the ways and means shall force it upon us.

This topic leads us to observe, that although we regard constitutional questions, questions touching only the rights of the people, as much more important than any others, yet there are few of them which have not a very direct connexion with the

class of questions at all times interesting, even to the most common herd of political reasoners—questions of money. The increased power of the Crown has led, by a straight and short road, to increased burthens upon the people. We are asked, who it is that can be supposed an enemy of liberty in the abstract? We answer, there are probably none such: But there are very many who hate it because it stands in their way, and obstructs the attainment of objects which they vehemently desire. The expenditure of a large revenue is at once the favourite object of all absolute governments, and the most effectual engine of their power. Let us only observe, to be convinced of this, how profitable, in point of money, all the encroachments on the rights of the subject have proved; that is, how fertile in taxes and expenditure. When Mr Pitt sent a subsidy to Germany, during the sitting of Parliament, without its authority, and the body whom he had thus trampled upon almost thanked him for the insult, it was in vain to expect any resistance to any expenditure in further loans and gifts, which he might propose in the regular way. Parliament and the people were too well pleased that the violence was not repeated, to think of criticizing the prodigality. The system of alarm in general, by means of which he carried on a war against the people, enabled him to consume hundreds of millions in the war against the enemy. Blind confidence in the Government became the prevailing maxim; and, contrary to every principle of the constitution, Parliament, from year to year, entrusted the minister with a discretionary power of spending vast sums during the Recess, in services never once mentioned during the Session. At length, the *yearly vote of credit* became, as the name implies, a matter of course, until it actually reached the sum of six millions. To oppose such dangerous grants, would have been deemed hardly loyal; in fact, no real opposition was ever offered to them:—and thus it became a part of the ordinary administration of affairs, to entrust the ministry for half the year with the absolute disposal of sums equal to any purpose which despotism or extravagance might desire to accomplish. The Government was of course satisfied with the latter; and only indirectly obtained, by the expenditure, an extension of its authority. But no man can entertain a doubt, that to this practice was owing much of the boundless expense for which we are now so sorely smarting, and of those confirmed habits of squandering, which not even the total want of means appears capable of reforming.

Other deviations from the constitution, leading again to new waste of money, have sprung occasionally out of these habits. A treaty was made with Russia to maintain her fleet during the

time it took refuge in our ports; and this arrangement never was communicated to Parliament. When, however, the money was wanted, a slight mention of the bargain was made in the estimates; and thus it was brought to light. Half a million was thus promised in secret, when there was no earthly reason for concealment, except the chance of Parliament disapproving the agreement, and preventing its fulfilment. The same secrecy was therefore preserved until after the money had been actually spent in this service; and then Parliament was asked to replace it. Can any man entertain a doubt, that the removal, or weakening of every check upon expenditure, must always augment its amount? Can any man deny, that all such deviations from the Constitution are paid for by the people, first in loss of liberty, afterwards in taxes?

But it is not only by encroachments of a nature immediately connected with the revenue, that the property of the subject suffers along with his privileges. Other infringements of the Constitution are, somewhat less directly, but very certainly, attended with similar consequences. It is no small objection to a great military establishment, that the expense of it is extremely burthensome. All patronage is, by the nature of the thing, costly to the people; and the more the Crown is enabled to abuse it, by the uncontrouled power of bestowing it, the more likely is the country to be ill served, that is, to pay for services not rendered. Every interference of the Government with the commerce of the country, is directly prejudicial to its riches; and all powers of giving undue preference to one class of men over another, are substantially powers to drain or to stop up the sources of public wealth. The remembrance is still fresh of the evils produced by those unconstitutional measures pursued some years ago with respect to trade. Not only by the illegal interruption of commerce with neutrals, but by the equally illegal use of belligerent rights to the profit of some individuals, and the loss of many more, the trade of the country suffered a shock unparalleled in its history. In short, it would be difficult to point out a single deviation from constitutional principles which has not been followed by a serious loss of property to the people.

In another light, however, this connexion between the two classes of oppression appears still more plainly. Whatever multiplies the chances of misgovernment, increases the risk of prodigality, and of errors—of great burthens upon the people, and great injury to their private affairs. Every step, therefore, which the Crown makes towards independence, inasmuch as it removes the only effectual check upon maladministration, is a step made towards increased public expense and individual loss.

It is a step made or suffered by the people towards the surrender of all controul over their own affairs, and consequently over their money matters. How little soever, then, the particular question may seem to be connected with finance, if it relates to the power of the Crown and the rights of the subject, it must be viewed as ultimately resolving itself into a question of taxes. Money is not more certainly the sinew of war, than it is at once the sinew and the food of absolute power. To domineer, and not to tax, is impossible. As often as our rights are invaded in any quarter, let us only ask if the power of the Crown will not, upon the whole, be something the greater for the change? If so, then, we know that, sooner or later, we shall have to pay for it in money; and those who are only to be moved by such considerations, should therefore defend their liberty for the sake of their purse. A frugal man never undervalues small savings. His maxim on the contrary is, to take care of the pence, and leave the pounds to take care of themselves. To undertake any thing needless because it costs only a trifle, or even to indulge in what is pleasant because it is only a little beyond what he can afford, he considers as the road to ruin. In like manner, if we are a frugal nation, and would avoid paying our all in taxes, we must estimate every loss of liberty in money, and never reckon any the smallest accession to the influence of the Crown as of little cost. We may be well assured that it can make no progress but at our great expense. Each step brings it nearer our pockets. They whom no higher feelings can touch, may thus learn to dread absolute power for its rapacity. Let them remember, that the rod of iron picks all locks; and they may begin to think their rights worth defending.

It is a very common thing to say, for the purpose, no doubt, of lulling that watchful jealousy in the people upon which every thing dear to them depends, that the lawful guardians of their rights is the Parliament, and that every struggle in their defence must be made there. 'To leave things to our representatives,' is therefore held out as at once the most safe and the most efficacious method that can be pursued, for the protection of the Constitution. We have already shown the absurdity of such a doctrine: But let us also observe, that it is inculcated without the least good faith; for the very persons who profess it, are those most ready, upon all occasions, *in Parliament*, to cry down the efforts made against the encroachments of the Executive; and to treat every one as a wild enthusiast or a factious alarmist, who would guard against the dangers of absolute power. Thus, while they bid the people trust to Parliament, they do their best to prevent Parliament from proving itself trust-

worthy. But when they come to argue upon the safety of the Constitution, and attempt to prove the fears of its real friends chimerical, they show a degree of perverseness and self-contradiction, which would be pleasant, were its consequences not so pregnant with mischief, and its success often too melancholy, even with persons of fair understanding.

First, they urge that it is vain to talk of the Constitution being in jeopardy, as long as the people are enlightened, and the press free; and they cite the progress of popular information and discussion, as an ample security against any little increase to the power of the Crown. It is incredible, they assert, that, in such a state of things, any considerable invasion of our liberties should be attempted; and impossible that it should succeed. Once more, let the extreme bad faith of this kind of argument be observed, when compared with the language held to the people out of doors. To the people these men say, 'Be quiet; the Constitution is safe in the hands of the Parliament.' In the Parliament they hold all idea of danger to the Constitution infinitely cheap, 'because it is safe in the keeping of the people!' When the advocates of the Slave Trade denied the right of Parliament to abolish it, and said that this measure might safely be left to the Colonial Legislatures, professing all the while, that they were most friendly to it, and only wished to see it undertaken in the right place; some simple persons were extremely surprised to find the same individuals in their places, as Colonial representatives, oppose the abolition upon its own merits; and this conduct used to be reckoned the height of bad faith. But it is not quite so intolerable as the mode of proceeding which we are at present considering; for, at any rate, the slave traders did not first tell the Mother country that the question should be left to the Islands, and then bid the Islands leave it to the Mother country. This sort of argument, this *alibi* sophism (as Mr Bentham would term it), is peculiar to the advocates of abuse and corruption; and it is the weapon they most constantly and most successfully employ.—Thus, they tell us perpetually, that the press is free; and therefore any given constitutional question signifies little; that is, we are desired to tolerate an encroachment upon our rights, because we possess, in some other quarter, a means of defending them against encroachment; and, of course, against the one proposed, as well as others. This would be but a sorry argument, taken by itself. But how do the same persons treat any encroachment on the liberty of the press? Exactly in the way now described;—they laugh, or affect to laugh at such fears; and assure us, that while we have trial by jury, all is safe. Then, if we complain that there are abuses in the management of spe-

cial juries—that the same pannel is constantly recurred to from the small number of names in the freeholders' books—that persons in office, and intimately connected with Government, even in the collection of the revenue, are often called upon to try questions respecting the Government—that the advantage of being summoned on Exchequer trials operates as a douceur to special jurors in their other duties—that the whole system of special juries in Criminal, but especially in State trials, is vicious and dangerous to liberty;——we are again treated as enthusiasts and alarmists, and are asked, if we really think there can be any danger, as long as the Judges are pure, and the Bar jealous? If a political jobber happens to be made a judge, from court favour or ministerial services—if he is seen assiduous at the levee, and observed to treat that very Bar according to the cast of its political principles, still there is no danger, Parliament may impeach him.* And, as soon as a remark upon his conduct is offered in Parliament, we are once more bandied back to the bulwarks of liberty—the inestimable privileges of a free press, and public discussion, and trial by jury.

But the grand topic of the Quietists, of whom we are speaking, is Parliament. To think of danger to our liberties, while the business of Government is regularly carried on in that great public body, and no minister ever dreams of dispensing with its services, is represented as the extreme of folly. Now, we admit that we have no fear of seeing Parliaments disused, and still less of seeing them put down by violent means. He must be a clumsy tyrant who should think, at the present day, of employing his influence or his troops in this way. If, indeed, inroads should be made time after time upon the Constitution, and acquiesced in under the vain idea, that the stand might be made when it became a matter of the last necessity; if, at length, the Parliament were found steadily to support the privileges of the subject, and its repeated dissolution only identified it the more with the people; it would probably be found, that some violence might safely be attempted against its privileges, by means of those weapons which its long habits of criminal compliance had put into the hands of the Crown. But, for the present, the danger arises from the Parliament itself, identified, as it is too apt to be, with the Executive, rather than its constituents. The Court party of this country have long since discovered, that by far the easiest

* It is necessary, from the course of the argument, to state, that the case put here (and in other places), is merely one of supposition; and that, so far from having any application to recent proceedings in Parliament, we deem the attempts there made to rescind a judicial determination to have been hurtful to the cause of the Constitution.

and safest means of stretching their power is through the medium of a compliant Parliament. To gain this body to their interests, and to prevent every reform which may more closely connect it with the people, is, accordingly, the great secret of acquiring a power dangerous to the Constitution. They may, perchance, be now and then thwarted by the House of Commons; but they forget and forgive readily—trusting to an early mark of favour from the representative body, and unwilling to quarrel with it while so much may still be effected by its assistance. Nor will they ever break so useful a correspondence, and quarrel with such an ally, until its services are no longer worth having, and until they may safely be dispensed with. But it is for the people always to bear in mind, that the Government, that is, the Executive, acting in concert with the other branches of the Legislature, may attempt measures hostile to their rights; and that it is therefore necessary to keep in their own hands the security for the Parliament always proving a real check upon the Crown.

The uses of parliamentary government—of ruling in concert with the House of Commons, are indeed prodigious to the Sovereign. We have noticed the ease and safety of this method of stretching the executive power; but, besides these advantages, it confers a kind of authority, and obtains resources from the country, wholly unknown in any other system of polity. No absolute monarch can call forth the means of a nation as our Parliament has done. To say nothing of the men raised, and the sums borrowed, we have paid between sixty and seventy millions in twelve months, and this for a length of years together. The utmost feats of finance in despotick countries are a jest, compared with this; and this is only practicable by means of a Parliament. The people feel a sort of connexion with that body, how unequally soever the elective franchise is distributed. They are allowed to see from day to day all the details of its proceedings. They follow every tax proposed, from the first mention to the ultimate decision upon its merits. They petition, and 'the door is opened wide' to their representations; their prayers are civilly, even respectfully treated; many highly palatable things are said on all sides; there is a hope of final success held out; the petition is meanwhile solemnly conveyed to its long home, accompanied by a flattering attendance of friends; the affecting service is performed over it by the proper officers; and it is decently laid upon the table, to repose among its distinguished predecessors, who were equally useful in their generation. Were the House of Commons emptied, or, which would exactly amount to the same thing, were it shut up, so that the people knew nothing of what passed within its walls, and only saw a long ugly building,

with many doors and windows, where a manufactory of taxes was carried on, there would very speedily be an end of the vast contributions hitherto paid to the services of the State. It may further be observed, that even Parliament, with all its means of taxing, has only been able to raise the revenue now paid, by adopting the principle of gradual increase; laying on straw by straw upon the people's backs, until at length they find them breaking, without knowing when the burthen began to be unbearable:—A new illustration, to show the necessity of making an early stand, and never suffering ourselves to be lulled with the phrases—'It is a mere trifle.'—'What can it signify?'—'We have borne worse, and survived it.'—'It is not worth the trouble of resisting.'

The struggles which have been recently made, and with signal success, have been almost all against publick burthens. The people, by a resolute determination to obtain justice, shook off a load of above seventeen millions a year of war taxes, which the Crown would fain have made perpetual. The successful issue of this great contest ought for ever to teach them a lesson of their strength. But it would be well if the same vigour were shown in resisting the smaller impositions. Great attempts to pillage the country are not very likely to succeed; but when the Government goes on by its favourite rule of gradual and insensible progression, it only takes longer time, and gains ultimately the same end. Had we been awake to our true interests, while the burthens were accumulating, we never should have had to fight that arduous battle, and our means would not have been left in their present state of exhaustion. It should be steadily kept in view, that a financier never is so dangerous as when he proposes a tax which seems not to touch any one sensibly—which raises some commodity by a sum almost lower than any known currency; and therefore such taxes ought, if objectionable in themselves, or if not absolutely necessary (which is indeed the greatest of all objections), to be as strenuously resisted as if they at once cut off a tenth of our income, or subjected our heads to a tribute.

But, independent of pecuniary considerations, we would fain hope that the love of our Constitution, the attachment to those inestimable privileges which so nobly distinguish us among all the nations of Europe, and to which the enjoyment of every baser possession is also owing, would be a sufficient motive to keep alive the jealousy of Royal encroachment, so absolutely essential to the conservation of liberty. Confidence in our rulers, whether arising from supineness or timidity, or personal predilection, is as foolish as it is unworthy of a free people. The

task, indeed, which a Sovereign is called to execute, is the noblest which the mind can imagine; the security of a people's happiness by one man's pains, and, it may be, at the expense of his own. But it is also the most difficult of all offices to perform; and we may rest assured that he will be but too apt to exchange it for another, which, as it is the very easiest, is also the basest of employments—the sacrifice of all a nation's interests to his own. The mechanism, even of our Excellent Government, furnishes him with but too many engines for the accomplishment of this object; nor can any thing effectually check his operations, but the perpetual jealousy of the people, within and without Parliament, in discerning and repressing even the smallest of his encroachments.

Peace is once more restored.—At home and abroad we are in profound repose.—We have gone through many perils, and submitted to many sacrifices; and we please ourselves in the hope, that we are sitting, for a length of time, secure under the shadow of our victories.—Now then that the struggle is ended, and the triumph won; let us, instead of crouching before domestic oppressors, bethink us, in good earnest, of repairing, in that Constitution which our triumphs have saved, the breaches which the struggle itself has occasioned.

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If the finest poetry be that which leaves the deepest impression on the minds of its readers—and this is not the worst test of its excellence—Lord Byron, we think, must be allowed to take precedence of all his distinguished contemporaries. He has not the variety of Scott—nor the delicacy of Campbell—nor the absolute truth of Crabbe—nor the polished sparkling of Moore; but in force of diction, and inextinguishable energy of sentiment, he clearly surpasses them all. 'Words that breathe, and thoughts that burn,' are not merely the ornaments, but the common staple of his poetry; and he is not inspired or impressive only in some happy passages, but through the whole body and tissue of his composition. It was an unavoidable condition, perhaps, of this higher excellence, that his scene should be narrow, and his persons few. To compass such ends as he had in view, it was necessary to reject all ordinary agents, and all trivial combinations. He could not possibly be amusing, or ingenious, or playful; or hope to maintain the requisite pitch of interest by the recitation of sprightly adventures, or the opposition of common characters. To produce great effects, he felt that it was necessary to deal only with the greater passions—with the exaltations of a daring fancy, and the errors of a lofty intellect—with the pride, the terrors, and the agonies of strong emotion—the fire and air alone of our human elements.

In this respect, and in his general notion of the end and the elements of poetry, we have sometimes thought that his views

fell more in with those of the Lake poets, than of any other party in the poetical commonwealth; and, in some of his later productions especially, it is impossible not to be struck with his occasional approaches to the style and manner of this class of writers. Lord Byron, however, it should be observed, like all other persons of a quick sense of beauty, and sure enough of their own originality to be in no fear of paltry imputations, is a great mimic of styles and manners, and a great borrower of external character. He and Mr Scott are full of imitations of all the writers from whom they have ever derived gratification; and the two most original writers of the age might appear, to superficial observers, to be the most deeply indebted to their predecessors. In this particular instance, we have no fault to find with Lord Byron: for undoubtedly the finer passages of Wordsworth and Southey have in them wherewithal to give an impulse to the utmost ambition of rival genius; and their diction and manner of writing is frequently both striking and original. But we must say, that it would afford us still greater pleasure to find these tuneful gentlemen returning the compliment which Lord Byron has here paid to their talents, and forming themselves on the model rather of his imitations, than of their own originals. In these imitations they will find that, though he is sometimes abundantly mystical, he never, or at least very rarely, indulges in absolute nonsense—never takes his lofty flights upon mean or ridiculous occasions—and, above all, never dilutes his strong conceptions and magnificent imaginations with a flood of oppressive verbosity. On the contrary, he is, of all living writers, the most concise and condensed; and, we would fain hope, may go far, by his example, to redeem the great reproach of our modern literature—its intolerable prolixity and redundance. In his nervous and manly lines, we find no elaborate amplification of common sentiments—no ostentatious polishing of pretty expressions; and we really think that the brilliant success which has rewarded his disdain of these paltry artifices, should put to shame for ever that puling and self-admiring race, who can live through half a volume on the stock of a single thought, and expatiate over diverse fair quarto pages with the details of one tedious description.—In Lord Byron, on the contrary, we have a perpetual stream of thick-coming fancies—an eternal spring of fresh-blown images, which seem called into existence by the sudden flash of those glowing thoughts and overwhelming emotions, that struggle for expression through the whole flow of his poetry—and impart to a diction that is often abrupt and irregular, a force and a charm which seem frequently to realize all that is said of inspiration.

With all these undoubted claims to our admiration, however, it is impossible to deny that the Noble author before us has still something to learn, and a good deal to correct. He is frequently abrupt and careless, and sometimes obscure. There are marks, occasionally, of effort and straining after an emphasis which is generally spontaneous;—and, above all, there is far too great a monotony in the moral colouring of his pictures, and too much repetition of the same sentiments and maxims. He delights too exclusively in the delineation of a certain morbid exaltation of character and of feeling,—a sort of demoniacal sublimity, not without some traits of the ruined Archangel. He is haunted almost perpetually with the image of a being feeding and fed upon by violent passions, and the recollections of the catastrophes they have occasioned: And, though worn out by their past indulgence, unable to sustain the burden of an existence which they do not continue to animate—full of pride and revenge and obduracy—disdaining life and death, and mankind and himself—and trampling, in his scorn, not only upon the falsehood and formality of polished life, but upon its tame virtues and slavish devotion! Yet envying, by fits, the selfish beings he despises, and melting into mere softness and compassion when the helplessness of childhood or the frailty of woman make an appeal to his generosity. Such is the person with whom we are called upon almost exclusively to sympathize in all the greater productions of this distinguished writer:—In Childe Harold—in the Corsair—in Lara—in the Siege of Corinth—in Parisina, and in most of the smaller pieces.

It is impossible to represent such a character better than Lord Byron has done in all these productions,—or indeed to represent anything more terrible in its anger, or more attractive in its relenting. In point of effect, we readily admit, that no one character can be more poetical or impressive:—But it is really too much to find the scene perpetually filled by one character—not only in all the acts, but in all the different pieces;—and, grand and impressive as it is, we feel at last that these very qualities make some relief more indispensable, and oppress the spirits of ordinary mortals with too deep an impression of awe and repulsion. There is too much guilt in short, and too much gloom, in the leading character;—and though it be a fine thing to gaze, now and then, on stormy seas, and thunder-shaken mountains, we should prefer passing our days in sheltered vallies, and by the murmur of calmer waters. We are aware that these metaphors may be turned against us—and that, without metaphor, it may be said that men do not *pass their days* in reading poetry,—and that, as they may look into Lord Byron only about

[illegible] as they look abroad upon tempests, they have no [illegible] to complain of him for being grand and gloomy, [illegible] of the same qualities in the Glaciers and Vol- [illegible] go so far to visit. Painters have often [illegible] by their representations of tygers and [illegible] or of caverns and banditti,—and poets [illegible] without reproach, to indulge in analogous [illegible] are far from thinking that there is no weight [illegible]; and feel how plausibly it may be said, [illegible] reason for a great part of our complaint, [illegible] to whom we are already very greatly in- [illegible] to please himself than us in the use [illegible] This, no doubt, seems both unrea- [illegible] nevertheless true, that a pub- [illegible] to the public; and is, in some [illegible] employment of those gifts which [illegible] merely for his own delight, [illegible] of his fellows through [illegible] however, we think there [illegible] great living poet is not like a [illegible] He is a volcano in [illegible] hangs over our dwell- [illegible] instead of genial [illegible] and inflames our atmo- [illegible] torrents and pitchy va- [illegible] too attractive and too [illegible] and therefore, if it pro- [illegible] murmurs, and [illegible] Now, though an artist [illegible] as very and natu- [illegible] encouragement to hu- [illegible] human fear, the case is [illegible] men with tygerlike [illegible] exhausts the resources [illegible] interesting and attrac- [illegible] as the natural allies of [illegible] proceeds to show, that [illegible] strong affection, [illegible] to Guilt, but the pa- [illegible] any chance of tran- [illegible] the object of his [illegible]

[illegible] in taste, but [illegible] necessarily a Mo- [illegible] a general, with

far more effect and authority than any of his graver brethren, he is peculiarly liable to the censures reserved for those who turn the means of improvement to purposes of corruption.

It may no doubt be said, that poetry in general tends less to the useful than the splendid qualities of our nature—that a character poetically good has long been distinguished from one that is morally so—and that, ever since the time of Achilles, our sympathies, on such occasions, have been chiefly engrossed by persons whose deportment is by no means exemplary, and who in many points approach to the temperament of Lord Byron's ideal hero. There is some truth in this suggestion also. But other poets, in the *first* place, do not allow their favourites so outrageous a monopoly of the glory and interest of the piece—and sin less therefore against the laws either of poetical or distributive justice. In the *second* place, their heroes are neither so bad nor so good as Lord Byron's—and do not indeed very much exceed the standard of truth and nature in either of the extremes. His, however, are as monstrous and unnatural as centaurs and hippogriffs—and must ever figure in the eye of sober reason as so many bright and hateful impossibilities. But the most important distinction is, that the other poets who deal in peccant heroes, neither feel nor express that ardent affection for them, which is visible in the whole of this author's delineations, but merely make use of them as necessary agents in the extraordinary adventures they have to detail, and persons whose mingled vices and virtues are requisite to bring about the catastrophe of their story. In Lord Byron, however, the interest of the story, where there happens to be one, which is not always the case, is uniformly postponed to that of the character itself—into which he enters so deeply, and with so extraordinary a fondness, that he generally continues to speak in its language, after it has been dismissed from the stage; and to inculcate, on his own authority, the same sentiments which had been previously recommended by its example. We do not consider it as unfair, therefore, to say that Lord Byron appears to us to be the zealous apostle of a certain fierce and magnificent misanthropy, which has already saddened his poetry with too deep a shade, and not only led to a great misapplication of great talents, but contributed to render popular some very false estimates of the constituents of human happiness and merit. It is irksome, however, to dwell upon observations so general—and we shall probably have better means of illustrating these remarks, if they are really well founded, when we come to speak of the particular publications by which they have been suggested.

We had the good fortune, we believe, to be among the first

who proclaimed the rising of a new luminary, on the appearance of Childe Harold on the poetical horizon,—and we pursued his course with due attention through several of the constellations. If we have lately omitted to record his progress with the same accuracy, it is by no means because we have regarded it with more indifference, or supposed that it would be less interesting to the public—but because it was so extremely conspicuous as no longer to require the notices of an official observer. In general, we do not think it necessary, nor indeed quite fair, to oppress our readers with an account of works, which are as well known to them as to ourselves, or a repetition of sentiments in which all the world is agreed.—Wherever a work, therefore, is very popular, and where the general opinion of its merits appears to be substantially right, we think ourselves at liberty to leave it out of our chronicle, without incurring the censure of neglect or inattention.—A very rigorous application of this maxim might have saved our readers the trouble of reading what we now write,—and, to confess the truth, we write it rather to gratify ourselves, than with the hope of giving them much information. At the same time, some short notice of the progress of such a writer ought perhaps to appear in his contemporary journals, as a tribute due to his eminence;—and a zealous critic can scarcely set about examining the merits of any work, or the nature of its reception by the public, without speedily discovering very urgent cause for his admonitions both to the author and his admirers.

Our last particular account was of the Corsair;—and though from that time to the publication of the pieces, the titles of which we have prefixed, the Noble author has produced as much poetry as would have made the fortune of any other person, we can afford to take but little notice of those intermediate performances; which have already passed their ordeal with this generation, and are fairly committed to the final judgment of posterity. Some slight reference to them, however, may be proper, both to mark the progress of the author's views, and the history of his fame.

Lara was obviously the sequel of the *Corsair*,—and maintained, in general, the same tone of deep interest, and lofty feeling;—though the disappearance of Medora from the scene deprives it of the enchanting sweetness, by which its terrors were there redeemed, and make the hero on the whole less captivating. The character of Lara, too, is rather too laboriously finished, and his nocturnal encounter with the apparition is worked up too ostentatiously. There is infinite beauty

in the sketch of the dark Page,—and in many of the moral or general reflections which are interspersed with the narrative. The death of Lara, however, is by far the finest passage in the poem, and is fully equal to any thing else which the author has ever written. Though it is not under our immediate cognizance, we cannot resist the temptation of transcribing the greater part of the passage,—in which the physical horror of the event, though described with a terrible force and fidelity, is both relieved and enhanced by the beautiful pictures of mental energy and affection with which it is combined. Our readers will recollect, that this gloomy and daring chief was mortally wounded in battle, and led out of it almost insensible by that sad and lovely page, whom no danger could ever separate from his side. On his retreat, slaughter and desolation falls on his disheartened followers, and the poet turns from the scene of disorder—

'Beneath a lime, remoter from the scene,
Where but for him that strife had never been,
A breathing but devoted warrior lay:
'Twas Lara bleeding fast from life away.
His follower once, and now his only guide,
Kneels Kaled watchful o'er his welling side,
And with his scarf would staunch the tides that rush,
With each convulsion, in a blacker gush;
And then, as his faint breathing waxes low,
In feebler, not less fatal tricklings flow:
He scarce can speak, but motions him 'tis vain,
And merely adds another throb to pain.
He clasps the hand that pang which would assuage,
And sadly smiles his thanks to that dark page
Who nothing fears, nor feels, nor heeds, nor sees,
Save that damp brow which rests upon his knees;
Save that pale aspect, where the eye, though dim,
Held all the light that shone on earth for him.

The foe arrives, who long had searched the field,
Their triumph nought till Lara too should yield;
They would remove him, but they see 'twere vain,
And he regards them with a calm disdain,
That rose to reconcile him with his fate,
And that escape to death from living hate:
And Otho comes, and leaping from his steed,
Looks on the bleeding foe that made him bleed,
And questions of his state; he answers not,
Scarce glances on him as on one forgot,
And turns to Kaled:—each remaining word,
They understood not, if distinctly heard;

His dying tones are in that other tongue,
To which some strange remembrance wildly clung.' &c.

'Their words though faint were many—from the tone
Their import those who heard could judge alone;
From this, you might have deemed young Kaled's death
More near than Lara's by his voice and breath,
So sad, so deep, and hesitating broke
The accents his scarce-moving pale lips spoke;
But Lara's voice though low, at first was clear
And calm, till murmuring death gasped hoarsely near;
But from his visage little could we guess,
So unrepentant, dark, and passionless,
Save that when struggling nearer to his last,
Upon that page his eye was kindly cast;
And once as Kaled's answering accents ceast,
Rose Lara's hand, and pointed to the East:
Whether (as then the breaking sun from high
Rolled back the clouds) the morrow caught his eye,
Or that 'twas chance, or some remembered scene
That raised his arm to point where such had been,
Scarce Kaled seemed to know, but turned away,
As if his heart abhorred that coming day.
And shrunk his glance before that morning light,
To look on Lara's brow—where all grew night.

But gasping heaved the breath that Lara drew,
And dull the film along his dim eye grew;
His limbs stretched fluttering, and his head dropped o'er
The weak yet still untiring knee that bore;
He pressed the hand he held upon his heart—
It beats no more, but Kaled will not part
With the cold grasp, but feels, and feels in vain,
For that faint throb which answers not again.
"It beats!"—Away, thou dreamer! he is gone—
It once *was* Lara which thou look'st upon.

He gazed, as if not yet had passed away
The haughty spirit of that humble clay;
And those around have roused him from his trance,
But cannot tear from thence his fixed glance;
And when in raising him from where he bore
Within his arms the form that felt no more,
He saw the head his breast would still sustain,
Roll down like earth to earth upon the plain;
He did not dash himself thereby, nor tear
The glossy tendrils of his raven hair,
But strove to stand and gaze, but reeled and fell,
Scarce breathing more than that he loved so well.

Than that *he* loved! Oh! never yet beneath
The breast of *man* such trusty love may breathe!
That trying moment hath at once revealed
The secret long and yet but half-concealed;
In baring to revive that lifeless breast,
Its grief seemed ended, but the sex confest;
And life returned, and Kaled felt no shame—
What now to her was Womanhood or Fame?'

We must stop here;—but the whole sequel of the poem is written with equal vigour and feeling; and may be put in competition with anything that poetry has ever produced, in point either of pathos or energy.

The SIEGE OF CORINTH is next in the order of time;—and though written perhaps with too visible an effect, and not very well harmonized in all its parts, we cannot help regarding it as a magnificent composition. There is less misanthropy in it than in any of the rest; and the interest is made up of alternate representations of soft and solemn scenes and emotions —and of the tumult and terrors and intoxication of war. These opposite pictures are perhaps too violently contrasted, and, in some parts, too harshly coloured; but they are in general exquisitely designed, and executed with the utmost spirit and energy. What, for instance, can be finer than the following night-piece? The renegade had left his tent in moody musing, the night before the final assault on the Christian walls.

'Tis midnight: on the mountain's brown
The cold, round moon shines deeply down;
Blue roll the waters, blue the sky
Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
Bespangled with those isles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright;
Who ever gazed upon them shining,
And turned to earth without repining,
Nor wished for wings to flee away,
And mix with their eternal ray?
The waves on either shore lay there
Calm, clear, and azure as the air;
And scarce their foam the pebbles shook,
But murmured meekly as the brook.
The winds were pillowed on the waves;
The banners drooped along their staves,
And, as they fell around them furling,
Above them shone the crescent curling;
And that deep silence was unbroke,
Save where the watch his signal spoke,
Save where the steed neighed oft and shrill,
And echo answered from the hill,

And the wide hum of that wild host
Rustled like leaves from coast to coast,
As rose the Muezzin's voice in air
In midnight call to wonted prayer.'—

While resting sadly by a ruined column on the shore, he turns and sees the form of the maid he loved, and the refusal of whose hand he had revenged by his apostasy.

'The rose was yet upon her cheek,
But mellowed with a tenderer streak:
Where was the play of her soft lips fled?
Gone was the smile that enlivened their red.
The ocean's calm within their view,
Beside her eye had less of blue;
But like that cold wave it stood still,
And its glance, though clear, was chill.
Around her form a thin robe twining,
Nought concealed her bosom shining;
Through the parting of her hair,
Floating darkly downward there,
Her rounded arm showed white and bare;
And ere yet she made reply,
Once she raised her hand on high;
It was so wan, and transparent of hue,
You might have seen the moon shine through.'—
'As he looked on the face, and beheld its hue
So deeply changed from what he knew;
Fair but faint—without the ray
Of mind, that made each feature play
Like sparkling waves on a sunny day;
And her motionless lips lay still as death,
And her words came forth without her breath,
And there rose not a heave o'er her bosom's swell,
And there seemed not a pulse in her veins to dwell.
Though her eye shone out, yet the lids were fixed,
And the glance that it gave was wild and unmixed
With aught of change, as the eyes may seem
Of the restless who walk in a troubled dream.'

The transition to the bustle and fury of the morning muster, as well as the moving picture of the barbaric host, is equally admirable.

'The night is past, and shines the sun
As if that morn were a jocund one.
Lightly and brightly breaks away
The Morning from her mantle grey,
And the Noon will look on a sultry day.
Hark to the trump, and the drum,
And the mournful sound of the barbarous horn,
And the flap of the banners, that flit as they're borne,
'

And the neigh of the steed, and the multitude's hum,
And the clash, and the shout, 'they come, they come!'
The horsetails are plucked from the ground, and the sword
From its sheath; and they form, and but wait for the word.
The steeds are all bridled, and snort to the rein;
Curved is each neck, and flowing each mane;
White is the foam of their champ on the bit:
The spears are uplifted; the matches are lit;
The cannon are pointed, and ready to roar,
And crush the wall they have crumbled before:
Forms in his phalanx each Janizar;
Alp at their head; his right arm is bare,
So is the blade of his scimitar;
The khan and the pachas are all at their post;
The vizier himself at the head of the host.
When the culverin's signal is fired, then on;
Leave not in Corinth a living one—
A priest at her altars, a chief in her halls,
A hearth in her mansions, a stone on her walls.
God and the Prophet—Alla Hu!
Up to the skies with that wild halloo!
  As the wolves, that headlong go
On the stately buffalo,
Though with fiery eyes, and angry roar,
And hoofs that stamp, and horns that gore,
He tramples on earth, or tosses on high
The foremost, who rush on his strength but to die:
Thus against the wall they went,
Thus the first were backward bent;
Many a bosom, sheathed in brass,
Strewed the earth like broken glass,
Shivered by the shot, that tore
The ground whereon they moved no more;
Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levelled plain;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.
As the spring-tides, with heavy plash,
From the cliffs invading dash
Huge fragments, sapped by the ceaseless flow,
Till white and thundering down they go,
Like the avalanche's snow
On the Alpine vales below;
Thus at length, outbreathed and worn,
Corinth's sons were downward borne
By the long and oft renewed
Charge of the Moslem multitude.
In firmness they stood, and in masses they fell,
Heaped, by the host of the infidel,

Hand to hand, and foot to foot:
Nothing there, save death, was mute;
Stroke, and thrust, and flash, and cry
For quarter, or for victory.
From the point of encountering blades to the hilt,
Sabres and swords with blood were gilt:
But the rampart is won, and the spoil begun,
And all but the after carnage done.
Shriller shrieks now mingling come
From within the plundered dome:
Hark to the haste of flying feet,
That splash in the blood of the slippery street!'

We add but one passage more, which may show the force of Lord Byron's pencil, as some of the others have shown its delicacy.

'He stood beneath the bastion's frown,
That flanked the sea ward gate of the town;
And he saw the lean dogs beneath the wall
Hold o'er the dead their carnival,
Gorging and growling o'er carcase and limb;
They were too busy to bark at him!
From a Tartar's skull they had stripped the flesh,
As ye peel the fig when its fruit is fresh;
And their white tusks crunched o'er the whiter skull,
As it slipped through their jaws, when their edge grew dull,
As they lazily mumbled the bones of the dead,
When they scarce could rise from the spot where they fed;
So well had they broken a lingering fast
With those who had fallen for that night's repast.
And Alp knew, by the turbans that rolled on the sand,
The foremost of these were the best of his band:
Crimson and green were the shawls of their wear,
And each scalp had a single long tuft of hair,
All the rest was shaven and bare.
The scalps were in the wild dog's maw,
The hair was tangled round his jaw.'

PARISINA is of a different character. There is no tumult or stir in this piece. It is all sadness, and pity, and terror. The story is told in half a sentence. The Prince of Esté has married a lady who was originally destined for his favourite natural son. He discovers a criminal attachment between them, and puts the issue and the invader of his bed to death, before the face of his unhappy paramour. There is too much of horror perhaps in the circumstances; but the writing is beautiful throughout, and the whole wrapped in a rich and [illegible] veil, where everything breathes the pur[illegible]

sibility. The opening verses, though soft and voluptuous, are tinged with the same shade of sorrow which gives its character and harmony to the whole poem.

'It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whisper'd word;
And gentle winds, and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue,
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away.
But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall, &c.
With many a lingering look they leave
The spot of guilty gladness past;
And though they hope and vow, they grieve,
As if that parting were the last.
The frequent sigh—the long embrace—
The lip that there would cling for ever,
While gleams on Parisina's face
The Heaven she fears will not forgive her,
As if each calmly conscious star
Beheld her frailty from afar.'—

The arraignment and condemnation of the guilty pair, with the bold, high-toned, and yet temperate defence of the son, are managed with admirable talent; and yet are less touching than the mute despair of the fallen beauty, who stands in speechless agony before him.

'Those lids o'er which the violet vein—
Wandering, leaves a tender stain,
Shining through the smoothest white
That e'er did softest kiss invite—
Now seemed with hot and livid glow
To press, not shade, the orbs below;
Which glance so heavily, and fill,
As tear on tear grows gathering still.'—
'Nor once did those sweet eyelids close,
Or shade the glance o'er which they rose,
But round their orbs of deepest blue
The circling white dilated grew—
And there with glassy gaze she stood
As ice were in her curdled blood;

But every now and then a tear
So large and slowly gathered slid
From the long dark fringe of that fair lid,
It was a thing to see, not hear!
To speak she thought—the imperfect note
Was choked within her swelling throat,
Yet seemed in that low hollow groan
Her whole heart gushing in the tone.
It ceased—again she thought to speak,
Then burst her voice in one long shriek,
And to the earth she fell like stone
Or statue from its base o'erthrown.'

The grand part of this poem, however, is that which describes the execution of the rival son; and in which, though there is no pomp, either of language or of sentiment, and though everything is conceived and expressed with the utmost simplicity and directness, there is a spirit of pathos and poetry to which it would not be easy to find many parallels.

'The Convent bells are ringing,
But mournfully and slow;
In the grey square turret swinging,
With a deep sound, to and fro.
Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
The song for the dead below,
Or the living who shortly shall be so!
For a departing being's soul
The death-hymn peals and the hollow bells knoll:
He is near his mortal goal;
Kneeling at the Friar's knee;
Sad to hear—and piteous to see—
Kneeling on the bare cold ground,
With the block before and the guards around—
While the crowd in a speechless circle gather
To see the Son fall by the doom of the Father!
It is a lovely hour as yet
Before the summer sun shall set,
Which rose upon that heavy day,
And mocked it with his steadiest ray;
And his evening beams are shed
Full on Hugo's fated head,
As his last confession pouring
To the monk, his doom deploring
In penitential holiness,
He bends to hear his accents bliss
With absolution such as may
Wipe our mortal stains away.
That high sun on his head did glisten
As he there did bow and listen—

And the rings of chesnut hair
Curled half down his neck so bare;
But brighter still the beam was thrown
Upon the axe which near him shone
With a clear and ghastly glitter——
Oh! that parting hour was bitter!
Even the stern stood chilled with awe;
Dark the crime, and just the law—
Yet they shuddered as they saw.
The parting prayers are said and over
Of that false son—and daring lover!
His beads and sins are all recounted,
His hours to their last minute mounted—
His mantling cloak before was stripped,
His bright brown locks must now be clipped,
'Tis done—all closely are they shorn—
The vest which till this moment worn—
The scarf which Pariaina gave—
Must not adorn him to the grave.
Even that must now be thrown aside,
And o'er his eyes the kerchief tied;
But no—that last indignity
Shall ne'er approach his haughty eye.
"No—yours my forfeit blood and breath—
"These hands are chained—but let me die
"At least with an unshackled eye—
"Strike:"—and as the word he said,
Upon the block he bowed his head;
These the last accents Hugo spoke:
"Strike"—and flashing fell the stroke—
Rolled the head—and, gushing, sunk
Back the stained and heaving trunk,
In the dust, which each deep vein
Slaked with its ensanguined rain;
His eyes and lips a moment quiver,
Convulsed and quick—then fix for ever.

Of the Hebrew melodies—the ode to Napoleon, and some other smaller pieces that appeared about the same time, we shall not now stop to say anything. They are obviously inferior to the works we have been noticing, and are about to notice, both in general interest, and in power of poetry—though some of them, and the Hebrew melodies especially, display a skill in versification, and a mastery in diction, which would have raised an inferior artist to the very summit of distinction.

Of the verses entitled, 'Fare thee well,'—and some others of a similar character, we shall say nothing but that, in spite of their beauty, it is painful to read them—and infinitely to be

regretted that they should have been given to the public. It would be a piece of idle affectation to consider them as mere effusions of fancy, or to pretend ignorance of the subjects to which they relate—and with the knowledge which all the world has of these subjects, we must say, that not even the example of Lord Byron, can persuade us that they are fit for public discussion. We come, therefore, to the consideration of the Noble author's most recent publications.

The most considerable of these, is the Third Canto of Childe Harold, a work which has the disadvantage of all continuations in admitting of little absolute novelty in the plan of the work, or the cast of its character, and must, besides, remind all Lord Byron's readers of the extraordinary effect produced by the sudden blazing forth of his genius upon their first introduction to that title. In spite of all this, however, we are persuaded that this Third Part of the poem will not be pronounced inferior to either of the former; and, we think, will probably be ranked above them by those who have been most delighted with the whole. The great success of this singular production, indeed, has always appeared to us an extraordinary proof of its merits; for, with all its genius, it does not belong to a sort of poetry that rises easily to popularity.—It has no story or action —very little variety of character—and a great deal of reasoning and reflection of no very attractive tenor. It is substantially a contemplative and ethical work, diversified with fine description, and adorned or overshaded by one emphatic person, who is sometimes the author, and sometimes the object of the reflections on which the interest is chiefly rested. It required, no doubt, great force of writing, and a decided tone of originality to recommend a performance of this sort so powerfully as this has been recommended to public notice and admiration—and those high characteristics belong perhaps still more eminently to the part that is now before us, than to any of the former. There is the same stern and lofty disdain of mankind, and their ordinary pursuits and enjoyments, with the same bright gaze on nature, and the same magic power of giving interest and effect to her delineations—but mixed up, we think, with deeper and more matured reflections, and a more intense sensibility to all that is grand or lovely in the external world.—Harold, in short, is somewhat older since he last appeared upon the scene—and while the vigour of his intellect has been confirmed, and his confidence in his own opinions increased, his mind has also become more sensitive; and his misanthropy, thus softened over by habits of calmer contemplation, appears less active and impatient,

even although more deeply rooted than before. Undoubtedly the finest parts of the poem before us, are those which thus embody the weight of his moral sentiments, or disclose the lofty sympathy which binds the despiser of Man to the glorious aspects of Nature. It is in these, we think, that the great attractions of the work consist, and the strength of the author's genius is seen. The narrative and description are of far inferior interest. With reference to the sentiments and opinions, however, which thus give its distinguishing character to the piece, we must say, that it seems no longer possible to ascribe them to the ideal person whose name it bears, or to any other than the author himself.—Lord Byron, we think, has formerly complained of those who identified him with his hero, or supposed that Harold was but the expositor of his own feelings and opinions;—and in noticing the former portions of the work, we thought it unbecoming to give any countenance to such a supposition.—In this last part, however, it is really impracticable to distinguish them.—Not only do the author and his hero travel and reflect together—but, in truth, we scarcely ever have any notice to which of them the sentiments so energetically expressed are to be ascribed; and in those which are unequivocally given as those of the Noble author himself, there is the very same tone of misanthropy, sadness and scorn, which we were formerly willing to regard as a part of the assumed costume of the Childe. We are far from supposing, indeed, that Lord Byron would disavow any of these sentiments; and though there are some which we must ever think it most unfortunate to entertain, and others which it appears improper to have published, the greater part are admirable, and cannot be perused without emotion even by those to whom they may appear erroneous.

The poem opens with a burst of grand poetry and lofty and impetuous feeling, in which the author speaks undisguisedly in his own person.

> 'Once more upon the waters! yet once more!
> And the waves bound beneath me as a steed
> That knows his rider. Welcome, to their roar!
> Swift be their guidance, wheresoe'er it lead!
> Though the strain'd mast should quiver as a reed,
> And the rent canvas fluttering strew the gale,
> Still must I on; for I am as a weed,
> Flung from the rock, on Ocean's foam, to sail
> Where'er the surge may sweep, the tempest's breath prevail.
>
> In my youth's summer, I did sing of One,
> The wandering outlaw of his own dark mind;
> Again I seize the theme then but begun,

And bear it with me, as the rushing wind
Bears the cloud onwards: in that Tale I find
The furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,
Which, ebbing, leave a sterile track behind,
O'er which all heavily the journeying years
Plod the last sands of life,—where not a flower appears.

Since my young days of passion—joy, or pain,
Perchance my heart and harp have lost a string,
And both may jar. It may be, that in vain
I would essay as I have sung to sing.
Yet, though a dreary strain, to this I cling;
So that it wean me from the weary dream
Of selfish grief or gladness—so it fling
Forgetfulness around me—it shall seem
To me, though to none else, a not ungrateful theme.'

After a good deal more in the same strain, he proceeds,

'Yet must I think less wildly:—I *have* thought
Too long and darkly, till my brain became,
In its own eddy boiling and o'erwrought,
A whirling gulf of phantasy and flame:
And thus, untaught in youth my heart to tame,
My springs of life were poison'd.'—
'Something too much of this:—but now 'tis past,
And the spell closes with its silent seal.
Long absent HAROLD re-appears at last.'

The character and feelings of this unjoyous personage are then depicted with great force and fondness;—and at last he is placed upon the plain of Waterloo.

'In "pride of place" where late the Eagle flew,
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through!'—
'Fit retribution! Gaul may champ the bit
And foam in fetters;—but is Earth more free?
Did nations combat to make *One* submit;
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty?
What! shall reviving Thraldom again be
The patched-up idol of enlightened days?
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we
Pay the Wolf homage?'——
'If not, o'er *one* fallen despot boast no more!'

There can be no more remarkable proof of the greatness of Lord Byron's genius than the spirit and interest he has contrived to communicate to his picture of the often drawn and difficult scene of the breaking up from Brussels before the great battle. It is a trite remark, that poets generally fail in the repre-

sentation of great events, when the interest is recent, and the particulars are consequently clearly and commonly known: and the reason is obvious; for as it is the object of poetry to make us feel for distant or imaginary occurrences nearly as strongly as if they were present and real, it is plain that there is no scope for her enchantments, where the impressive reality, with all its vast preponderance of interest, is already before us, and where the concern we take in the gazette far outgoes any emotion that can be conjured up in us by the help of fine descriptions. It is natural, however, for the sensitive tribe of poets, to mistake the common interest which they then share with the unpoetical part of their countrymen, for a vocation to versify; and so they proceed to pour out the lukewarm distillations of their fantasies upon the unchecked effervescence of public feeling. All our bards, accordingly, great and small, and of all sexes, ages, and professions, from Scott and Southey down to hundreds without names or additions, have adventured upon this theme—and failed in the management of it; and while they yielded to the patriotic impulse, as if they had all caught the inspiring summons—

Let those rhyme now who never rhymed before,
And those who always rhyme, rhyme now the more—

the result has been, that scarcely a line to be remembered had been produced on a subject which probably was thought, of itself, a secure passport to immortality. It required some courage to venture on a theme beset with so many dangers, and deformed with the wrecks of so many former adventurers;—and a theme, too, which, in its general conception, appeared alien to the prevailing tone of Lord Byron's poetry. See, however, with what easy strength he enters upon it, and with how much grace he gradually finds his way back to his own peculiar vein of sentiment and diction.

'There was a sound of revelry by night;
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!'

'Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated:—who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon nights so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder, peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but *above* shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.'

After some brief commemoration of the worth and valour that fell in that bloody field, the author turns to the many hopeless mourners that survive to lament their extinction; the many broken-hearted families, whose incurable sorrow is enhanced by the national exultation that still points, with importunate joy, to the scene of their destruction. There is a richness and energy in the following passage which is peculiar to Lord Byron, among all modern poets,—a throng of glowing images, poured forth at once, with a facility and profusion which must appear mere wastefulness to more economical writers, and a certain negligence and harshness of diction which can belong only to an author who is oppressed with the exuberance and rapidity of his conceptions.

'The Archangel's trump, not Glory's, must awake
Those whom they thirst for; though the sound of Fame
May for a moment sooth, it cannot slake
The fever of vain longing, and the name
So honoured but assumes a stronger, bitterer claim.

They mourn, but smile at length; and, smiling, mourn:
The tree will wither long before it fall;
The hull drives on, though mast and sail be torn;
The roof-tree sinks, but moulders on the hall
In massy hoariness; the ruined wall
Stands when its wind-worn battlements are gone;
The bars survive the captive they enthral;

The day drags through though storms keep out the sun;
And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on:
Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies; and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same, and still the more, the more it breaks;
And thus the heart will do which not forsakes,
Living in shattered guise, and still, and cold,
And bloodless, with its sleepless sorrow aches,
Yet withers on till all without is old,
Showing no visible sign,—for such things are untold.'

There is next an apostrophe to Napoleon, graduating into a series of general reflections, expressed with infinite beauty and earnestness, and illustrated by another cluster of magical images;—but breathing the very essence of misanthrophical disdain, and embodying opinions which we conceive not to be less erroneous than revolting. After noticing the strange combination of grandeur and littleness which seemed to form the character of that eminent individual, the author proceeds,

'Yet well thy soul hath brook'd the turning tide
With that untaught innate philosophy,
Which, be it wisdom, coldness, or deep pride,
Is gall and wormwood to an enemy.
When the whole host of hatred stood hard by,
To watch and mock thee shrinking, thou hast smiled
With a sedate and all-enduring eye;—
When Fortune fled her spoil'd and favourite child,
He stood unbowed beneath the ills upon him piled.

'Sager than in thy fortunes; for in them
Ambition steel'd thee on too far to show
That just habitual scorn which could contemn
Men and their thoughts. 'Twas wise to feel, not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow,
And spurn the instruments thou wert to use
Till they were turn'd unto thine overthrow:
'Tis but a worthless world to win or lose!—
So hath it proved to thee, and all such lot who choose.

'But quiet to quick bosoms is a hell,
And *there* hath been thy bane; there is a fire
And motion of the soul which will not dwell
In its own narrow being, but aspire
Beyond the fitting medium of desire;
And, but once kindled, quenchless evermore,
Preys upon high adventure, nor can tire
Of aught but rest; a fever at the core,
Fatal to him who bears, to all who ever bore.

'This makes the madmen who have made men mad
By their contagion; Conquerors and Kings,
Founders of sects and systems, to whom add
Sophists, Bards, Statesmen, all unquiet things
Which stir too strongly the soul's secret springs,
And are themselves the fools to those they fool;
Envied, yet how unenviable! what stings
Are theirs! One breast laid open were a school
Which would uuteach mankind the lust to shine or rule:

'Their breath is agitation, and their life,
A storm whereon they ride, to sink at last;
And yet so nurs'd and bigotted to strife,
That should their days surviving perils past,
Melt to calm twilight, they feel overcast
With sorrow and supineness, and so die;
Even as a flame unfed, which runs to waste
With its own flickering, or a sword laid by
Which eats into itself, and rusts ingloriously.

'He who ascends to mountain-tops, shall find
The loftiest peaks most wrapt in clouds and snow;
He who *surpasses* or *subdues* mankind,
Must look down on the hate of those below.
Though high *above* the sun of glory glow,
And far *beneath* the earth and ocean spread,
Round him are icy rocks, and loudly blow
Contending tempests on his naked head,
And thus reward the toils which to those summits led.'

This is splendidly written, no doubt—but we trust it is not true;—and as it is delivered with much more than poetical earnestness, and recurs, indeed, in other forms in various parts of the volume, we must really be allowed to enter our dissent somewhat at large. With regard to conquerors, we wish with all our hearts that the case were as the Noble author represents it: But we greatly fear they are neither half so unhappy, nor half so much hated as they should be. On the contrary, it seems plain enough that they are very commonly idolized and admired, even by those on whom they trample; and we suspect, moreover, that in general they pass their time rather agreeably, and derive considerable satisfaction from the ruin and desolation of the world. From Macedonia's Madman to the Swede—from Nimrod to Bonaparte, the hunters of men have pursued their sport with as much gaiety, and as little remorse, as the hunters of other animals—and have lived as cheerily in their days of action, and as comfortably in their repose, as the followers of better pursuits. For this, and for the fame which they have generally enjoyed, they are obviously indebted to the great interests connected with their employment,

and the mental excitement which belongs to its hopes and hazards. It would be strange, therefore, if the other active, but more innocent spirits whom Lord Byron has here placed in the same predicament, and who share all their sources of enjoyment, without the guilt and the hardness which they cannot fail of contracting, should be more miserable or more unfriended than those splendid curses of their kind—and it would be *passing strange*, and pitiful, if the most precious gifts of Providence should produce only unhappiness, and mankind regard with hostility their greatest benefactors. We do not believe in any such prodigies. Great vanity and ambition may indeed lead to feverish and restless efforts—to jealousies, to hate and to mortification—but these are only their effects when united to inferior abilities. It is not those, in short, who actually surpass mankind, that are unhappy, but those who struggle in vain to surpass them; and this moody temper, which eats into itself from within, and provokes fair and unfair opposition from without, is generally the result of pretensions which outgo the merits by which they are supported—and disappointments, that may be clearly traced, not to the excess of genius, but its defect.

It will be found, we believe, accordingly, that the master spirits of their age have always escaped the unhappiness which is here supposed to be the inevitable lot of extraordinary talents; and that this strange tax upon genius has only been levied upon those who held the secondary shares of it. Men of truly great powers of mind have generally been cheerful, social, and indulgent;—while a tendency to sentimental whining, or fierce intolerance, may be ranked among the surest symptoms of little souls and inferior intellects. In the whole list of our English poets, we can only remember Shenstone and Savage—two, certainly, of the lowest—who were querulous and discontented. Cowley, indeed, used to call himself melancholy;—but he was full of conceits and affectations, and has nothing to make us proud of him. Shakespeare, the greatest of them all, was evidently of a free and joyous temperament;—and so was Chaucer, their common master. The same disposition appears to have predominated in Fletcher, Johnson, and their great contemporaries. The genius of Milton partook something of the austerity of the party to which he belonged, and of the controversies in which he was involved; but even when fallen on evil days and evil tongues, his spirit seems to have retained its serenity as well as its dignity;—and in his private life, as well as in his poetry, the majesty of a high character is tempered with great sweetness and practical wisdom. In the succeeding age, our poets were but too gay; and though we forbear to speak of

living authors, we know enough of them to say with confidence, that to be miserable or to be hated is not now, any more than heretofore, the common lot of those who excel.

If this, however, be the case with poets, confessedly the most irritable and fantastic of all men of genius—and of poets, too, bred and born in the gloomy climate of England, it is not likely that those who have surpassed their fellows in other ways, or in other regions, have been more distinguished for unhappiness. Were Socrates and Plato, the greatest philosophers of antiquity, remarkable for unsocial or gloomy tempers?—was Bacon, the greatest in modern times?—was Sir Thomas More—or Erasmus—or Hume—or Voltaire?—was Newton—or Fenelon?—was Henry IV., the paragon of kings and conquerors?—was Fox, the most ardent, and, in the vulgar sense, the least successful of statesmen? These, and men like these, are undoubtedly the lights and the boast of the world. Yet there was no alloy of misanthrophy or gloom in their genius. They did not disdain the men they had surpassed; and neither feared nor experienced their hostility. Some detractors they might have, from envy or misapprehension; but, beyond all doubt, the prevailing sentiments in respect to them have always been those of gratitude and admiration; and the error of public judgment, where it has erred, has much oftener been to overrate than to undervalue the merits of those who had claims on their good opinion. On the whole, we are far from thinking that eminent men are happier than those who glide through life in peaceful obscurity; but it is their eminence, and the consequences of it, rather than the mental superiority by which it is obtained, that interferes with their enjoyment. Distinction, however won, usually leads to a passion for more distinction; and is apt to engage us in laborious efforts and anxious undertakings: and those, even when successful, seldom repay, in our judgment at least, the ease, the leisure and tranquillity, of which they require the sacrifice;—But it really passes our imagination to conceive, that the very highest degrees of intellectual vigour, or fancy, or sensibility, should of themselves be productive either of unhappiness or general dislike.

Harold and his poet next move along the lovely banks of the Rhine, to which, and all their associated emotions, due honour is paid in various powerful stanzas. We pass on, however, to the still more attractive scenes of Switzerland. The opening is of suitable grandeur.

> "But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
> The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned Eternity in icy halls

Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How Earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave vain man below.'

On this magnificent threshold, the poet pauses, to honour the patriot field of Morat, and the shrine of the priestess of Aventicum; and then, in congratulating himself on his solitude, once more moralizes his song, with something of an apology for its more bitter misanthropos.

'To fly from, need not be to hate, mankind;
All are not fit with them to stir and toil,
Nor is it discontent to keep the mind
Deep in its fountain, lest it overboil
In the hot throng,' &c.

'The race of life becomes a hopeless flight
To those that walk in darkness: on the sea,
The boldest steer but where their ports invite,
But there are wanderers o'er Eternity
Whose bark drives on and on, and anchored ne'er shall be.
Is it not better, then, to be alone,
And love Earth only for its earthly sake?
By the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone,
Or the pure bosom of its nursing lake,
Which feeds it as a mother who doth make
A fair but froward infant her own care,
Kissing its cries away as these awake.'

The cliffs of Meillerie, and the groves of Clarens of course, conjure up the shade of Rousseau, whom he characterizes very strongly, but charitably, in several enchanting stanzas;—one or two of which we shall cite as a specimen of the kindred rapture with which the Poet here honours the Apostle of Love.

'His love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was, and blasted; for to be
Thus, and enamoured, were in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distempered though it seems.
This breathed itself to life in Julie, *this*
Invested her with all that's wild and sweet.' &c.

'Clarens! sweet Clarens, birth-place of deep Love!
Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought;
Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above
The very Glaciers have his colours caught,

And sun-set into rose-hues sees them wrought
By rays which sleep there lovingly: the rocks,
The permanent crags, tell here of Love, who sought
In them a refuge from the worldly shocks,
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that woos, then mocks.

'All things are here of *him;* from the black pines,
Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar
Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,
Where the bowed waters meet him, and adore,
Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,
The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,
But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,
Offering to him, and his, a populous solitude.'

Our readers may think, perhaps, that there is too much sentiment and reflection in these extracts; and wish for the relief of a little narrative or description: But the truth is, that there is no narrative in the poem, and that all the descriptions are blended with the expression of deep emotion. The following picture, however, of an evening-calm on the lake of Geneva, we think, must please even the lovers of pure description—

'Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wide world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

'It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

'At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill;
But that is fancy—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.'

The following sketch of a midsummer night's thunder storm in the same sublime region, is still more striking and original—

'The sky is changed!—and such a change! Oh night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among
Leaps the live thunder! Not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

'And this is in the night:—Most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea!
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black,—and now, the glee
Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-mirth.'

In passing Ferney and Lausanne, there is a fine account of Voltaire and Gibbon; but we have room for but one more extract, and must take it from the characteristic reflections with which the piece is concluded. These, like most of the preceding, may seem perhaps to savour somewhat of egotism; but this is of the essence of such poetry; and if Lord Byron had only been happier, or in better humour with the world, we should have been delighted with the confidence he has here reposed in his readers:—as it is, it sounds too like the last disdainful address of a man who is about to quit a world which has ceased to have any attractions—like the resolute speech of Pierre—

'This vile world and I have long been jangling,
And cannot part on better terms than now.'—

The reckoning, however, is steadily and sternly made; and though he does not spare himself, we must say that the world comes off much the worst in the comparison. The passage is very singular, and written with much force and dignity.

'Thus far I have proceeded in a theme
Renewed with no kind auspices.—To feel
We are not what we have been, and to deem
We are not what we should be,—and to steel
The heart against itself; and to conceal,
With a proud caution, love, or hate, or aught,—
Passion or feeling, purpose, grief or zeal,—
Which is the tyrant spirit of our thought,
Is a stern task of soul:—No matter,—it is taught.

I have not loved the world, nor the world me;
I have not flattered its rank breath, nor bow'd
To its idolatries a patient knee,—
Nor coin'd my cheek to smiles,—nor cried aloud
In worship of an echo; in the crowd
They could not deem me one of such; I stood
Among them, but not of them.' &c.

'I have not loved the world, nor the world me,—
But let us part fair foes; I do believe,
Though I have found them not, that there may be
Words which are things,—hopes which will not deceive,
And virtues which are merciful, nor weave
Snares for the failing: I would also deem
O'er others' griefs that some sincerely grieve;
That two, or one, are almost what they seem,—
That goodness is no name, and happiness no dream.'

The closing stanzas of the poem are extremely beautiful;—but we are immoveable in the resolution, that no statement of ours shall ever give additional publicity to the subjects of which they treat.

We have not left room now to notice the faults of this performance. We hinted, at the outset, that the Noble author seemed to lean rather too kindly to the peculiarities of the Lake school; and in some of the passages we have already quoted, there are traces enough perhaps of this partiality. The following, however, will more completely justify that observation.

'I live not in myself, but I become
Portion of that around me; and to me,
High mountains are a feeling, but the hum
Of human cities torture,' &c.—

'Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires,—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.'

These are mystical enough, we think; but what follows is nearly as unintelligible as some of the sublimities of Wordsworth himself.

'Could I embody and unbosom now
That which is most within me,—could I wreak
My thoughts upon expression, and thus throw
Soul, heart, mind, passions, feelings, strong or weak,

All that I would have sought, and all I seek,
Bear, know, feel, and yet breathe—into *one word*,
And that one word were Lightning, I would speak;
But as it is, I live and die unheard,
With a most voiceless thought, sheathing it as a sword.'

We come now to 'The Prisoner of Chillon.' It is very sweet and touching—though we can afford but a short account of it. Chillon is a ruined castle on the lake of Geneva, in the dungeon of which three gallant brothers were confined, each chained to a separate pillar, till, after years of anguish, the two younger died, and were buried under the cold floor of the prison. The eldest was at length liberated, when worn out with age and misery—and is supposed, in his joyless liberty, to tell, in this poem, the sad story of his imprisonment. The picture of their first feelings, when bound apart in this living tomb, and of the gradual sinking of their cheery fortitude, is full of pity and agony.

'We could not move a single pace,
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight;
And thus together—yet apart,
Fettered in hand, but pined in heart;
'Twas still some solace in the dearth
Of the pure elements of earth,
To hearken to each other's speech,
And each turn comforter to each,
With some new hope, or legend old,
Or song heroically bold;
But even these at length grew cold.
Our voices took a dreary tone,
An echo of the dungeon-stone,
A grating sound—not full and free
As they of yore were wont to be:
It might be fancy—but to me
They never sounded like our own.'

The return to the condition of the younger brother, the blooming Benjamin of the family, is extremely natural and affecting.

'I was the eldest of the three,
And to uphold and cheer the rest
I ought to do—and did my best—
And each did well in his degree.
The youngest, whom my father loved,
Because our mother's brow was given
To him—with eyes as blue as heaven,
For him my soul was sorely moved;

And truly might it be distrust
To see such bird in such a nest;
For he was beautiful as day—
(When day was beautiful to me
As to young eagles, being free)—
A polar day, which will not see
A sunset till its summer's gone,
Its sleepless summer of long light,
The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
And thus he was as pure and bright,
And in his natural spirit gay,
With tears for nought but others' ills,
And then they flowed like mountain rills.'

The second brother had been a gay hunter, and drooped the first, when thus sadly barred from his mountain range.

'He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laugh'd—and laid him there:
The flat and turfless earth above
The being we so much did love;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such Murder's fitting monument!'

The gentle decay and gradual extinction of the youngest life, is the most tender and beautiful passage in the poem.

'But he, the favorite and the flower,
Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be
Less wretched now, and one day free;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh God! it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood:—
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,

I've seen it on the breaking ocean
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread:
But these were horrors—This was woe
Unmix'd with such—but sure and slow:
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright,
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost
In this last loss, of all the most;
And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
I listened, but I could not hear—
I called, for I was wild with fear;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound,
And rush'd to him:—I found him not,
I only stirr'd in this black spot,
I only lived—*I* only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew.'

After this last calamity, he is allowed to be at large in the dungeon.

'And it was liberty to stride
Along my cell from side to side,
And up and down, and then athwart,
And tread it over every part;
And round the pillars one by one,
Returning where my walk begun,
Avoiding only, as I trod,
My brothers' graves without a sod.'

He climbs up at last to the high chink that admitted the light to his prison, and looks out once more on the long remembered face of nature, and the lofty forms of the eternal mountains.

'I saw them—and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high—their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush;
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down;
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growing,
Of gentle breath and hue.
The fish swam by the castle wall,
And they seemed joyous each and all;
The eagle rode the rising blast,
Methought he never flew so fast
As then to me he seemed to fly.'

The rest of the poems in this little volume, are less amiable—and most of them, we fear, have a personal and not very charitable application. One, entitled 'Darkness,' is free from this imputation. It is a grand and gloomy sketch of the supposed consequences of the final extinction of the Sun and the Heavenly bodies—executed, undoubtedly, with great and fearful force—but with something of German exaggeration, and a fantastical solution of incidents. The very conception is terrible above all conception of known calamity—and is too oppressive to the imagination, to be contemplated with pleasure, even in the faint reflection of poetry. 'The icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.'

Cities and forests are burnt, for light and warmth.

'The brows of men by the despairing light
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;
And others hurried to and fro, and fed
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,
The pall of a past world; and then again

With curses cast them down upon the dust,
And gnash'd their teeth and howl'd.'

Then they eat each other, and are extinguished.

' ——— The world was void,
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
The rivers, lakes, and ocean all stood still,
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,
And their masts fell down piecemeal; as they dropp'd
They slept on the abyss without a surge—
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,
The moon their mistress had expired before;
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perish'd: Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—She was the universe.'

There is a poem entitled 'The Dream,' written with great beauty and genius—but extremely painful—and abounding with mysteries into which we have no desire to penetrate. "The Incantation" and "Titan" have the same distressing character—though without the sweetness of the other. Some stanzas to a nameless friend, are in a tone of more open misanthropy. This is a favourable specimen of their composition.

' Though human, thou didst not deceive me,
Though woman, thou didst not forsake,
Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me,
Though slander'd, thou never could'st shake,—
Though trusted, thou didst not disclaim me,
Though parted, it was not to fly,
Though watchful, 'twas not to defame me,
Nor, mute, that the world might belie.'

Beautiful as this poetry is, it is a relief at last to close the volume. We cannot maintain our accustomed tone of levity, or even speak like calm literary judges, in the midst of these agonizing traces of a wounded and distempered spirit. Even our admiration is at last swallowed up in a most painful feeling of pity and of wonder. It is impossible to mistake these for fictitious sorrows, conjured up for the purpose of poetical effect. There is a dreadful tone of sincerity, and an energy that cannot be counterfeited in the expression of wretchedness and alienation from human kind, which occurs in every page of this publication; and as the author has at last spoken out in his own person, and unbosomed his griefs a great deal too freely to his readers, the offence now would be to entertain a doubt of their reality.

We certainly have no hope of preaching him into philanthropy and cheerfulness; but it is impossible not to mourn over such a catastrophe of such a mind, or to see the prodigal gifts of Nature, Fortune, and Fame, thus turned to bitterness, without an oppressive feeling of impatience, mortification and surprise. Where there are such elements, however, it is equally impossible to despair that they may yet enter into happier combinations,—or not to hope that 'this puissant spirit'

'yet shall reascend
Self-raised, and repossess its native seat.'

ART. II. *A Letter to the Roman Catholic Priests of Ireland, on the Expediency of reviving the Canonical Mode of electing Bishops by Dean and Chapter; in which are discussed the Questions of Securities, the Nature and Value of Quarantotti's Rescript, and whether the Pope is competent to compel the Roman Catholics of Ireland, by Censures, to come into any Arrangements injurious to their Civil Rights.* By C. O. 8vo. pp. 111. Dublin, Cezini. 1814.

Two very remarkable changes have taken place in the great question of domestic policy, to which we have so often directed the attention of our readers; changes so material to the result, that they have almost rendered the subject new, and have, at all events, made it necessary to enter again upon the discussion. These changes are, the proposal of securities, particularly the *veto*, both by some of the warmest and by some of the most suspected friends of the Catholic claims; and the restoration to independence of the Head of the Catholic Church, or, we ought rather perhaps to say, his liberation from the control of France. The latter of these events has, moreover, exercised a manifest influence upon the state of the case, as it was previously affected by the former; insomuch that many persons, who, at the date of Lord Grenville's well known Letter,* and even at the introduction of the Bill in 1813, were conscientiously persuaded that strict securities should be taken, may now, with consistency, either relax in their demands, or abandon them altogether. There appears, then, an obvious necessity for once more entering upon the question of Emancipation, with a reference to its present state, and for examining, with care, the amount of the reasonings on both sides, as they are applicable to the topics which we have just mentioned.

* December 1809.

It cannot, however, be dissembled, that another most important change of circumstances has occurred, since we last treated upon the subject; a change which does not indeed affect *the argument*, and will hardly be brought forward openly by those whose minds are most likely to be swayed by it—but which, nevertheless, is likely to exercise a portentous influence upon the success of the cause. We allude, of course, to the mighty revolutions upon the Continent, and the cessation, in this country, of all immediate alarm from foreign powers. It has been the fate of Ireland, at all times, to experience how much more cogent a reasoner Fear is than justice, or even policy. Gratitude among statesmen, was once defined, by one of their number, to be a lively sense of *future* favours. She has ever found, that the same forgetfulness of the past distinguishes the corporate body of politicians, which Walpole had remarked in the individuals. When danger pressed from without, or apprehensions were entertained at home, from the weakness of the Government, or from the unknown extent of disaffection, concessions were made to the bulk of the Irish people, with an unsparing hand,—so lavishly, indeed, that what is now refused, bears no proportion to what was then bestowed. But it should seem that our fears extorted the concession; for the refusal has been given when the claim rests more upon justice than necessity. During the latter years of the war, the advocates of the Catholics again gained ground. Ireland was the weak point of the front which we exposed to the enemy,—and the points most open to his attack were precisely the districts most discontented, and most a prey to religious dissensions. Each step that was gained was, no doubt, asserted to be the triumph of reason and a sound liberal policy over bigotry and persecution. Each advance made by the enemies of the Catholics towards an amicable adjustment, was carefully ascribed to the purest motives; and every thing like apprehension, every *undignified* view, was bravely disclaimed by those who yielded, while they who gained by the concession, cheerfully admitted the disclaimer. Yet the fact is certain, that those times of success for the Catholics, were moments of jeopardy to the empire, and of extreme difficulty to the Government; and it is greatly to be feared, that they urge their suit with a very different prospect of success, now that all danger has passed over our heads. There is something, however, so revolting in the meanness, as well as the injustice of those who would give their claims a different reception in consequence of this change of circumstances, that we may be sure no open allusion will ever be made to it. Other pretexts will be resorted to, in justification of the altered tone that may

may be adopted; and as, among these pretexts, the recent conduct of the Catholics, and the supposed necessity of securities generally, will, without doubt, stand foremost, it becomes so much the more necessary, at this juncture, to sift the topic minutely, were it for no other reason than to shut up, beforehand, the skulking places into which apostasy is preparing its retreat.

It is first of all essential to the right consideration of this subject, that we recollect the origin of the proposed securities. Many persons apprehended, and more affected to apprehend danger to the constitution, and even to the security and independence of the country, from the concession of the Catholic claims, as far as a foreign influence was exerted in the choice of the Romish prelates. It was quite impossible to maintain that this influence was in itself an object of alarm; because, in all times past, it had been exercised without any evil result, and, at any rate, without any attempt on the part of the Protestant alarmists to remove it, or take securities against its tendency. But, in order to suit the argument to the fact, and make their present apprehensions consistent with their former conduct, they were driven to the necessity of resting the new demand upon the proposed emancipation, and to contend, that while power was withheld from the Catholic body, securities were unnecessary, but that the occasion for them arose out of the increase about to be given to their political importance. This shape, and this shape alone, could the proposition assume; for it could never be maintained, that *all* civil rights rendered securities necessary, since the concessions of 1778 were granted without them;—nor could it be said that every gift of *political* influence must be accompanied by safeguards against its abuse, seeing that an immense accession of such influence had been bestowed, unattended by a single fence, or check, or surety, in 1793. But the argument behoved to be stated thus, and no otherwise:—the Catholics have now arrived at that precise point at which no one further concession can safely be made to them, without requiring securities. We are very confident that most of those who seriously maintained the doctrine of the *veto*, never reflected upon the past history of the Catholic question, and consequently did not distinctly see what an arbitrary, gratuitous, fantastical position they were supporting. Stript of all disguise, and reduced to its real form, the doctrine is as we have stated it;—they who espoused it conscientiously, assuredly never so stated it to themselves, unless indeed they adopted it as the means of conciliating the unthinking multitude,—a motive of action which we shall examine in the sequel.

Deception, lawyers and logicians say, lurks in generals; but the same may be observed of error in all its branches, self-deception as well as imposition. Let us then see what the argument really purports, by bringing to particulars the vague phrases,—foreign influence,—political importance,—and adequate securities,—in which its whole virtue consists.

The Pope nominally consecrates the Irish Catholic Bishops; and they, as is well known, have the most substantial authority over the clergy of their respective dioceses. The influence of the parochial clergy over their flocks, is equally unquestionable; and from hence it is contended, that the papal authority may be dangerously exerted over the Irish people. When this argument was first promulgated, the Pope was a close prisoner in the hands of Buonaparte, and it derived a certain plausibility from this circumstance; for men were prone to believe, that the reasoning had thus connected the two ends of the chain, and brought our deadly enemy in contact with the mass of the discontented in Ireland, or rather, with the bulk of its population. We think it will be most satisfactory, first to show, that the apprehension never had any foundation, even when circumstances rendered the statement of it most specious, before we remind the reader, that the state of things, to which its whole plausibility was owing, no longer exists.

Let it then be remembered, that, in point of fact, the Pope does not, and never did, *appoint* the Irish prelates; and that, in the nature of things, it is wholly impossible he should. He is utterly ignorant of the individuals who compose the Irish clergy; and from these the prelates are always chosen. By accident, a few among many thousands may have been seen by him; that is to say, if the Pope happened to belong to some convent in Rome, or to be acting as a parish priest there, at the time that several Irish priests, now old enough for the mitre, were receiving their education from the Irish clergy of that city; and if, notwithstanding the many obstacles to such an acquaintance, it did so fall out, that the particular Italian monk or priest, afterwards raised to the purple, associated with one or two of the Irish students, then a case would occur, in which the Pope might of himself name one, or possibly, in the course of an unusually long pontificate, two Irish Bishops. But this is so remote from all ordinary probability, that we may safely assert it never did happen; and that, in the common course of things, his Holiness is as ignorant of the persons through whom he communicates the spiritual gifts inherited by him from St Peter, as the Grand Lama is of his subaltern agents, in a country where he is a little, and but a very little, more a prisoner than his Roman brother. The

Pope's Italian councillors are in the same state of necessary ignorance, and must rely, like himself, upon information and advice received from Ireland itself; so that, in fact, the nomination is purely domestic, and the interposition of the Holy See is a mere matter of form.

If, then, the Pope only chose one out of a certain number transmitted to him from Ireland, although he was under Buonaparte's control, and disposed to chuse the individual most agreeable to him, the fault was still in those who had transmitted such a name; the suspected person substantially owed his appointment to his countrymen; and the mitre was bestowed improperly, not because a foreign influence had interfered to promote the enemy's agent, but because a domestic party had pitched upon a disaffected candidate. But there never was any apprehension more entirely groundless, than that of the Pope being likely to consult Buonaparte's views or wishes in the exercise of any part of his functions. In all matters, temporal or spiritual, he showed a constancy worthy of the martyrs' virtues, which he inherits, with their superstitions. Nay, to such a pitch did he carry his lofty contempt for the oppressions to which he was subjected, that he refused the permission given him, while detained in France, to leave his residence; and, for two years, never once descended the staircase that led to his apartments, although permitted, and even requested, to visit the environs:—So well informed of the facts were those who dreaded the influence of the Pope as an agent of Napoleon. It is a matter of certainty, that the knowledge of any candidate being agreeable to the latter, would of itself have occasioned his exclusion,—and for the very reason that the option rested with the Pope. But it might be urged, that another pontiff would, in all probability, exhibit less firmness. Still he must receive the recommendation from Ireland; for that is the course which, of necessity, the nomination has taken.

Suppose him, however, to make himself wholly the enemy's tool, and, regardless of the suggestions from Ireland, to appoint agents of that power;—we will venture to assert, that such agents would have been instantly rejected by the inferior clergy and laity, not merely because they lay under a suspicion of being disaffected, but because they were appointed after a novel manner. Such a nomination would at once have been deemed an encroachment of the Romish See, and resisted. The authority of the Pope among our Irish brethren, is manifestly of a most limited nature, and held by a very precarious tenure. It seems to be acknowledged, just so far as it suits their purposes, or coincides with their own doctrines. In all temporal matters, it is stoutly denied as a general principle; nay, it is denied upon oath. The Catholics are by law

bound to swear, in the oath of allegiance, that they 'do not be-'lieve the Pope either hath, or ought to have, any temporal or 'civil jurisdiction, power, superiority or preeminence, directly or 'indirectly, within the realm;' and we find them giving so wide a sense to the phrase *temporal power*, that we may be well assured it would be held to cover any appointment to ecclesiastical dignities made without consulting them, and for obviously improper purposes.

The manner in which they have recently treated the interference of the Holy See upon this very question, furnishes the best illustration of this point: as there can be no more convincing proof how groundless the alarm is about foreign interference, and how little disposed the Irish Catholics are to carry their deference towards the court of Rome, further than their own views fall in with those of their 'Most Holy Father,' we shall stop for a moment to show how they have treated him and his authority upon the present occasion. It is also necessary to enter into this detail, with a view to a subsequent branch of the question. In the year 1799, when Mr Pitt, among other measures for conciliating the Catholics, and obtaining their consent to the Union, proposed giving their clergy an independent provision, upon certain conditions, a meeting of their prelates, to the number of ten, passed resolutions, approving of the *veto* under specified regulations; but adding, that without the concurrence of the Pope, nothing could be effected of this description. In the course of a few years, the whole of those prelates who survived had renounced their former opinions, and joined the rest of their body in rejecting the *veto*, which they did by the resolutions of September 1808, and February 1810—and the addresses of February 1810, November 1812, and May 1813. The refusal of the *veto*, in all these documents, is grounded upon the merits of the case chiefly; but the captivity of the Pope, and the consequent impossibility of holding any communication with him upon the subject, is urged strongly as a reason for rejecting all changes in the established mode of appointment. It is moreover worthy of remark, that, under the impression of his being a prisoner, they solemnly pledge themselves to deny the validity of any act purporting to be his resignation, or of any compulsory election of a successor, should he die; and, expressing the utmost horror of the treatment he was undergoing, they renounce, with equal abhorrence, all idea of 'taking up as 'spoils any part of the right of the Apostolic See so invaded, 'violated, and trodden down for a time by sacrilege.'

In the early part of 1814, came Monsignor Quarantotti's Rescript, allowing the Irish Catholics to accept of emancipation, along with the *veto*, *in terminis* 'as it had been proposed in the

Bill of 1813.' This document came from the acting Prefect of the *Propaganda*, to which department the Irish affairs of course belong; and it bears to be from an authority furnished with full pontifical powers. No sooner did it reach the Sister Kingdom, than it threw the whole Catholic body into a flame. We have now before us fourteen addresses, and strings of resolutions, and several letters from large bodies of the clergy of all ranks, and from individual prelates, as well as from the lay meetings. They breathe nothing but indignation at the unfortunate rescript. But only four of the number express any doubt of its authenticity, or object to it on account of the suspicious circumstances under which it was issued, or call in question the authority of the body from whom it proceeded, to act in the Pope's absence; and, of these four, two expressly add, that though it had come directly from the Pope himself, they should have equally rejected it; while the other two give us to understand the same thing, by their strong protests against the document upon the merits of the question, after having, by way of introduction, objected to the authority which promulgated it.

The feelings of the Catholic body upon the subject of the *veto* itself, and upon the interference of the Pope, where they happen to differ from him, are so clearly exhibited in these publications, that we shall notice some passages in them more minutely.—'We hesitate not (say the clergy of the archdiocese of Dublin) 'to declare our unqualified dissent from the principles which the 'rescript inculcates, and which *as Catholics*, and as Irishmen, 'we view with *disgust and abhorrence.*' The clergy of Cloyne and Ross, after expressing 'inviolable attachment to the centre 'of Catholic unity, the Chair of St Peter, so edifyingly filled at 'present by their venerated Chief Pontiff Pius VII.,' add, that they regard the 'integrity of the Roman Catholic religion 'in Ireland, as paramount, and that they apprehend the *veto* 'would have utterly subverted it.' Wherefore they resolve, that the rescript is 'an unwarrantable assumption of authority 'on the part of the Vice-Prefect of the *Propaganda*, and *in-'competent to bind them.*' Their Bishop having, in answer to the letter enclosing it, observed that, 'in common with every real 'friend to the integrity of the Catholic religion, he had read '*that very mischievous document* with feelings of *disgust and in-'dignation*,' they pass a resolution, highly approving of his conduct, in expressing such 'prompt and decided reprobation,' and declaring their full participation in 'his feelings of disgust and indignation, on reading this very mischievous document.' The clergy of the Cork diocese use nearly the same language; and describe the rescript as 'having excited the most unprece-'dented alarm among their flocks, and as tending, in their

'judgments, to produce incalculable mischief, if not utter ruin 'to the Roman Catholic religion in Ireland.' The fears of foreign influence, even while Buonaparte bore sway, are described by the Bishop of Derry as '*silly, ridiculous* and *unfounded*;—but,' adds his Lordship, 'as that bugbear is run 'down, where is the occasion now of a *veto?* Why then Monsieur Quarantotti's document? What is Government afraid 'of at present?' He then asks, why they should have forced upon them 'an unnecessary Rescript, which they detest beyond 'any thing that can possibly be conceived.' The Diocese of Dromore resolve, that 'their much respected and venerable 'Prelate deserves their warmest thanks for his *able and dignified* reply to the communication of the Rescript.' In acknowledging the receipt of it, Bishop O'Shaughnessy says, 'I have 'received with indignation your Lordship's letter, together 'with Monsieur Quarantotti's *detestable Rescript.* I am well a-'ware that the result of this *pernicious measure*, if carried into 'effect, would be virtually fatal to the Catholic religion of Ire-'land.' His Lordship therefore adds, 'that he hastens to 'protest against it;' and says, 'though I should stand alone, '*while I have breath in my body*, I will continue to do so.'—The manner, however, is not always so vehement in these papers, though the sense is the same. 'The Catholic Church of 'Ireland,' says one Diocese, 'having ever preserved her hie-'rarchy, cannot relinquish those rights and liberties which 'every other church, similarly constituted, enjoys; and conse-'quently this document, *were it even signed by his Holiness, 'can be of no force or value in this country*, unless approved and 'received by our Bishops.'—'We do not, says another, feel ourselves bound to subscribe to such concessions, nor to obey 'the implied mandate of that letter, because to us it seems to be 'unauthorized by the Pope—and *even were his Holiness to give it 'under his sign manual, we should not consider ourselves bound to 'obey it*, as it would be an infringement on *our* religious disci-'pline.'—'We understand,' says the eloquent, but not very well reasoned resolutions of the Diocese of Ossory, 'we un-'derstand well the difference between the spiritual power of the 'Priesthood and the Sovereignty of the State. We give unto 'Cæsar what belongs to Cæsar; we give to God what belongs 'to God. Our principle, as Irishmen and Roman Catholic 'priests, is to keep separate these two jurisdictions, by re-'fusing to each what belongs to the other; by admitting both 'in their proper sphere. We disclaim the spiritual power 'of any form of civil government; in our character of Bri-'tish subjects, we disclaim as loudly the temporal power of

'the Pope; *we protest against the Rescript as we do against the* '*Veto;* we reject the uncanonical interference of the King, as 'Roman Catholics; we reject the unconstitutional interference 'of the Pope, as citizens. No government can justly invade 'the rights of conscience; no spiritual authority, home or fo- 'reign, is competent to dispose of our civil rights.'

The restoration of the Pope having been completely effected, there appears to have been a short pause among the Irish Catholics, in the expectation of his disavowing the abhorred Rescript. Applications having been made to his Holiness by both parties, he was pleased to issue a letter, dated Genoa April 26, 1815, stating the extent to which he could allow the acceptance of the proposed conditions. The following are the words, which are intended, on the one hand, to authorize the *veto*, and, on the other, are held to refuse it. 'In casu prædictæ eman- 'cipationis, quæ Catholicis omnino faveat, Sanctitas sua non 'dubitabit permittere, ut in quibus mos est candidatos Sanctæ 'Sedi commendandos designare, earum notulam exhibeant Re- 'giis ministris, ut Gubernium, *si quis invisus aut suspectus sit,* '*eum statim indicet, ut expungatur,* ita tamen ut sufficiens nu- 'merus supersit ex quo Sanctitas sua eligere possit.'

When we consider that this was the arrangement substituted for the explicit permission of the *veto* given by Monsignor Quarantotti's letter, all the rules of construction oblige us to admit that it means something very different from the *veto*. If, as one party maintains, the words '*indicet ut expungatur*' are intended to describe a power to be vested in the Government, of expunging, or causing to be expunged, whatever names they please from the list of candidates, they are descriptive of the *veto*, authorized by Quarantotti's Rescript, which is wholly repugnant to the purport of a letter meant as a revocation and annulment of that rescript. Had such been the Pope's intention, he would have referred in terms to the *veto*, or to the Bill of 1813, as Quarantotti had done. But it is evident that the words mean a very different arrangement. They describe, not perhaps very clearly, but in a manner sufficiently intelligible, a power of inspection and suggestion, not a power of exclusion. The list is to be shown to the Government, that they may point out any suspected persons whose names are contained in it; and some other persons, not they who make the suggestion, are to expunge the objectionable names; that is to say, are to expunge them if they please; otherwise, why should one have the power of suggesting, and another of expunging? It is stated upon the best authority, that repeated demands of an explanation have only been answered by a reference to the text of the Letter of Genoa; but that the Court

of Rome is understood to consider the words as meaning, that the names shall be transmitted to the Pope with the objections, and that these are to be weighed by him,—which is so far from being the same with the *veto*, that it is the very reverse of it.

Indeed, no one can believe that the Pope ever would consent to the arrangement proposed. He might be desirous of gratifying, as far as he could, a Government, to which he owed his restoration, and had always expressed his unbounded gratitude; he might, with this view, wish to retract Quarantotti's permission in the way least offensive, and to put something in its place that should look as like the *veto* as possible. But an absolute concession of any right, temporal or spiritual, is never made by the Holy See. To this day they claim Avignon, and all the territories they ever possessed, making once a year solemn protests for them. They temporize, and appease, and give up a little for a time,—but an absolute parting with any right is wholly foreign to their policy; and if ever a Pontiff sate in St Peter's chair, who was, from principles and from temper, incapable of adopting a more compliant course, it is Pius VII.—We, therefore, can have no doubt as to the sense in which the Letter of Genoa is to be taken. Indeed, the saving clause '*Ita tamen*,' &c. would render the whole a nullity, even if the body of the permission had *expressly* given the *veto*;—for the body who recommend, would only have to narrow the number of the candidates, so as a sufficient number should not remain after any one name was expunged,—and then no such exclusion could take place. But we have already seen how immaterial it is whether the Pope grants the *veto* or not. If he refuses it, the Catholics of course say they cannot hear of it, because his Holiness has forbidden them; if he grants it, they say it is a temporal question, and the Pope has no right to interfere. The quotations above given, clearly show this to be their temper; but we find the matter again distinctly stated in the Address of the Catholic Laity to the Pope in August 1815, four months after the date of the Letter of Genoa, and transmitted in consequence of the use made of that Letter.

'With sentiments of most sincere sorrow, we have heard that, notwithstanding the uniform manifestations of our spiritual attachment to the Holy See, it has pleased your Holiness to favour a measure, which would enable a Protestant Government to control the appointment of our Prelates; against which the Catholic voice of Ireland has protested, and ever will protest with one accord. No spiritual grounds are alleged for the proposed alteration in our Ecclesiastical System; it is not pretended that it would advance the interests of religion, or improve the morality of the Catholic People of Ireland; on the contrary, it is proposed, in opposition to the

class of men as it assumes the prelates to be, would ever submit for the Royal approbation every one name hostile to their plans. If, on the other hand, the inferior clergy should have a voice in the choice of their prelates, the alarm becomes ridiculous in the extreme; for its whole force is derived from the assumption, that the bishop influences his subordinate clergy, and through him the people.

But, after all, what ground is there for interfering with the Catholics, any more than with other dissenters, in the choice of their spiritual functionaries? They do not abhor the Church of England more zealously and piously than we rigid Presbyterians, who view both the English and the Roman Churches as an equal abomination, regarding them indeed as alike in all but one or two particulars. Yet, who ever thought of taking sureties against the Protestant Dissenters, by preventing improper persons from being chosen 'preachers and teachers' under the Toleration Act! And let it always be kept in mind, that the only ground of interference which can be induced, is the alleged danger to the Established Church. To interfere for purposes merely political, or to improve the loyalty of the lower Irish, or amend their conduct, may be the real motive with some of the alarmists; but no one has been hardy enough to avow it, any more than the other object—which has, we verily believe, a far greater sway—the desire of obtaining an influence for party purposes, among the bulk of the population. Any intermeddling of this sort is so nearly allied to the basest species of policy, the bartering of religious privileges for the lowest of worldly ends, that we may be well assured no one will ever venture openly to recommend it. Either, then, the danger exists not at all, or it is apprehended from attempts of the Catholics themselves, against the Establishment. Now, it ought to be borne in mind, that no Catholic can, directly or indirectly, make any attempt upon the safety of the Establishment, without the deliberate and wilful breach of an oath, which is as follows:—'I do swear that I will defend to the utmost of my power 'the settlement and arrangement of property in this country, 'as established by the laws now in being; I do hereby disclaim, 'disavow, and solemly abjure any intention to subvert the present Church establishment, for the purpose of substituting a 'Catholic establishment in its stead; and I do solemnly swear, 'that I will not exercise any privilege to which I am or may become entitled, to disturb or weaken the Protestant religion and 'Protestant government in this Kingdom.' But oaths, it is said, are not a sufficient safeguard; they may be broken; or they may be taken with mental reservations. Who say so?—The enemies of Catholic emancipation? But by what other means

than by oaths and declarations have they hitherto secured, or attempted to secure the Establishment against the Romanists? What but an unwillingness to violate oaths, and to make false declarations, makes the Catholic an alien in his own country, and gives rise to the whole question of his emancipation? Can any thing be more grossly inconsistent, than that those very men who have constructed the machinery of restraints under which he now labours, who have forged all his fetters of oaths and declarations, and who will not hear of his liberation from them lest the Establishment should be endangered, should turn round upon him and say, oaths and declarations are unavailing to bind him, because he will break the one and swallow the other? Can there be more outrageous inconsistency than this? There can; it is his, who, being an advocate of the Catholics, has always cried out against the grossness of that inconsistency; and, denying that the oaths were likely to be violated, has insisted, for that very reason, upon their being relieved from them. His conduct is more inconsistent than that which he blames; for if tests are of no avail, there can indeed be no reason why the one party should persist in imposing them; but there can be still less reason for the other party requiring their abrogation, it being somewhat less ridiculous to refuse a change, admitting it will do no harm, than to call for one asserting it can do no good. Thus stands the argument, at least while the restraints are maintained:—Let us see in what respect it is altered, how far additional alarm is justified, and new securities rendered more necessary, by the proposed emancipation; which brings us to the second of the vague phrases mentioned in the outset of this discourse, as comprising the whole of the reasoning in favour of *vetos*, namely, the accession expected to the '*political importance*' of the Catholic body.

To one ignorant of the technical absurdities, (if we may so speak), of this controversy, it would seem strange, and indeed quite inconceivable, that no fears were entertained of the Catholic hierarchy, at the time when the condition of the whole body was at its worst, their oppressions most intolerable, and the hostility of the Government the most unsparing;—at the time when there must have existed the greatest disaffection, because there was the best ground for it,—when the priest must have been most disposed to seduce his flock from their allegiance, and they most prone to follow him:—But that the alarm has reached its height, when the condition both of priest and people is incalculably improved, and that novel precautions are resorted to, exactly when all distinctions between Catholic and Protestant are about to be removed,—nay, that the removal of those disabilities, which all admit to have been the original cause of the danger,

is given as the reason for requiring safeguards before unheard of.

As long as the Catholics were excluded entirely from the pale of the Constitution; while they could fill no offices, exercise no franchise, possess no influence of any kind in the State, nay not even the right of property, and were moreover galled by innumerable cruel and absurd, but, at all events, irritating persecutions; it seems to have been deemed quite safe for the Establishment, which oppressed and tormented them, that they should manage their own Church as they pleased. Now, when it is proposed to place them on the self-same footing with the rest of the community, and to do away all the distinctions which heretofore separated and might have alienated them from the Constitution, we are told that a system of new securities becomes for the first time necessary against their supposed designs of disaffection. At the moment that every ground of complaint is to be removed, we are bid take special care lest their discontent prove dangerous.

This seems sufficiently absurd, one should think, and very much at variance with the maxims respecting tolerance and persecution, which all mankind have long admitted, from the knowledge of the surest principles of human nature. Yet there is a still greater absurdity in the doctrine, and a more glaring inconsistency in the conduct of its professors. If, as soon as the door of the Constitution was opened to the Catholics, and the means of acquiring political influence given them, it had been proposed to provide against an abuse of the privileges and the power thus for the first time bestowed, some appearance of argument might have been urged in support of the suggestion; for the inveterate hostility of the sect was then at its height, and it might not be removed all at once by change of treatment; the enjoyment of power was new, and its taste might intoxicate. But no such proposition was then made; it has been reserved for the last stage of our kindness, or rather the last act of justice towards the oppressed sect, when a long course of improvement in their condition must have lessened their animosity, and a gradual acquisition of right and weight in the State, made them incapable of abusing every new accession of influence.

Again—if the power formerly given to them, bore no proportion to that which they now seek, there would be some reason for contending, that though a little influence might be safely entrusted to them, a large portion might prove a source of danger. But, it is exactly the reverse; the concessions in 1778 and 1793 are beyond all comparison more important, than those which remain to be made; in short, their power was at once

carried to a great height before, and can rise but a very little higher by means of any thing that is still to be conferred on them. Then, what can be more preposterous than the conduct of those who suddenly bestowed nine tenths of the influence in question, without saying one word of securities against its abuse, and have now as suddenly discovered that it would be dangerous to give the remaining tenth part without safeguards?

It is unnecessary to go through the whole detail of the concessions that were made to the Catholics, unfettered by any condition;—let it suffice to say, that the right of holding property, and, above all, the exercise of the elective franchise, was granted without any security against their being turned to the destruction of the Establishment. Consider only the latter of these; how direct is the political influence which it bestows, and how much more likely to be under the control of the Catholic priesthood, than the right now sought, of sitting in Parliament. The bulk of voters are of necessity persons liable to be influenced by their spiritual guides; and how does it happen that no one thought of fencing the Church with *vetos* upon their Bishops, when the flocks of the Clergy were at once converted into political machines? But they must elect Protestants, it is said. Can any thing be more plain than that, if their views, and those of their pastors, were inimical to the Church, they would chuse Protestants who should make themselves the engines of their hostility? Does not every one know, that a Catholic member would be much less liable to the influence of his constituents upon such matters, than a Protestant returned by Catholics, who must needs be suspecting him, and keeping a sharp eye upon his whole conduct? In fact, no members are more blindly swayed by their constituents, than those who at present stand in this predicament. But, after all, the emancipation would only introduce a few Catholics into each House; for there are not above three or four peers,—and we fear property will always be found a more powerful canvasser than religion. Is it not then most absurd to contend, that because those few persons are henceforth to have seats, even supposing them all to have the rancour and the cunning of the cloister, it becomes necessary to sift the election of the bishops, who influence the priests, who influence the voters, when you have already allowed the most ignorant and perverse of the Catholics to become voters in their own persons, without having the least dread of their privilege being abused? Again—they have been suffered to hold many offices, but a few are withheld. What can equal the absurdity of saying—the Catholics may chuse whom they please for bishops, as long as

they can only rise to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army; but the instant there are such things as Catholic Colonels, then indeed the Protestant Church is in danger, unless an efficient control is exercised upon the election of the Catholic Bishops. It seems as if the maximum of Catholic power, consistent with the stability of the Church, had been discovered by some nice process of political arithmetic. We have been suffering this burden to mount higher and higher, without any precaution whatever to prevent it from crushing us; but it has now reached the point where, like a stone-breaker, unless either kept from mounting, or prevented from falling, it will suddenly come down with its whole weight. One party cry out—'Don't let it ascend an inch higher.' These are the enemies of emancipation. The other party will have a mechanism superadded to keep it from falling. These are the advocates of emancipation and the *veto*.

Here, too, as in the former argument, we must observe, that the greatest inconsistency is on the part of those who have always espoused the cause of the Catholics. Nothing could be more triumphant than their refutation of the alarmists upon the ground of their own conduct. They never ceased to ask, how concessions had all of a sudden become dangerous. Let them now explain how securities have all at once become necessary. Endless were their taunts against the emancipators of 1778 and 1793, who had given so much, and withheld what were comparatively trifling additions. They will now be pleased to show how the bulk of those concessions brought no necessity for safeguards; and yet the trifling additions are to shake the Establishment, unless it be forthwith propped by *vetos*. Often did they demand, how it happened that our Church, which had stood so many augmentations to the power of its supposed adversaries, was to be pulled down by this one other increase. It is fit that they now expound to us, how they have discovered themselves, that the greatest weight of adverse influence which it can bear, has been heaped upon it; that the last straw but one has been laid upon the camel's back; and that, unless the beast be supported, it will sink under the next. Nothing can be more manifest, than that the advocates of the *veto* are now occupying precisely the same grounds which their adversaries upon the merits of the general question maintained before, and from which they so triumphantly drove them.

But let us now attend to the last of the phrases above specified, and examine the nature of those '*adequate securities*' for the Establishment which the different and very opposite classes of alarmists would recommend. It is not necessary here to ex-

ter into the detail of regulations by which the different plans may be diversified. They all have one common feature—and it is the only one which can bear upon the question; they propose to give the Government a power of some kind over the Catholic hierarchy. As the wild project of paying the Clergy, or naming the higher classes of them, has long since been abandoned, the power which the Government is now supposed to seek, or which at least some friends of the Catholics tender as a security, is that of a negative to be exercised in some way over the nomination of those higher orders of the clergy. It seems manifest enough, that if the Catholics really do entertain any designs hostile to the Establishment, no such negative can secure it against their machinations. The Government may succeed in preventing a few of the most noted agitators among them from obtaining bishopricks; but those agitators will retain their influence, probably strengthened in consequence of their exclusion,—and those who may be finally chosen will, in spite of the *veto*, be devoted to the influence which recommended them. An unlimited *veto* never was in the serious contemplation of any one; for it amounts to a power of direct nomination, and is worse for all parties,—inasmuch as its exercise is accompanied with delay, dispute, and vexation. The utmost that has been conceived possible, is such a negative as may enable Government now and then to reject a candidate; and, generally speaking, to concur with the persons who frame the lists in making the nomination. Its advocates have described it as a sort of joint proceeding; and it means, if it has any meaning, a power of perpetual interference with the Catholic elections. Let us examine what it really must prove, if there be any foundation for the fears entertained of the Catholic body. Whether those fears relate to foreign influence and the Pope, or to the Romish hierarchy at home—whether the *veto* is to be exercised after the Pope has signified his pleasure, or before the names are transmitted to Rome—the argument is in all respects the same.

Suppose the Catholics bent upon designs hostile to the Establishment, which is the sole foundation of the proposition, they will of course submit to the Government only the names of persons in whom they confide, as fit instruments for the promotion of their schemes. Whether the person upon whom the election actually falls be somewhat more or somewhat less zealous in the cause, more or less able to further it, is evidently a matter of very trifling importance. Things are not so nicely balanced, as to render little differences of any consequence. Either the danger from their machinations is great, or nothing can justify the demand of securities; and against a palpable danger,

the power of merely preferring a less active to a more active incendiary, is no adequate security. But, in truth, the Government is not likely even to obtain this very insignificant advantage from the arrangement. It may succeed in rejecting the more avowed and notorious adversaries of the Protestant interest; but the *veto* will be no protection against able and more dangerous enemies, who have better dissembled their purposes, and are the more likely to prosecute them skilfully. Nor can any one be simple enough to expect that the Government will have conciliated any such adversary, by refraining from rejecting him. On the contrary, having passed the ordeal, he will of necessity exert himself, to show his colleagues and his flock that he was not allowed to be consecrated because of any personal favour with the Government, nor because of his lukewarmness in the common cause. Such are the class of prelates whom the *veto* may be expected to secure. Once more, observe how its advocates are exposing themselves to the very arguments so successfully advanced by themselves against the enemies of the Catholic claims. Tests, said they, can never operate to the exclusion of any but the honest and conscientious sectary; they are a premium upon hypocrisy and intrigue; they leave the door open to your worst adversaries,—your more crafty, as well as most artful agents,—and bar it against those who are well meaning and fair, and whom good treatment might conciliate and disarm. And cannot the same men now perceive, that the *veto* will have the very same operation, if it have any effect at all; excluding from the Hierarchy open, upright partisans of the Catholic sect—avowed, honest enemies of the Church, if it have any enemies—but permitting all to enter who are willing to purchase its honours by dissimulation, and able by intrigue to convert its powers into engines of hostility?

But we think it infinitely more likely, that in the temper of both parties not even this effect would follow; we imagine it would, if enacted in spite of the Catholics, be found wholly inoperative as to its proposed end, and productive of much mischief. Suppose it forced upon the Catholics, whose prelacy, we have seen, hold it unanimously in detestation. They will, we apprehend, as a matter of course, frame the first list of the most noted and violent of their agitators on purpose. They can find no difficulty in filling a sufficiently ample list with such names as are all equally odious to the Government. The Government cannot object to the whole, not only because this would be exercising an unlimited *veto*, but because the Letter of Genoa expressly says, that the Pope requires so many names to be left as may give him a power of choosing. Then the ut-

most that Government gains, is the having a choice among equal evils; the Establishment is only rendered more secure by the difference of the names of the Catholic prelates. But suppose the whole are rejected by Government, then what have the Catholic Bishops (or the Dean and Canons who recommend in one or two dioceses) to do, but to return the same names; asserting, that they know of no other fit objects of election? And if the Government will not permit them to repeat the same list, they can only leave the see vacant; promulgating to the people, that the see must remain vacant, because all those whom they could conscientiously recommend to fill it, have been peremptorily rejected by the Ministry. The reason of their rejection will soon be divined by the inferior clergy and their flocks; nor will it render their exclusion, and the vacancy of the see, more agreeable. Can any man doubt that the worst of mischiefs will arise from a state of things like this? Yet it is the natural consequence of a measure proposed for the tranquillity of the country—for the conciliation of the Catholics—for the removal of odious distinctions—for the termination of religious animosities—above all, for the safety of the Protestant Church. See how it tends inevitably to exasperate religious feelings, and to marshal the sects in a united and compact body against the Establishment. The disabilities under which the Catholics now labour, are secular, and indeed political, for the most part. Nothing immediately affects their religious concerns. But the *veto*, however exercised, is a perpetual interference in their ecclesiastical affairs; and its most probable effect is to place the first diocese that may be vacant, under every inconvenience short of an interdict; while it sends forth all the rejected candidates not only inspired with the feelings of disappointed ambition, but united by a common grievance, and armed with the confidence and respect of the people, to preach disaffection, and work mischief among the sect for whose sake they have suffered.

In truth, a limited *veto*, or any power, strictly speaking, negative, is, from its nature, one which can only exist where the two parties are well disposed towards each other. Had the Crown never before enjoyed the negative upon legislative acts, notwithstanding its indirect influence in one House, and its power of directly influencing the other, the sudden acquisition of such a power could hardly fail to overset the Constitution, by its immediate exercise. But, suppose it were suddenly to be acquired at a moment of mutual hostility, and unaccompanied by any one means of influencing the other branches of the Legislature, it is evident that the power would be either nominal, or anarchy must ensue, or the rest of the Legislature must be

annihilated. And we are proposing to give the Protestant Government a negative upon the Catholic nominations all at once, in a moment of the greatest jealousy and heartburnings, without one particle of influence over the Catholic body; who, on the contrary, dislike the Establishment the more on account of the *veto*, and dislike the *veto* more than the disabilities, in the place of which it is substituted. A power of direct nomination, would at least be more practicable and intelligible. We can see in what way it could operate; and, without changing its nature, the *veto*, it appears manifest, must either cease to be a mere negative, by terminating in direct nomination, or it must lead to an immediate issue between the two parties, and fling the whole concerns of the Catholics into inextricable confusion. This, moreover, is the consequence, whether the designs of the Catholics are hostile to the Establishment or not. We have argued above with respect to the persons likely to be chosen, upon the supposition that such hostility exists, because the doctrine we were grappling with proceeds upon that assumption. But be the Catholics ever so innocent of any evil intention, the consequences of the *veto* must be an immediate conflict respecting candidates—and the creation of an hostility where we verily believe none existed before.

In this, as in every other point of view, the friends of the Catholics who support the *veto* is more inconsistent than their adversaries. He who has all along maintained, that there were no measures to be kept with them, and that, as their hostility could not be disarmed it must be combated, may, with some plausibility, contend, that they will not be more active against the Establishment in consequence of the proposed negative; and that whatever security can be derived from such an arrangement, is so much gained. Such a reasoner is, besides, naturally the advocate of all measures for cramping, thwarting, and irritating the hostile sect; his is a scheme of oppression, founded in distrust, and mingled with defiance; he has no concern with conciliation—and must lay his account with gaining no advantage which he does not conquer. He committed, it is true, an egregious blunder formerly, in not completing the work of extermination, which, to be quite consistent, his policy should have consummated; and his relaxations in 1778 and 1793 were further departures from his principles, if indeed they were not the consequences of the original mistake. But upon the present occasion, he is guilty of no departure from these principles, when he says—either maintain the existing disabilities, which gall more than they restrain the Catholics, or put in their place a power of interfer[illegible] ecclesiastical concerns, still

more irritating than the penal code, and far more likely to exasperate than to weaken them. But with what regard to consistency can *he* recommend such an arrangement, who has been ever maintaining that the Catholics might safely be entrusted with the full rights of subjects—that ill treatment alone made them dangerous—and that it was the last of human follies, after their chains had been broke in pieces, to insist upon keeping on a link to gall those whom it could not bind?

It may however be said, that many of the observations which we have made apply only to a mere negative, and that, at any rate, the inefficacy of the arrangement in securing the Establishment, would to a great degree be remedied, by giving the Government a direct power of nomination. To this, indeed, the arguments of the alarmists tend; they mean, in reality, that the Crown should chuse the Catholic Bishops as it does the Prelates of the Establishment, or they secure nothing; and we shall now see whether or not the extreme horror with which such a scheme has ever been contemplated by the Catholics, is well-founded.

It must, first of all, be conceded to us, that the burthen of the proof lies upon those who would maintain so novel and extraordinary a proposition as that with which we are contending. For to what does it amount? To this—that the Catholic body being dissenters from the Established Church, yet contributing to its support, as much as if they belonged to it; and bearing, at the same time, the whole burthen of their own church, shall not only have no voice in the affairs of the Establishment, but shall not even be entrusted with the management of their own ecclesiastical concerns, while these are controlled by persons, who deem the whole a gross and degrading superstition. It surely is not necessary to maintain, that no possible circumstances can be conceived which could justify such a demand, on the part of a government, from a large body of its subjects; we may rest satisfied with observing, that, at the least, the reasons must be cogent to support it. And this appears perfectly evident, that whatever arguments may be urged in its behalf, the same arguments would equally justify the most rigorous measures of exclusion towards the dreaded sect. Nay, there cannot be a doubt, that, as the most rigorous exclusion from civil rights would be a less violent measure, the danger, or the apprehension of danger which would justify Government in assuming the nomination of the Prelates, would more than justify the continuance of the Penal code in all its original severity. But all parties have agreed, that it was safe to relax far the greater part of that severity; therefore, no danger can now exist sufficient to justify

the interference. Indeed, such a danger must be not only most imminent; but it must be of a nature directly menacing the existence of the country. No mere view of ordinary civil policy gives a government any right to interfere with the ecclesiastical concerns of a religious sect. The better preservation of the peace is no motive to authorize so persecuting a measure. Let the Government employ the military force of the country to check insurrection; or, by a strict police, endeavour to prevent it. If the sectaries are a body so tainted with disaffection that they cannot safely be entrusted with the common rights of citizens, let them be disqualified; if their zeal and activity against the Established Hierarchy threatens to shake it, let the State afford the Church still more signal protection, unless indeed the making the sectaries themselves contribute to its support, while they abhor its doctrines, should be deemed the extreme of favour and partiality. But to assume the management of the private, internal, church policy of the sect, is a proceeding so outrageous, that the worst dangers which can menace the Establishment can furnish no pretext for it.

In truth, we believe there are very few, if any, of those who would be meddling with the Catholic preferment, in whose minds alarm for either Church or State has any serious existence. The enemies of the Catholics view, with an evil eye, the influence of their Priests and Bishops, and would fain obtain a share of it; and their friends, anxious above every thing for the removal of the existing disabilities, are disposed to surrender too much as an equivalent, in the hopes of smoothing the way towards the attainment of so favourite an object. We only wonder that they can be so blind to the nature of the sacrifice they are recommending. Whether in a civil or an ecclesiastical view, the transference to the Government of any portion of clerical influence is to be regarded by every rational friend of his country with abhorrence. Let us only reflect upon the consequences of the Government naming, or even influencing, the nomination of the Catholic prelates. Through their nomination of the Bishops, who would generally become their agents, the Ministry would have an active partisan in each parish; for the priests are wholly dependent upon their diocesans for their very livelihood; they may be deprived at pleasure as they are at pleasure nominated. The road to a Catholic bishoprick, therefore, would henceforth be through Court intrigue, and abject prostitution to persons in authority. It frequently requires more regard for religion, than falls to the lot of ambitious men, to prevent the Protestant Mitre from being made the reward of political services, and the retainer for future labour in the secular vineyard. But if the purity of

the Established Church runs some risk of being sacrificed to party or private views, how much more liable to such a perversion is the Catholic hierarchy, regarded by all our politicians with derision, if not with aversion! Now, it must be remembered, that the Catholics are an immense body of the people, rising rapidly in wealth, as they have already increased in number; that at this day they possess paramount political influence in many places, by the exercise of the elective franchise; and that their direct weight in political contests must be increased by the repeal of the penal restrictions. The transference to Government, or rather to the Crown, of this weight, or a very large portion of it, must be the consequence of the patronage being vested in that quarter.

Now, this conclusion can only be got rid of, by maintaining, that the measure in question will diminish or wholly destroy the influence of the Catholic priesthood with their flocks, at least in all political matters; and there are many who believe that such would be its consequences. But then, we must remember, that the priest depends, for his salary, entirely upon the voluntary contributions of his flock; and in order to live, he must retain their confidence. If his connexion with the Government, or that of his Bishop, tends to awaken suspicions in the minds of the people, they must be allayed by a conduct the very reverse of that which the alarmists wish to force upon the Catholic hierarchy; the bishop and the priest must become open and avowed enemies of the Government, that they may not be suspected of being its agents; and then it is probable some real dangers must arise from their influence. To us, we confess, it appears more likely, that the influence of the priesthood would continue; and that, by their connexion with the Government, they might even acquire additional weight with an ignorant and superstitious people,—their religion having, at all times and in all countries, been found to ally itself easily with arbitrary power; and we have no doubt that, even if pensioned, as well as named by the Crown, as soon as the disabilities of the Penal code were removed, and, with them, the principal reason for the Catholics opposing the Crown, we should see the whole weight of the Catholic body in Ireland flung into the scale of the Executive power. Liberal and enlightened as our English Dissenters are in comparison, they have been found but too often leaning towards the Court, where the concerns of their peculiar sects were not in question. The *practical* lenity of the Test laws towards them, has produced this effect. Although the Crown has no immediate connexion with their priesthood, it is very much owing to their directing all their political feelings towards one object, Toleration, and being

allowed in a great measure to attain it. Were the Catholic emancipated, and his spiritual guide an agent of the Government, (supposing always the impossible case of the Body having quietly acquiesced in such an arrangement), he would probably follow the same direction also in political concerns.

Nor is it at all inconsistent with this view of the subject, that we should also apprehend, from the proposed change, a very great interruption to the public peace. The wealthy part of the Catholics, they who have a certain station in society, may remain quiet; and the bulk of the inferior classes who have votes in boroughs and counties, will follow their priests; but an immense rabble will remain, the victims of dissension and schism. Priests discontented with the arrangement—prelates excluded by Government—will address themselves to their passions, and work upon their superstitious feelings; so that the Government, in many parts of the country, will have acquired an accession of influence, dangerous to the Constitution—while the tranquillity of the community may elsewhere be put in greater jeopardy than ever. It is certain, that, even supposing the arrangement were carried to-morrow, and accepted by the leading members, and the bulk of the Catholic body, a division must be the consequence, attended with all the consequences of religious division. The Crown alone would be a gainer;—neither the sect itself, nor the public, could fail to lose.

It has frequently been contended, that the plan in question is adopted in other Protestant countries. We are reminded of Prussia, where the government is Protestant, and yet the prelates in the Catholic provinces are named by the Crown; and of Canada, where our own Protestant court names Catholic prelates. These cases, however, have no similarity to that of Ireland. In Poland and Silesia, and wherever the King of Prussia appoints to preferment, the Catholic religion is the established religion of the country, * and is richly endowed out of

* An apparent exception may be perhaps drawn from the arrangement between the Court of Rome and of Russia, as to the church affairs of Mohiloff—but the case is very far from being a parallel one. In the *first* place, the Greek Church which is established in Russia, and from which the Catholics of Mohileff are dissenters, never has been held, nor, from the nature of things, could have been held in equal aversion by that of Rome, with the Protestant Church, and, above all, the Anglican portion of it. It never was an apostate (as the Romanists call the Reformed Churches) from her faith—it never belonged to her in any way;—consequently neither the Romish Church is so much abhorred in Russia, nor the Greek Church at [illegible]—besides that, perhaps, the two resemble one another more

the public property. The nomination by the Crown is almost a necessary consequence of this circumstance; although certainly in Scotland it has been found practicable to maintain a National Church unconnected with the Crown, chiefly from the republican nature of Presbyterian discipline. The same observation applies to Canada, where the Catholic religion is established and favoured by law. But it should also be recollected, that all these are instances of arrangements which have arisen out of conquest. When Poland was independent, and Silesia belonged to Austria, and Canada to France, no such anomaly existed as a Protestant authority naming to Catholic church offices. And we must not forget, that neither in these cases, nor in any one instance which can be named, does it signify, in respect of civil liberty, whether the Crown usurp the patronage or not. Even in Canada, from its colonial subordination, no man can pretend, that the subject has any greater reason to dread the Royal authority, when armed with this prerogative—considering that it had, before, the whole weight of the mother country wherewithal to govern the colony.

It may naturally excite surprise, that so many able and enlightened friends of the Catholics, warm friends also of the Constitution, should have fallen into the palpable errors, as we humbly think them, and the manifest inconsistencies above exposed. But, besides that their zeal for carrying one great measure blinded them to the concessions they believed necessary for its success, there was something far more plausible in the grand topic of a '*foreign influence*' a few years ago, than at present. When Lord Grenville listened to the alarms of the celebrated university which had just chosen him to administer her well known loyalty and orthodoxy, the power of Buonaparte was at its height; this country was, from recent and unparalleled failures, exposed to invasion; and the Pope was a prisoner in France. A slight view of the question might incline that distinguished Statesman to conceive, that there was something in the clamorous fears by which, during his election, he had been incessantly

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nearly. But, *secondly*, are we prepared to give—*can* we give—the Court of Rome the equivalents which Russia gave for that concession? To mention no other, are we ready to send a minister to Rome, and to receive in London a Popish nuncio, in all form, as a constantly resident, and publickly accredited minister? We do not insist here upon other points of importance, because these are sufficient;—but certainly the objections drawn in the text from constitutional views, were wholly inapplicable to the case of a Russian province, and render the difference between that and the case in hand still wider.

Catholics generally to a more sound and wholesome influence, —and even pave the way towards the removal of their religious prejudices?

It must not be supposed, that because the general drift of our reasoning has coincided with the doctrines maintained by the Catholic Body, we are therefore blind to some very reprehensible parts of their conduct, and some gross absurdities in their arguments. Nothing, for example, can be more ridiculous, than the manner in which they change the nature of the question, according to the party they are dealing with. When they are grappling with the Court of Rome, and refusing to allow the Pope to recommend the *veto*—nay, construing a permission into an injunction,—the *veto* is a temporal, a civil, a political matter, and they cannot suffer his Holiness to interfere;—they have sworn that he shall not. When the Legislature is minded to enact the *veto* by a statute, straightway it throws off the secular, and is clothed with a divine nature; it is ecclesiastical and spiritual, and not a thing of this world, but somewhat between God and their own consciences. We, on the contrary, hold the whole question to be temporal, and one of Policy and justice. We conceive that the Legislature would violate a duty towards the community, by divesting the Catholics of their ecclesiastical rights,—not because these rights are of a nature to remove them beyond the control of Parliament, but because they are undoubted civil rights, which Parliament is bound to respect. The violence of the proceedings held towards some of the distinguished friends of the Catholic question, merits a still more severe reprehension. That body has, indeed, suffered incalculably, from the disrespect shown towards its most illustrious advocate, whose services to his country—whose great exertions in behalf of civil and religious liberty, have long been above all praise,—and who has displayed, on this occasion, a dignified spirit of moderation and forgiveness, at once the result of his truly venerable character, and of his sincere devotion to the interests of mankind,—by whatever champions their cause may be defended, or by whatever follies it may be for the moment disfigured.

ART. III. *Defence of Usury: Shewing the Impolicy of the present Legal Restraints on the Terms of Pecuniary Bargains, in Letters to a Friend. To which is added, a Letter to Adam Smith, Esq. LL. D. on the Discouragements opposed by the above Restraints to the Progress of Inventive Industry. The Third Edition: To which is also added, Second Edition, a*

Protest against Law Taxes. By JEREMY BENTHAM, Esq. of Lincoln's-Inn. 12mo. pp. 276. London. Payne. 1816.

THE Parliamentary discussion which took place incidentally in the course of last Session, with reference to the Usury Laws, induced Mr Bentham to permit the publication of this edition, the work having for many years been out of print. We gladly seize the occasion of bringing the subject before our readers, and of recommending the perusal of this volume to all who may either have any doubts upon the questions,—or who may only desire to enjoy the pleasure of following two chains of political reasoning, as close and as beautiful as any thing which the severest of the sciences presents. In this respect, indeed, these tracts are unrivalled; and, that nothing might be wanting to their perfection, the style in which they are written (especially the second) is a model of composition.

It is curious to consider by what accidents the prejudices that gave rise to the Usury Laws have maintained their ground, amidst the ruins of the mercantile system to which they naturally belong. Long after every thinking man had been convinced, that the most entire freedom in commercial matters was both the right of the subject and the interest of the community, and that every interference with the private trade of individuals, was not only a grievous restraint upon natural liberty, but positively detrimental to publick prosperity, all reasoners seemed to agree in excepting from the sentence of condemnation thus passed upon such laws, the very class of enactments which most plainly sinned against the principles both of civil liberty and true policy. This anomaly is only to be accounted for, by the peculiar nature of the prejudices in which the Usury laws had their foundation; but an unlucky opinion in their favour, delivered by Dr Smith, in the work which operated so powerfully towards dispelling the other errors of the mercantile theory, had a very remarkable effect in keeping alive those prejudices; and it is certain, that Mr Bentham was the first writer who openly and systematically attacked them. It is equally true, that he completed the work which he begun: For, since the publication of his tract, no one has ever been hardy enough to deny, that he had conclusively demonstrated the proposition which forms its subject. To endeavour to add any thing to his reasonings, would be a vain attempt; but we shall exhibit the substance of them in a form somewhat abridged, rather in the hope of their meeting the eyes of many who might not possess the original work, than with the least doubt as to its superior efficacy in producing speedy conviction in all who may peruse it.

It is a just observation of Lord Coke, that to trace the source of an error is to refute it: and fortunately there seems no difficulty in accounting for the origin of those prejudices in which the Usury Laws have their foundation. Mr Bentham ascribes, we think, rather too much to religious bigotry, in treating this part of the subject. He observes, that the practice of self-denial came very early to be substituted for active virtue; and as the greater the temptation the greater the merit, much virtue was held to lye in refusing to one's self the means of making money,—at all times the favourite pursuit of mankind. Hence, he says, the obvious method of making wealth productive, by lending it for a profit, was proscribed as an illegal gratification; and besides, as the Jews dealt largely in this practice, the Christians, ever anxious to avoid their customs, deemed it peculiarly sinful. The authority of Aristotle, who reprobates usury on the ground that 'money is in its nature barren,' was a strong support of these views, in an age which bowed to the *dictum* of that philosopher in every thing, save matters immediately connected with Pagan faith. Our author also remarks, that the natural antipathy of the spendthrift towards the saving man, arising from the envy with which he regards him, must have operated in the same direction. That all these causes have contributed materially to produce the prevailing notions against usury, there can be no doubt. But we think he has, contrary to the usual accuracy of his analysis, overlooked one of the most powerful, —we mean, the feeling excited against a rich man, as the lender must always be compared with the borrower,—and in favour of a poor one, by the very circumstance of the former making the latter pay for help, according to his necessities, and reaping a profit without any labour or even trouble of his own. It is true, that many other classes are exactly in the same situation, as far as the circumstance of gaining by another's working goes; but in no case does the contest between distress and avarice, or let us only say, a calculating and money-getting spirit, so frequently become apparent; and besides, other lenders, as land-owners, have always formed such a powerful body, that no universal prejudice could easily take root against them. Nor is it any answer to this view of the subject, to say, that a person in no distressed state may borrow, upon a calculation of gain, from another, upon the whole no richer than himself; for the prejudice in question took its rise, when almost all loans were from the rich to the poor, to relieve their distresses; and the prevalence of hard bargains, driven under such circumstances, obtained for the dealers in money a bad name that they never yet have lost. Perhaps the way in which religious bigotry has chiefly influenced the repu-

tation of this class of men, in modern times, has been from the circumstance of the money-trade being principally in the hands of the Jews; although, undoubtedly, this monopoly has been secured to them, as it was originally acquired, by the prevalence of the prejudices themselves. But the natural question is, How the laws against usury, that is, the restraints upon the terms of money bargains, can be justified? We shall shortly advert to the reasons which have been adduced with this view.

The *first* reason given for the interference, is the prevention of prodigality. It is well observed by Mr Bentham, in the outset of this part of his argument, that although the preventing men from injuring one another, is a most legitimate object of the lawgiver, it may well be doubted, whether he is as much called upon to interpose between a man and himself, supposing the person so meant to be protected has attained the years of discretion. If this is a good work at all, he thinks at least it is a work of supererogation. But, in truth, such is not the real operation of the restraints under consideration. Why should a man, because he is prodigal, be also insane? And yet no one of sound mind would think of giving six per cent. for the use of money, how pressing soever his wants, if he could get it for five. Again—Can a man, however prodigal, be prevented from selling all he can get rid of by sale, and pledging all that won't sell? Those who have security of any kind to offer the lender, are not protected by the law; for the lender never makes his bargain upon a view of the borrower's character and habits, but of his security—so that the law is not likely to prevent him in cases where he was disposed to lend; and the prodigality of the borrower, whose property is mortgaged, may be an inducement, in itself, to such as look towards obtaining possession of it. If, on the other hand, the spendthrift has no security to offer, how is he more likely to get money at a high than at a low rate? A friend is the only person likely to accommodate him, and he won't take more than the ordinary rate. Prodigals, in truth, are not the persons who borrow large sums at exorbitant interest;—they much more frequently borrow moderate sums, at the usual rate, in various quarters;—and when they can find a lender disposed to speculate, and obtain a compensation for the great risk of trusting them in the high profits of the transaction, such an one will also neglect the prohibitions of the Usury Laws, and make the poor man pay so much more for the additional risk they make him run. But it is decisive of this argument, that the most

certain road to ruin for all prodigals, is to obtain goods upon credit, as long as their credit lasts; and that no law interferes with this,—unless, indeed, we have recourse to the interdiction of the Roman jurisprudence. Mr Bentham clearly shows, that tradesmen make raw customers pay a great deal more than money-lenders would do; and he asks, where is the sense of stopping the expenditure of the prodigal at the faucet, while there are so many ways of letting it out at the bunghole?

The protection of indigence forms *another* reason urged in behalf of these restraints. But it is plain, that no one rate of interest can be adapted to every man's situation. To some it may be profitable to borrow, though they should pay ten per cent., while others may find six per cent. too high, compared with the gain they can derive. The Usury Laws, however, fix the amount of the interest, and consequently determine one standard of exigency for all. How does this arrangement operate—not in protecting, but in crushing the indigent, whose protection forms its pretext? No man will of himself give a farthing more for money than the lowest at which any one will lend it; but he may be in such a situation that nobody will lend him that of which he stands in the greatest need, except he pays higher than the general average rate adopted by the law. To give more than this *maximum*, would be for his advantage;—it would be profitable to him, otherwise he would not desire to borrow on such terms. The law says, he shall not benefit himself, perhaps save himself, by giving what by the supposition he is able to give—and this, says our author, out of prudence and lovingkindness towards the poor man! 'There may,' he adds, 'be worse cruelty; but can there be greater nonsense?' It is evident, that if the protection of indigence were really the object of these laws, they stop short of their mark;—they prevent a poor man, no doubt, from borrowing at a high rate; but they take no means of compelling the rich to lend him at a lower rate.

A *third* reason alleged, is the *protection* of simplicity. Now, it is plain, that nothing short of the utmost simplicity can ever induce a man to make so improvident a bargain, as the giving more than he knows, or may easily learn to be necessary, for the use of money. There is nothing so easily ascertained as the market rate of interest. It does not vary from day to day, like the prices of goods; and, when it shifts, it is only in a very small proportion. Moreover, it is the same all over the community. A simple man, or a man without being very simple, may be deceived in other bargains; but here the legislator does not, indeed he cannot, render the least assistance. If a person unwa-

rily pays too dear for goods or land, a case of daily occurrence, he must stand by his bargain, how speedily soever he may be undeceived; and indeed, here the law could not, in all cases, aid the unwary purchaser, however carefully contrived for his assistance, because the seller having pocketed the price, may have decamped with it, or spent it. But in the case of loans, the unwary borrower, whom the legislator pretends to assist, has always the security in his own hands; and if he has been really overreached, there is no possible difficulty in obtaining redress. Nor should it be forgotten, that if we are to suppose the case of persons so simple as to stand in need of protection in their money bargains, the same defect of prudence or sagacity exposes them to fully as great danger in all their other transactions. Nay, they may be overreached in the demand of the rate of interest fixed by law; for the market rate may, and often does fall much below the legal *maximum*,—not to mention the injury a person of weak judgment may do himself, by borrowing even at the lowest market rate, and injudiciously employing the sums so obtained. Yet in these cases no lawgiver ever dreamt of affording protection to simplicity; and indeed the attempt would be obviously hopeless.

It is urged as a *fourth* reason in favour of these restraints, that a free access to the money market tends to encourage projectors. Dr Smith has greatly contributed to the prevalence of this notion. He classes projectors with prodigals; stigmatizes both as persons likely to waste the capital of the community; and approves of the *maximum*, from its tendency to keep a portion of that capital out of their hands. In no part of Mr Bentham's tract is he more conspicuously successful, than in his elaborate refutation of this dogma, and his exposition of the prejudices upon which it is founded. The restraint, as he justly remarks, professing to fall upon rash, imprudent, useless schemers, does in fact fall upon such persons as, in the 'pursuit of 'wealth, or even of any other object, endeavour, by the assistance of wealth, to strike into any channel of invention. It 'falls upon all such persons as, in the cultivation of any of those 'arts which have been by way of eminence termed *useful*, direct 'their endeavours to any of those departments in which their 'utility shines most conspicuous and indubitable; upon all such 'persons as, in the line of any of their pursuits, aim at any 'thing that can be called *improvement*; whether it consist in the 'production of any new article adapted to man's use, or in the 'meliorating the quality, or diminishing the expense, of any of 'those which are already known to us. It falls, in short, upon

'every application of the human powers, in which ingenuity 'stands in need of wealth for its assistant.'

It is indeed manifest, that, in this view, the Usury Laws are absurd, unless it be possible to distinguish, before trial, good from bad, that is, successful from losing projects;—in which case, the law ought to fix a *maximum* for the loans to the one, and leave the other free access to the market,—which is plainly impossible. Those who are too prudent to risk their money upon an unpromising scheme, will risk it upon no scheme at all, but will lend only to established concerns. The temptation of higher profit than usual is absolutely necessary, to prevail upon capitalists to embark in new trades. The Usury Laws prevent, therefore, any capital from finding its way into those channels by way of loan, and directly discourage projects, that is, invention and improvement in all the arts of life; for without discouraging the useful and the good, they cannot discourage the wild and the bad. Shall we then say, that the danger to the capital of the community, from a failure of certain schemes, is so alarming as to justify us in putting down all manner of schemes, as far as lies in our power? Let it only be remembered, that every thing valuable in civilized life is the fruit of schemes; that all we enjoy above the lot of savages, comes from arts that were once mere projects; and we shall not be disposed to condemn, in one sweeping sentence, every innovation. This is in truth to denounce, as rash and ill grounded, (we use the author's forcible illustration), all those projects by which our species has been successively advanced, from feeding upon acorns, and covering themselves with raw hides, to the state in which it at present stands. Whatever (as he says) is now *the routine* of trade, was, at its commencement, *project*; whatever is now *establishment*, was at one time *innovation*.—And why such fears, after all, of our being impoverished by failing schemes? Long before the existence of the Usury Laws, the prosperity of our race was running on in an accelerating course;—long before the statutes in this country, its wealth and general improvement was rapidly and constantly advancing. There were every now and then failures, and individual losses in consequence; still their proportion to the bulk of successful projects was trifling; and no one can maintain, that, since the restraints were imposed, the proportion has diminished. Were the law silent on this head, money would still be lent to projectors, by those most deeply interested in the prudent disposal of it. We may safely trust their discretion for its being kept out of desperate risks. No one, indeed, has ridiculed the over anxiety of such regulations as pretend to save men's capital from injudicious application, more happily than

Dr Smith himself. It is the great text, of which his immortal work is the illustration, almost in all its pages; and in no passage is he more severe, than where he reprobates the intermeddling of Government to prevent private imprudence. After remarking, that the number of prudent and successful undertakings is everywhere much greater than that of injudicious and unsuccessful ones; he administers the following memorable correction to rulers for their love of meddling, and we may observe, that it is quite as well merited by the promoters of the Usury Laws, as by any other class of legislators. "It is * the "highest impertinence and presumption therefore in kings and "ministers *to pretend to watch over the economy of private peo-* "*ple*, and to restrain their expense, either by sumptuary laws, "or by prohibiting the importation of foreign luxuries. They "are themselves always, and without exception, the greatest "spendthrifts in the society. Let them look well after their own "expense, and they may safely trust private people with theirs. "If their own extravagance does not ruin the State, that of "their subjects never will."

To those who love reason, the arguments of this illustrious writer may suffice for removing all fears arising from the prodigality of individuals in wasting the national wealth; and those who prefer allowing the authority of great names to weighing their counsels, will require nothing more to make them reject, with contempt, all interference, on the part of lawyers, with the prudential regulation of private affairs. Yet, the application of this conclusion, in which way soever we may reach it, to ordinary prodigality, is by no means more striking than to the squandering of projectors. Indeed we believe no one can read the following admirable and conclusive reflexions of Mr Bentham, without being persuaded, that the fear of schemers is still more chimerical than that of less ingenious spendthrifts.

"However presumptuous and impertinent it may be for the Sovereign to attempt in any way to check by legal restraints the *prodigality* of individuals; to attempt to check their *bad management* by such restraints, seems abundantly more so. To err in the way of prodigality is the lot, though, as you well observe, not of *many* men, in comparison of the whole mass of mankind, yet at least of *any* man: the stuff fit to make a prodigal of is to be found in every alehouse, and under every hedge. But even to *err* in the way of projecting is the lot only of the privileged few. Prodigality, though not so common as to make any very material drain from the general mass of wealth, is however too common to be regarded as a mark of distinction or as a singularity. But the stepping aside from any of the

* Wealth of Nations, B. II. Chap. 3.

beaten paths of traffic, *is* regarded as a singularity, as serving to distinguish a man from other men. Even where it requires no genius, no peculiarity of talent, as where it consists in nothing more than the finding out a new market to buy or sell in, it requires however at least a degree of courage, which is not to be found in the common herd of men. What shall we say of it, where, in addition to the vulgar quality of courage, it requires the rare endowment of genius, as in the instance of all those successive enterprises by which arts and manufactures have been brought from their original nothing to their present splendour? Think how small a part of the community these must make, in comparison of the race of prodigals; of that very race, which, were it only on account of the smallness of its number, would appear too inconsiderable to you to deserve attention. Yet prodigality is essentially and necessarily hurtful, as far as it goes, to the opulence of the State: projecting, only by accident. Every prodigal, without exception, impairs, by the very supposition impairs, if he does not annihilate, his fortune. But it certainly is not every projector that impairs his: it is not every projector that would have done so, had there been none of those wise laws to hinder him: for the fabric of national opulence—that fabric of which you proclaim, with so generous an exultation, the continual increase—that fabric, in every apartment of which, innumerable as they are, it required the reprobated hand of a projector to lay the first stone, has required some hands at least to be employed, and successfully employed. When, in comparison of the number of prodigals, which is too inconsiderable to deserve notice, the number of projectors of all kinds is so much more inconsiderable—and when from this inconsiderable number, must be deducted, the not inconsiderable proportion of successful projectors—and from this remainder again, all those who can carry on their projects without need of borrowing—think whether it be possible, that this last remainder could afford a multitude, the reducing of which would be an object, deserving the interposition of Government by its magnitude, even taking for granted that it were an object proper in its nature?

'If it be still a question, whether it be worth while for Government, by its *reason*, to attempt to control the conduct of men visibly and undeniably under the dominion of *passion*, and acting under that dominion, contrary to the dictates of their own reason—in short, to effect what is acknowledged to be their better judgment, against what every body, even themselves, would acknowledge to be their worse: is it endurable that the legislator should, by violence, substitute his own pretended reason, the result of a momentary and scornful glance, the offspring of wantonness and arrogance, much rather than of social anxiety and study, in the place of the humble reason of individuals, binding itself down with all its force to that very object which he pretends to have in view?—Nor let it be forgotten, that, on the side of the individual in this strange competition, there is the most perfect and minute knowledge and information,

which interest, the whole interest of a man's reputation and fortune, can ensure: on the side of the legislator, the most perfect ignorance. All that he knows, all that he can know, is, that the enterprize is a *project*, which, merely because it is susceptible of that obnoxious name, he looks upon as a sort of cock, for him, in childish wantonness, to shie at. Shall the blind lead the blind?—is a question that has been put of old to indicate the height of folly: but what then shall we say of him who, being necessarily blind, insists on leading, in paths he never trod in, those who can see?' p. 159—165.

We cannot resist adorning our pages with another most striking passage, relative to the progress of improvement, and illustrative of the same point,—the vain fears entertained of projectors.

'The career of art, the great road which receives the footsteps of projectors, may be considered as a vast, and perhaps unbounded, plain, bestrewed with gulphs, such as Curtius was swallowed up in. Each requires an human victim to fall into it ere it can close; but when it once closes, it closes to open no more, and so much of the path is safe to those who follow. If the want of perfect information of former miscarriages renders the reality of human life less happy than this picture, still the similitude must be acknowledged: and we see at once the only plain and effectual method for bringing that similitude still nearer and nearer to perfection; I mean, the framing the history of the projects of time past, and (what may be executed in much greater perfection, were but a finger held up by the hand of Government) the making provision for recording, and collecting, and publishing as they are brought forth, the race of those with which the womb of futurity is still pregnant. But to pursue this idea, the execution of which is not within my competence, would lead me too far from the purpose.

'Comfortable it is to reflect, that this state of continually-improving security, is the natural state not only of the road to opulence, but of every other track of human life. In the war which industry and ingenuity maintain with fortune, past ages of ignorance and barbarism form the forlorn hope, which has been detached in advance, and made a sacrifice of for the sake of future. The golden age, it is but too true, is not the lot of the generation in which we live: but, if it is to be found in any part of the track marked out for human existence, it will be found, I trust, not in any part which is past, but in some part which is to come.

'Is it worth adding, though it be undeniably true, that could it even be proved, by ever so uncontrovertible evidence, that, from the beginning of time to the present day, there never was a project that did not terminate in the ruin of its author; not even from such a fact as this, could the legislator derive any sufficient warrant, so much as for wishing to see the spirit of projects in any degree repressed?—The discouraging motto, *Sic vos non vobis*, may be matter of serious consideration to the individual; but what is it to the legislator? What general, let him attack with ever so superior an

army, but knows that hundreds, or perhaps thousands, must perish at the first onset? Shall he, for that consideration alone, lie inactive in his lines? "Every man for himself—but God" adds the proverb (and it might have added the general, and the legislator, and all other public servants) "for us all." Those sacrifices of individual to general welfare, which, on so many occasions, are made by third persons against men's wills, shall the parties themselves be restrained from making, when they do it of their own choice? To tie men neck and heels, and throw them into the gulphs I have been speaking of, is altogether out of the question: but if at every gulph a Curtius stands mounted and caparisoned, ready to take the leap, is it for the legislator, in a fit of old-womanish tenderness, to pull him away? Laying even public interest out of the question, and considering nothing but the feelings of the individuals immediately concerned, a legislator would scarcely do so, who knew the value of hope, "the most precious gift of heaven." p. 169—177.

We have now gone through all the reasons urged in defence of the Usury Laws, from their supposed virtues in checking fraud, oppression, prodigality and projects; and we are now to see what their real effects are, having observed how miserably they fail in producing the benefits ascribed to their operation. In other words, we have found that they produce none of the good which they pretend to have in view; and we are now to see the mischiefs which they create in all directions.

The most obvious mischief, is the depriving many persons altogether of the loans which they stand in need of. A person having the means of supplying himself with money, and having also the utmost necessity, is precluded from all chance of obtaining it, unless he has still further means of meeting his wants, by evading, at an additional cost, the laws in question. He may have security enough to induce a lender to accommodate him for seven per cent., and means to pay that premium punctually. No one will lend him at five; the law says he shall not borrow at more than five; therefore, unless the law be broken, he cannot borrow at all. Again, the lender will not run the risks which the law creates for seven per cent., and we are supposing this to be as much as the borrower can give; therefore he cannot, in point of *fact*, borrow at all; and yet, but for the law, he could have relieved his wants with ease. Now, it must be observed, that the class of persons of whom we are speaking, are exactly those who have the greatest occasion for assistance, and the best claims to it. Since, by the supposition, they cannot do without the loan, and are both able and willing to pay the extraordinary rate of interest.

The next mischief is that which the law inflicts upon those who have the means of giving, not only such an extraordinary

rate of interest as the lenders, but for the restrictions, would be satisfied with, but somewhat more. These are not excluded altogether from the money market, like the class already mentioned,—but the terms of the bargain are raised to them. Suppose they have nothing to sell, by which they can raise the money they want, then they must pay for the breach of the law, and this in two ways, both by giving a sufficient premium to the lender to make him run the extraordinary risk, and because the illegality of the trade keeps many dealers out of it, and, by narrowing the competition, raises the profits. In the course of the last twenty years, a great trade has been driven in annuities, which admirably illustrates the operation of these laws, this being a perfectly legal mode of evading them, and yet one attended with ruinous expense to the borrower. The law has imposed a number of regulations upon such transactions, with the view of preventing them from becoming too easy a means of evading the Usury laws. Those regulations increasing the risk of the lender, somewhat raise the price to the borrower. Then the nature of the transaction renders an insurance necessary upon the life of the borrower; and this is a large increase of price. Moreover, the number of lenders at usurious interest in the illegal way, being narrowed by the competition, as all who are driven from this traffic do not necessarily resort to the line of annuities, the market is, notwithstanding the legal method of evasion, considerably narrowed. It has thus happened, that persons with excellent security, and who could easily have gotten loans at six and a half or seven per cent. but for the law, are obliged to pay eight or nine, besides the insurance, or from ten to twelve in all; and this, not to private money lenders, who exact much more, but to the great insurance companies, who have fallen upon this way of employing their superfluous capital, tempted by the double gains of lenders and insurers. We speak from the authority of assertions repeatedly made in Parliament last session, and uncontradicted, though many persons connected with those companies, and with the borrowers, were present. No cases, it was alleged, had occurred in late times, of those companies making the borrower pay less in all than ten per cent., how good soever his security—(and the greatest families in the country were alluded to)—unless in one instance, where the accidental circumstance of the borrower having a very large estate in houses, induced an office to give better terms, in consideration of having the insurances of that property. If such reputable lenders exacted such terms, we may be sure that many individuals required far harder conditions; and where a mode of effecting the loan wholly unlawful was adopted, the price paid must have been still much higher,

The case now related, furnishes a good illustration of the direct pressure upon the borrower, occasioned by the restraints, because, at any rate, the price of the insurance, which formed part of the expense, was entirely caused, by the course into which the necessity of evading the Usury laws, drove the transaction. This premium was a per centage, beyond all question, levied by those laws.

Suppose now, that the laws have prevented a man from borrowing at seven per cent. and that he has still goods which he can part with to raise the money. But for the law he might keep his goods; and nothing can prevent his selling them at an under price, according to his necessities. No one who has known any thing of sales made in distressed circumstances, will think a loss of thirty per cent. very extraordinary in such cases. To such a loss as this, the most exorbitant usury bears no proportion; yet this is exactly the premium which the distressed man is compelled to pay for money, by the law which says he shall not borrow at the rate of five and a half. The pressure upon proprietors of real estates is still more severe. Suppose a man comes into possession of an estate worth two hundred a year, charged with a thousand pounds; and that the incumbrancer wishes to have his money rather than the legal interest, but would be satisfied with one or two per cent. above that rate;—at any rate, if he would not, some other certainly could be found to advance the money at that premium, upon the same security. Suppose too, that the time in question is such a season as the present, or the end of the American war, when land fell as low as eighteen and even sixteen years purchase, and some kinds of real property, as villas, and houses, generally sold for a half, or even a quarter, of what they had cost before any money was expended upon improvements. Such periods of general distress, and consequent depreciation of property, may last more or less according to circumstances. We may suppose a duration, Mr Bentham thinks, in the American war, of seven years, because property did not recover immediately on the peace, any more than it sunk at the very beginning of the war. One per cent. for seven years, is worth less then seven per cent. the first year: But—take it as equal. The estate, which was worth six thousand pounds, or thirty years purchase, before the war, and was reckoned at this by the deviser, when he charged it with a thousand pounds, fetches now only twenty years purchase, or four thousand pounds; whereas had it been kept till the period of depreciation expired, it would have again brought its original value. Now, compare the devisee's situation, says our author, at the end of the seven years under the Usury laws, with his situation had he been left unfettered to make his money bargain. In

the one case he sells for four thousand, pays off one thousand, retains three thousand; which, with legal interest for seven years, makes a reversion of four thousand and fifty pounds. In the other case, he pays six per cent. upon the debt of a thousand pounds, that is, four hundred and twenty pounds, and receives fourteen hundred from the land; in other words, he has nine hundred and eighty pounds left, besides the six thousand pounds, for which he can sell his estate; that is, he has six thousand nine hundred and eighty pounds, instead of four thousand and fifty, or he loses exactly two thousand eight hundred and thirty pounds by the kindness of the law in protecting him from usurers. Thus, by preventing him from borrowing at six per cent. the law has cost him more than he would have paid had he borrowed at ten per cent. This estimate has been made upon the supposition of the depreciation lasting seven years, the period of the American war. It happened that property did not fall in value till towards the end of the late war, from accidental circumstances, which we fully explained in our fifty-second Number. How long the present state of things may continue, no one can now foretell; but it is manifest that the probability always is strongly in favour of the distress lasting nearly as long as the war; that is, commencing a year or two after it begins, and continuing about as long after it ends. Had this been the case in the late war, the above calculation would have given a result greatly more unfavourable to the restrictions in question.

The last mischief occasioned by the Usury laws, is, in our estimation, far more important than all the rest; the corruptive influence which they exercise upon the morals of the people, by the pains they take, and (as the author most justly observes) cannot but take, to give birth to treachery and ingratitude. In illustration of this point, we can do no better than refer to his own concise and forcible statement.

'To purchase a possibility of being enforced, the law neither has found, nor, what is very material, must it ever hope to find, in this case, any other expedient, than that of hiring a man to break his engagement, and to crush the hand that has been reached out to help him. In the case of informers in general, there has been no truth plighted, nor benefit received. In the case of real criminals invited by rewards to inform against accomplices, it is by such *breach* of faith that society is held together, as in other cases by the *observance* of it. In the case of real crimes, in proportion as their mischievousness is apparent, what cannot but be manifest even to the criminal, is, that it is by the adherence to his engagement that he would do an injury to society, and, that by the breach of such engagement, instead of doing mischief he is doing good: In the case of usury this is what no man can know, and what one

can scarcely think it possible for any man, who, in the character of the borrower, has been concerned in such a transaction, to imagine. He knew that, even in his own judgment, the engagement was a beneficial one to himself, or he would not have entered into it: and nobody else but the lender is affected by it.' p. 60, 61.

It is very common with those who admit the mischievous tendency of the Usury laws, to question their efficacy in reducing the rate of interest; and Dr Smith has expressly denied that they ever can bring it below the lowest ordinary market rate, at the time of their enactment. Mr Bentham combats this opinion very ingeniously, and contends that, whatever circumstances exist, to prevent the efficacy of those restrictions where they are intended to bring the premium below the lowest market rate, would exist in a degree nearly equal to prevent their efficacy in competition with a higher rate. The doctrine of the law's necessary inefficacy, presupposes an actual combination, or a tacit consent among all men to break the law, otherwise regulations might be contrived to prevent its evasion. The instance of France is given by Dr Smith, where an edict in 1766, lowering the legal rate from five to four per cent. was quite inefficacious; and Mr Bentham adds the case of Russia, * where the legal rate is five and the lowest actual rate on good security eight. But still he contends, that better means of enforcing the restraints might have another effect. Upon this branch of his subject, we do not find the same degree of fulness as on the other topics, and shall therefore take the liberty of adding a few words upon the real effect produced in the money market. We take this to be, in every case, and at all times, in the direction contrary to the intent of the Legislature. It cannot be denied that a system of checks might be contrived, rendering evasion extremely difficult; but it does by no means follow from hence, that there is money lent below the natural rate of the market, and for this obvious reason, that the law, how effectual soever to prevent the higher rate, never can compel persons to lend at the lower rate. The utmost efficacy of the law therefore—its whole power, if perfect—can only extend to preventing money from being lent at all; unless we suppose a class of persons who are compelled by peculiar circumstances to lend, and who must, therefore, be content with the legal interest. But this class is so very small as to have no perceptible effect on the general market. Now, the greater the number of lenders who are thus kept out of the market, the higher the rate must be to those who succeed in evading the law; therefore, as the perfection of the contrivances to prevent usury, could only end in preventing all

* These Letters, as is well known, were written at Critchoff, in White Russia.

loans, so, when those contrivances fall short of perfection, as they always do to a certain degree, they only raise the rate higher than it otherwise would be,—and this, independent of the premium which they render necessary from the increased risk, merely by narrowing the competition of lenders. We have already illustrated the manner in which the Usury laws operate upon Annuity transactions; and still more, upon all prohibited methods of negotiating loans. At present, we may conclude from what has been said, that, as far as regards their efficacy, those laws must either produce one or other of two consequences: —If wholly successful, they must prevent all loans; if partially successful they must raise the terms of the bargain to the borrower —that is to say, they can by no possibility do any thing but counteract, in one way or another, the intent of the Legislature who enacts them.

A consideration of the insufficiency of these restraints, naturally leads us to inquire, whether, in other particulars, the laws against Usury are consistent with their avowed purposes? and the most cursory reflection is sufficient to show, that they allow of transactions substantially usurious—and, indeed, that they cannot prevent these, without wholly putting a stop to the course of trade. Some of the most ordinary occurrences in commerce, are in their nature usury. The practice of drawing and redrawing, by which merchants are accommodated with money for a short time, at a certain commission over and above the five per cent., and then for as much longer, until they pay ten, twelve and more per cent. during the whole year, is only a more cumbrous and expensive method of borrowing above the legal rate of interest. But, other well known lines of traffic, though apparently more remote from usury, are not less closely connected with it:—Pawnbroking, Bottomry, and *Respondentia*, will immediately occur to the reader. Nay, insurance, in all its branches, and the purchase and sale of *post-obits*, with all cases in which a man is allowed to undertake an unlimited risk for an unlimited premium, are in their principle usurious transactions. Of these, the most notorious is the traffic in annuities; which, accordingly, has been found to be the easiest and safest mode of evading the Usury laws, although we have already shown how greatly it increases the rate of interest.

Of the same nature with the laws we have been considering, and founded upon errors of the same kind, are the barbarous penalties imposed upon all who assist suitors in courts of justice with the means of enforcing their rights, stipulating for a certain premium. The law of England considers this as a crime, and denominates it *maintenance*; or, if the question affects real property, and the lender is rewarded with a share of the estate

recovered, *champerty*; and these names are almost as odious as the appellation of usurer,—in so much that there are cases in the books, of actions for slander, in which the terms of reproach were, the calling the plaintiff a *champertor*. The grievous expense of law proceedings is one of the prime abuses in our system; and we shall, in the sequel of this article, have occasion to mention it again. But what can be said of a law, which at once renders the assertion of a man's just rights extremely costly, and precludes him from the only means of defraying the cost? By the supposition that he is deprived of his rights, he is poor, and unable to pay the expense of obtaining justice. Yet we won't allow him to get assistance, upon the only terms on which, in the vast majority of cases, such aid is to be had. The Usury laws, though originating in ancient prejudices, are of comparatively modern date. The laws against maintenance and champerty are the growth of a barbarous age, and arose from the apprehension, that powerful men might purchase unjust claims, and overawe the judge by an array of force. That these laws were not the fit remedy for such an evil, seems obvious enough; but, at all events, nothing can be more ridiculous, than our persisting in their enforcement, in an age when no suitor, however powerful, can hope to sway the balance of justice, at least in those tribunals to which the laws in question apply. Mr Bentham relates the following instance of their operating to the ruin of a person whose situation was, in one particular, uncommon—but, in all that bears upon the question, the situation of every needy suitor.

'A gentleman of my acquaintance had succeeded, during his minority, to an estate of about 3000*l.* a year: I won't say where. His guardian, concealing from him the value of the estate, which circumstances rendered it easy for him to do, got a conveyance of it from him, during his nonage, for a trifle. Immediately upon the ward's coming of age, the guardian, keeping him still in darkness, found means to get the conveyance confirmed. Some years afterwards, the ward discovered the value of the inheritance he had been throwing away. Private representations proving, as it may be imagined, ineffectual, he applied to a court of equity. The suit was in some forwardness: the opinion of the ablest counsel highly encouraging: but money there remained none. We all know but too well, that, in spite of the unimpeachable integrity of the Bench, that branch of justice, which is particularly dignified with the name of Equity, is only for those who can afford to throw away one fortune for the chance of recovering another. Two persons, however, were found, who, between them, were content to defray the expense of the ticket for this lottery, on condition of receiving half the prize. The prospect now became encouraging: when unfortunately one of the adventurers, in exploring the recesses of the bottomless pit, hap-

pened to dig up one of the old statutes against Champerty. This blew up the whole project: however the defendant, understanding that, somehow or other, his antagonist had found support, had thought fit in the mean time to propose terms, which the plaintiff, after his support had thus dropped from under him, was very glad to close with. He received, I think it was, 3000*l.*; and for that he gave up the estate, which was worth about as much yearly, together with the arrears, which were worth about as much as the estate.' p. 119–121.

We have now stated the whole argument against the Usury laws; and it applies to every similar contrivance, in what notions soever founded, or by whatever checks supported, for protecting men's interests in spite of themselves, and controlling them in the management of their private business, for the purpose of making that business prosper, whether they will or no. There is nothing more conclusive in the whole range of political science, we might say nothing in any science, except the mathematics. Can there arise, then, it may be asked, any question as to the propriety of repealing those barbarous laws? Is not the bare proposition of a doubt respecting it ridiculous? We shall shortly state the reasons which convince us, that such a measure would, at this particular crisis, be imprudent; and these are to be found in an attentive consideration of the peculiar circumstances of the times.

It cannot be denied, that the Usury laws, which, we have seen, always produce very bad effects in ordinary times, and still worse consequences in periods of publick distress, have in an unprecedented degree augmented the embarrassments of the present day. Many persons, in every line of employment, have felt the necessity of a temporary accommodation, to enable them to get over the great pressure of the moment. All property being depreciated, no money could be raised by sales, without an enormous loss. Loans were the only possible means of avoiding certain ruin. The demand for money being thus augmented greatly and suddenly, and at the end of a war which had destroyed capital to an unprecedented amount in every way, the natural rate of interest was sure to be raised very considerably. The restraints, imposed by the law, rendered borrowing impossible to many; and to others, raised the terms of the bargain in a most destructive degree. Hence some have been irretrievably ruined, and others have paid an exorbitant price for their safety. Had no such absurd laws existed, all who had property to offer in security, that is, all whom it was for the benefit of the community to assist, might have obtained the aid required at a fair and moderate premium. The evils occasioned by these laws, therefore, are abundantly manifest. Yet it by no means

follows, that their repeal, *during the pressure of the calamity*, would be upon the whole beneficial. One class of persons might be assisted; but another, and probably a much larger class, would be thrown into great embarrassments. All persons now owing money, especially such as have borrowed upon mortgage, would inevitably have their creditors coming upon them for payment, that a new bargain might be made on better terms for the landlord. It would not always happen, that the same money would be lent again to the same person; and any change in such delicate circumstances, would beget inquiry and suspicion, and a consequent injury to credit, at a moment when so many persons are in a tottering condition. A mortgagee, who is now content with the security he had before taken, if he had to renew his bargain, might consider the depreciation of the property, and lend to another. It is for the interest of the community, in the present critical circumstances of the country, that as little charge, as little concussion to credit as possible, should be given. In ordinary times, these, and far greater risks, may safely be encountered. At present, the smallest movement may reach further than it is easy to calculate, or pleasant to conjecture. Besides, we confess, we feel an objection of a general nature, to legislating in a moment of difficulty. The Usury laws ought long ago to have been repealed; but, to undertake the risk under the pretence of an extraordinary emergency, is contrary to the sound discretion which should preside over all changes, even the most obvious, in the existing laws of the country. The work, when so performed, is not set about coolly and deliberately. Dangers are overlooked on either side, and omissions made, which both produce mischief and alienate the confidence of the community in the operation. The consequence is, that the stability of the improvement is put in jeopardy, and an obstacle is created to carrying through all reforms which may afterwards be attempted. For these reasons, we conceive that the views were perfectly sound which induced Parliament, last Session, to defer for some time the revision of the laws in question.

Together with the Letters upon Usury, Mr Bentham has reprinted, in the volume before us, the Protest against Law Taxes; a work which, for closeness of reasoning, has not perhaps been equalled, and, for excellence of style, has certainly never been surpassed. It is not the object of the present article to analyze this masterly performance; but, after a few remarks, we shall content ourselves with giving a specimen or two of its singular beauties.

The grievous expense of law proceedings has long been a theme of complaint among the vulgar; but they who are the

best acquainted with the profession of the law, are best able to say (as they must if they speak the truth), that none of the complaints ever made upon this trite subject are in the least degree exaggerated. That a poor man cannot obtain justice, is quite obvious,—at least that he cannot obtain it unless he finds some one to lend him the money without security, which is next to impossible; or to lend it him for a share of the property at stake, which the law prohibits. But it is said that the poor may sue *in formâ pauperis*. To what does this privilege amount? First, it extends to those only who are not worth above five pounds besides their wearing apparel; whereas a man may be worth much more, and yet be a great deal too poor to support a suit in Chancery. But next, suppose he is of the class of mere paupers,—he obtains an exemption from the costs of stamps, and Counsel's fees, and Court fees;—and we shall suppose that his Counsel exerts himself to the utmost,—that no time is lost by his special Pleader's slowness, or his Counsel's laying aside his case, to make way for others upon which his opinion is requested with *peculiar despatch*. What chance has he of an active and industrious attorney, to serve this poor client, while he has rich ones on his hands, as he must have, if he is an able practitioner, and a man who will let no opportunity escape him? But this is not all. Who is to pay for his witnesses? Who is to advance him money for this most necessary expense, when it is known that he may gain his cause, and yet not have enough to pay it? This leads us to the much more grievous case of a man prevailing, and yet being nothing the better, nay actually being a loser by his contest. Nothing is more certain than that the recovery of a small debt, or the successful resistance of a small demand, is more costly than acquiescing in positive injustice. If, for example, a person is called upon by one he never before saw or heard of, to pay fifteen or twenty pounds, and refuses, and suffers an action to be brought against him; and if he gains, as it is to be presumed he will under such circumstances, he will, in all probability, lose more upon the whole than he would have done had he at once paid the sum unjustly demanded. No doubt, he gains with costs; but the actual costs always considerably exceed the costs allowed; and, in the case of small sums, the excess is greater than the sum in dispute. We think it enough at present merely to broach this subject. It forms one of the most intolerable of all the abuses known in the law,—and no reform could be more wholesome, than one directed to remedy it. The share which the Government bears of the blame, does not come under the head of extra costs, as all stamps are al-

lowed in taxing; but those imposts are not the less objectionable upon other grounds. They are, nevertheless, favourites with weak rulers, and flatter some ridiculous popular prejudices. Since the publication of Mr Bentham's work, no one has ever pretended to doubt their iniquity and gross impolicy. Mr Rose one day, in Mr Pitt's presence, took the author aside, and informed him that they had read the pamphlet—that its reasoning was unanswerable—and that it was resolved there should be no more such taxes. Yet Budget after Budget has since been formed, in which those duties have made a part; and Mr Pitt himself was found to patronize them upon his return to office in 1804.—We shall now close this article with a few extracts from the Protest, not with the intention of superseding the perusal of the whole work, but in order to invite the reader to enjoy so high a treat, by giving him a foretaste of it.

After observing that these taxes fall either on such as have something to pay withal, or such as have nothing, he proceeds to show that, to the former they are more grievous than any other tax whatever—to the latter, a denial of justice. The following is the first demonstration.

'Taxes on consumption cannot fall but where there is some fund to pay them: of poll taxes, and taxes on unproductive property, the great imperfection is, that they may chance to bear where such ability may be wanting. Taxes upon law-proceedings fall upon a man just at the time when the likelihood of his wanting that ability is at the utmost. When a man sees more or less of his property unjustly withholden from him, then is the time taken to call upon him for an extraordinary contribution. When the back of the innocent has been worn raw by the yoke of the oppressor, then is the time which the appointed guardians of innocence have thus pitched upon for loading him with an extraordinary burthen. Most taxes are, as all taxes ought to be, taxes upon affluence: it is the characteristic property of this to be a *tax upon distress.*

'A tax on bread, though a tax on consumption, would hardly be reckoned a good tax; bread being reckoned in most countries where it is used, among the necessaries of life. A tax on bread, however, would not be near so bad a tax as one on law-proceedings: A man who pays to a tax on bread, may, indeed, by reason of such payment, be unable to get so much bread as he wants, but he will always get some bread, and in proportion as he pays more and more to the tax, he will get more and more bread. Of a tax upon justice, the effect may be, that after he has paid the tax, he may, without getting justice by the payment, lose bread by it: bread, the whole quantity on which he depended for the subsistence of himself and his family for the season, may, as well as any thing else, be the very thing for which he is obliged to apply to justice. Were a three-penny stamp to be put upon every three-penny loaf, a man who had but three pence to spend in bread, could no longer indeed get a three-

penny loaf, but an obliging baker could cut him out the half of one. A tax on justice admits of no such retrenchment. The most obliging stationer could not cut a man out half a *latitat* nor half a *declaration*. Half justice, where it is to be had, is better than no justice: but without buying the whole weight of paper, there is no getting a grain of justice.

'A tax on necessaries is a tax on this or that article, of the commodities which happen to be numbered among necessaries: a tax on justice is a tax on all necessaries put together. A tax on a necessary of life can only lessen a man's share of that particular sort of article: a tax on justice may deprive a man, and that in any proportion, of all sorts of necessaries.

'This is not yet the worst. It is not only a burthen that comes in the train of distress, but a burthen against which no provision can be made.

'All other taxes may be either foreseen as to the time, or at any rate provided for, where general ability is not wanting: in the instance of this tax, it is impossible to foresee the moment of exaction, it is equally impossible to provide a fund for it. A tax to be paid upon the loss of a husband, or of a father on whose industry the family depended,—a tax upon those who have suffered by fire or inundation, would seem hard, and I know not that in fact any such modes of taxation have ever been made choice of: but a tax on law-proceedings is harder than any of these. Against all those misfortunes, provision may be made; it is actually made in different ways by insurance: and, were a tax added to them, pay so much more, and you might ensure yourself against the tax. Against the misfortune of being called upon to institute or defend one's self against a suit at law, there neither is, nor can be, any *office of insurance.*' p. 5—9.

The following is part of the reasoning by which our author triumphantly refutes the vulgar argument, that such taxes operate as a check to litigation.

'They produce it on the part of the *plaintiff*.—Were proceedings at law attended with no expense nor other inconvenience, till the suit were heard and at an end, a plaintiff who had no merits, could do a defendant man no harm by suing him: he could give him no motive for submitting to an unfounded claim: malice would have no weapons: oppression would have no instrument. When proceedings are attended with expense, the heavier that expense, the greater of course is the mischief which a man who has no merits is enabled to do; the sharper the weapon thus put into the hand of malice, the more coercive the instrument put into the hand of the oppressor.

'They produce it on the part of the *defendant*. Were proceedings at law attended with no expense, a defendant who knew he had no merits, a defendant who was conscious that the demand upon him was a just one, would be deprived of what is in some cases his best chance for eluding justice, in others the absolute certainty of so doing: he would lose the strongest incentive he has to make the

attempt. A defendant who means not to do justice unless compelled, and who knows that the plaintiff cannot compel him without having advanced a certain sum; such a defendant, if he thinks his adversary cannot raise that sum, will persevere in refusal till a suit is commenced, and in litigation afterwards.

'Whether they make the litigation, or whether they find it ready made, they show most favour to the side on which anti-conscientious litigation is most likely to be found. By attaching on the commencement of the suit, they bear hardest upon the plaintiff, or him who, if they would have suffered him, would have become plaintiff. In so doing they favour in the same degree the defendant, or him who, if the party conceiving himself injured, could have got a hearing, would have been called upon to defend himself. But it is on the defendant's side that anti-conscientious practice is most likely to be found. Setting expense out of the question, an evil of which these laws are thus far the sole cause,—setting out of the question the imperfections of the judicial system, and the hope of seeing evidence perish, or the guilty view of fabricating it,—a man will find no motive for instituting a suit for an ordinary pecuniary demand, without believing himself to be in the right: for if he is in the wrong, disappointment, waste of time, fruitless trouble, and so much expense as is naturally unavoidable, are by the supposition what he knows must be his fate. Whereas, on the other hand, a man upon whom a demand of that kind is made, may, although he knows himself to be in the wrong, find inducement enough to stand a suit from a thousand other considerations: from the hope of a deficiency in point of evidence on the part of the plaintiff—not to mention, as before, the rare and criminal enterprize of fabricating evidence on his own part: from the hope of tiring the plaintiff out, or taking advantage of casual incidents, such as the death of witnesses or parties: from the temporary difficulty or inconvenience of satisfying the demand, or (to conclude with the case which the weakness of human nature renders by far the most frequent) from the mere unwillingness to satisfy it.

'In a word, they give a partial advantage to conscious guilt, on whichever side it is found: and that advantage is most partial to the defendant's side, on which side consciousness of guilt, as we see, is most likely to be found.

'Better, says a law maxim subscribed to by every body, better that *ten* criminals should escape, than one innocent person should suffer: and this in cases even of the deepest guilt. For *ten*, some read a *hundred*, some a *thousand*. Whichever reading be the best, an expedient of procedure, the effect of which were to cause ten innocent persons to suffer for every ten guilty ones, would be acknowledged to be no very eligible ingredient in the system. What shall we say of an institution, which, for one culpable person whom it causes to suffer, involves in equal suffering perhaps ten blameless ones?' p. 29—34.

ART. IV. *Wesentliche Betrachtungen oder Geschichte des Krieges Zwischen den Osmanen und Russen in den Jahren* 1768 *bis* 1774 *von* RESMI AGHMED EFENDI, *aus dem Türkischen übersetzt und durch Anmerkungen erlärdert von* HEINRICH FRIEDRICH VON DIEZ. Halle & Berlin, 1813.

THIS work is a history of the war which took place between Russia and the Ottoman Porte in the years 1768–74, originally written in Turkish by Resmi Achmed Efendi. Catherine has found a host of writers to chronicle her glories: But we now can enter the encampment of the vanquished, and hearken to the Musulman historian, deploring and relating the disastrous conflict.

When the translation of a work ascribed to an Oriental author, falls into the hands of a *Frank* unskilled in Oriental lore, (to which class of readers we confess that we belong), and who has neither dragoman nor moonshee at his elbow, his first wish is to satisfy himself respecting its authenticity. We are apt to be sceptical, and to entertain suspicions, that the venerable Eastern visiter, whose language we cannot comprehend, and to whose person we wholly are strangers, may very possibly be a kind of *Pseudartabas*, turbanned and bearded for the nonce; and we examine his pretensions with jealousy and caution. In this instance, we think, that Resmi Achmed Efendi is sufficiently avouched and identified by the respectable writer whose name appears in the title-page as the translator. Resmi Achmed Efendi's history hath been rendered into German by M. Von Diez, who once held the honourable employment of envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary of his Prussian Majesty at the Court of Constantinople; and he is an Oriental scholar of considerable note on the Continent, and in whose skill and fidelity full confidence may be placed.—True it is, that M. Von Diez hath lately been engaged in a literary controversy with M. von Hammer, who is well known to most of our readers as the companion of Dr Clarke, with whom he parted in dudgeon: And we regret to add, that the warfare between M. von Diez and M. von Hammer, hath been carried on quite 'à la Turque,' and with a most uncivilized and unchristian virulence, which ill beseemeth gentlemen and scholars. This reproach falleth heaviest on M von Diez, who hath attacked the moral character, as well as the literary reputation of his opponent, by accusing him of fraud, and forgery, and imposture: And these grievous charges having been investigated by M. Silvestre de Sacy, he hath declared them to be wholly unfounded.

The author, Resmi Achmed Efendi, was a person of celebrity in the annals of Turkish diplomacy. In the year 1757, Sultan Mustapha the Third deputed him to Vienna as his embassador. It must be supposed that *Zil Ullah* was satisfied with the conduct of his representative; for, in the course of a few years afterwards (in 1763), he was despatched to Berlin on a similar mission; and Resmi Achmed derives much distinction from having been the first Ottoman embassador who ever visited the court of the king of *Gharandaberk*. It is by this full-toned appellation that Resmi Achmed designates *Brandenburg* or Prussia.

About this time all 'Europe rang from side to side' with the fame of Frederick's victories. The favourite title of the Ottoman Sultan is 'Hunkiar,' or the Manslayer: And Mustapha, who had witnessed the astonishing success with which the Manslayer of Gharandaberk had resisted the united strength of Austria, and France, and Russia, and Sweden, easily discovered, that Frederick, his brother sovereign, could not possibly have commanded such a tide of good fortune, but by the help of the noble science of *astrology*. He did not suppose, indeed, that Fritz himself calculated the 'elections of the seventh house,' in which, 'if the Lord of the Ascendant be strong in essential and accidental dignities, and well aspected of the fortunes, and more strong than the inimical planet which is significative of the enemy,'—then 'the querent will prevail and overcome;'—yet he had no doubt but that the invincible warrior acted constantly under the counsel of a board of right learned clerks, well read in such useful studies. Resmi Achmed was therefore furnished with private instructions to use all his eloquence to induce the King of Prussia to cede *three* of his most skilful astrologers to Sultan Mustapha. This sapient message was faithfully delivered by him to Frederick; and he was informed through the medium of his interpreter, that a definite answer would soon be given to his request. At the subsequent audience, Frederick led the Turk to a window which commanded the great square, then filled with soldiery. And at the same time that he pointed out his troops to the ambassador, he told him that his three advisers in war and peace, were Experience, Discipline and Economy;—'these, and these alone,' he concluded, 'are my three chief astrologers; I have no others:—And this is the secret, which I beg you to impart to our good friend the Sultan Mustapha.'

On his return from Prussia, he was appointed to the post of Kiagha Begh, which, as M. von Diez informs us, is next in rank to that of Grand Vizier. According to the ancient military maxims of the Ottoman empire, the principal members of the Turkish ministry are bound to follow the army in time of war;

Our author was therefore present in the field during the whole of the Russian campaigns; and it was chiefly through his endeavours that the negociations for peace were brought to a successful termination.

It is not very long since Pope and Turk were eyed, in our part of the world, with awful apprehension. They were sung down, and prayed down. They were considered as two greedy raging lions, each on the point of breaking loose and devouring us all. Now, indeed, these fears have subsided. How it would have rejoiced the hearts of our forefathers, if they could have seen filthy Rome deprived of her universal Bishop!—We, their unworthy children, have felt otherwise; it rejoiced us not when the Apocalyptic Babylon was purified of its iniquities, and humbled into the second *good city* of the Empire. We have been glad to take back the Pope of Rome in his chair, instead of the King of Rome in his cradle. And Whigs and Tories, Lords and Commoners—we blush to say so—have vied, and vie with each other, in coquetting with the Old Scarlet Harlot, now that she hath happily been replaced in her original seat, and allowed to return to all her abominations. With respect to the 'monster Mahomet,' and the 'ravenous Caliphs,' and 'their viperous offspring the Turks,' as they are charitably called by the worthy parson of St Martin's, by Ludgate, London; we have, and not without reason, unlearnt much of the angry terror with which we used to doom them to damnation and hell-fire. The followers of Islam have not only been our friends, but even our only friends in the time of need,—in the time of the Continental system,—in the time of proscription and persecution, when there was not a Prince or a Potentate in Christendom, who would or could allow an Englishman to show his face in his dominions. John Bull was like a Saxon outlaw; he bore a wolf's head, and not a soul would house him. We recollect when the column in the Red-book, which sets forth the 'diplomatic agents abroad and at home,' presented such a dreary series of untenanted blanks under the name of each foreign power, that it resembled a street at a watering-place when the season is over, and 'this house to let' stares out at every window. Not a single exception was furnished except by the kindness of the Sultan of Constantinople, and the Sophi of Persia, who alone allowed our representatives to appear before their thrones, and, as far as we are concerned at least, made good their common title of 'Refuge of the World.'

The Mahometans, as such, are now no longer the objects of aversion—their fanaticism has cooled. On our parts we are too lazy to hate them;—we have room enough for uncharitableness, without travelling beyond the four seas. The respectful fear, to

which their very name once gave rise, has subsided in the same degree: And the exaggerated opinions which once were held respecting the power of the Turks, have yielded to opinions, perhaps equally unfounded, of their utter weakness and imbecility. None of their former reverses stamped them with such degradation as the luckless wars with the Czarina. The army of Mahomed the Fourth had been put to the rout; yet the green sanjak of the Prophet was planted at the very foot of the ramparts of Vienna, before it was surrendered into the hands of the German Cæsar. But it is not generally known that the Ottomans themselves lamented the waning brilliancy of the Crescent, at a time when the Christians had hardly noticed that its radiancy was becoming eclipsed—and that they have produced writers endowed with sufficient courage to raise their voices against the misrule of the Divan, and to point out the consequences ensuing to the empire. Such was Ghuradscheli Kodscha Begh, who had been one of the ministers of Murad the X., and who, in the reign of his successor, composed a treatise 'on the causes of the decay of the Ottoman Empire, and on the methods by which they are to be counteracted.' Such also is Resmi Achmed Efendi. In this work, which he composed in retirement and disgrace, he has placed the abuses which prevail in the Turkish armies, and the deplorable incapacity of the public functionaries in general, in the strongest light; and he appears to have composed this record of national degradation, with the patriotic intention of rousing the Faithful out of their lethargic slumber. The style of the narrative is singularly original. The Efendi has all the characteristicks of half educated men. He displays much good sense and power of observation, struggling with ignorance and absurdity. He writes with the dull leaden solidity of the Turk, occasionally enlivened by the sententious phraseology of the Arab, and the rarer wisdom of the Western world. He deals out his censures very unsparingly, but with calmness and sedateness. His anger never vents itself in any tone higher than phlegmatic irony.

We shall now give a few extracts from the Efendi's history.

There were eight tokens of misfortune, he thinks, from which it was easy to prognosticate the ill success of the war. And he draws out his inventory of bad omens with admirable method and formality—

'These signs of misfortune were, *Firstly*, that such an experienced Grand Vizier as *Muchsin Zade* was removed from office.

'*Secondly*, That such an irregular man as *Hamza Pacha* was appointed Vizier.

'*Thirdly*, That the army was placed under the command of such an upstart as *Emin Pacha*; and he was also so sickly, that his feet began to swell on the day of his arrival at Adrianople.

'*Fourthly*, That orders were issued for assembling an army of an hundred thousand men, before any arrangements were made for supplying them with provisions.

'*Fifthly*, That on the day when the troops marched out of Constantinople, certain ignorant people, who pretended that it was not lawful to allow an infidel to look on the holy standard, committed great excesses on the persons of many worthy and commiserable Christians, under the cloak of zeal; which disturbances were followed by several executions.

'*Sixthly*, That a madman, who could not distinguish between earth and heaven, one Tahir Aga, was appointed commissary-general.

'*Seventhly*, That our leaders, who had no intention of entering the enemy's country, fancied that they would find many fortresses to besiege, and therefore provided themselves with an extra train of fifty or sixty heavy battering cannon. And that the draught cattle were starved for want of forage, and the artillery lost.

'And, *Eighthly*, That the troops marched out to war when Saturn and Mars were in conjunction in the sign of Cancer.'

Resmi Achmed did well to reserve this direful conjunction for the close of his gloomy omens. And it is surely extraordinary, that the Sultan and the Divan should have allowed the war to begin under this constellation; for all the wise are unanimous respecting its evil influence. Consult Albohazin Haly or Albumaser, Zael or Messahala, and it will be found to bode nought else but evil by 'sea and land;' strife, dissension, and destruction. Mustapha was actuated by a well founded suspicion, when he distrusted his own astrologers. They must have been shamefully neglectful of their duty. We would not wish to raise a groundless calumny; but we can scarcely help suspecting, that there was treachery amongst the star-gazers, and that they were bribed by the Russian cabinet to conceal the threatening aspect of the planets.

The 'Eight Signs of Misfortune' are followed by an 'Appendix,' in which he sets forth the 'three main errors' of the government of the Sublime Porte, committed by his Sublimity, or his ministers, in venturing on offensive measures against the Russians.

'*In the first place*,'—(Resmi always likes order and regularity)—'There came a vapouring Polander, one *Potoski*, at the head of about four hundred men, and who placed himself under the protection of the Ottoman Government. He was furnished with several papers or petitions, with great red seals affixed to them: And he made complaints to us, saying,—The Republic of Poland has been long under the protection of the Ottoman Sultan.' His object was to implore the assistance of this august protector against the invasion of the Czarina. The Ottoman arms have never prospered, according to Resmi Achmed's opinion,

when they have protected 'such refugees,' and taken up their quarrels; 'and this,' he says, 'we have learnt, and experienced oft and oft.' Our readers may take it for granted, that Resmi shows much pertinent knowledge of Ottoman history. And at the end of his bead-roll of examples, in which the wars occasioned by the reception of Charles of Sweden in the year 1120 are not forgotten, he laments, that, unmindful of the lessons to be derived from the history of former generations, that 'hateful Potoski was duly taken under protection,' and maintained, with all his followers, at the public expense: so that, in the whole, he cost the Imperial Treasury upwards of seven hundred purses 'of gold.'

The *second* error in judgment, was the favour shown to the Tartar Khans, *Selim Ghirai* and *Maksud Ghirai*, who also contributed their assistance in 'ruining and emptying the Imperial treasury.'

The *third* error, was the supineness with which the organization, or rather the disorganization of the army, was regarded. The defects of this unwieldy and unmanageable body, and the confusion which it presented in every part, are minutely detailed by him. The troops were literally poisoned by their provisions. The bread which was served out to them, was adulterated with sand, and clay, and meal made of mouldy biscuits, which had remained 'forty years' in the 'store-houses;' so that the loaves which were made of this precious mixture, resembled 'dry dirt.' The avarice of the Turkish purveyors led them to adulterate the flour in this manner. The Greeks, in addition to their natural propensity to fraud, were actuated by hatred. Such arts were not new amongst them. It will be recollected, that during the Crusades, they thinned the ranks of their unwelcome visitors, by supplying them with bread composed of flour, mixed with lime.

'Those who had nothing else to live on,' Resmi continues, 'eat this bread during five or six days, and they then bade farewell to the world, and stretched themselves out in fresh fresh graves in the plain called Chanteppe. No one' (Resmi alludes to the Grand Vizir and the Aga of the Janizaries) 'inquired after the fate of these wretches; only the † Tschorbachis, and the Oda Baschis, recommended them to the mercy of Providence, saying,—*They have fallen as martyrs for the faith;—we will share their allowances.*'

The conclusion of the Chapter is whimsically illustrative of the system of fraud and peculation prevailing in Turkey;—it shows, that they manage these matters, even in that uncivilized country, with a reasonable degree of address.

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† 'Tchorbaji, or captain; *Oda Baschi*, lieutenant.'
Thoretus' Turkey, 173.

'A *Bing Baschi* is inscribed on the roll, as commander of a thousand men, and he receives their allowances from month to month out of the Treasury. But, in truth, he only joins the army with five hundred men. *His word is a thousand, and his deed is five hundred.* And, in the course of a fortnight, four hundred out of the five hundred have left the ranks, under the pretence of foraging; so that he has only *one hundred men* remaining under his command; and yet the fellow continues to receive his full allowances *for a thousand men.* The Vizier is helpless and spiritless; the Defterdar Efendi is sighing and weakly; and the Aga of the Janissaries swears, that the muster-rolls of the Bash Jazitchi are accurate and well kept.—There is no might or strength but in the Lord!'

We must add, that it is the office of the Basch Jazatschi to make out the accounts of each odu or company of Janissaries, the Aga certifies their accuracy, and on his certificate the Bing Baschi receives the pay of his men from the treasury at Constantinople: The Bing Baschi and the Aga have a good understanding with each other, and the pious ejaculations of the latter may therefore be sufficiently appreciated.

Resmi Achmed Efendi always speaks of the Franks, not excepting his natural enemies the Russians, with tolerable temper and fairness; although he is perfectly conscious, that his own people, with all their faults and blunders, and whose disasters are nothing more than visitations for their crying sins, rank infinitely higher in the scale of nations and of wisdom.

Some of his remarks are worthy of notice. One of the conditions of the peace of Belgrade was, that the Porte should recognize the Imperial dignity of the Sovereigns of Russia; for, till this, the Divan had refused to give them any other titles than the old ones of *Tschar* and *Tschandsche.* This concession, by a very slight, but very ingenious diplomatic deviation from the truth, is made to tell greatly to the advantage of the Sultan; for Resmi, who appears to have been acquainted with the old definition of an embassador, states that, 'under the circumstances, the Ottoman government *granted* to the Russians the *Berat* (patent) of the Imperial dignity.' Thus easily can national vanity be gratified.

Resmi seems to date the rise of the Russian power from this period. 'As they now held the same rank as Austria, France and Spain, the three powers which originally were adorned with the Imperial title - - - - they began to raise more troops than before, and to procure themselves ships of war, and artillery.'

He gives a curious account of Catherine and her mode of government, which must have been strangely preposterous, according to Turkish ideas.

'During a considerable time, the Russians have been ruled by

female Czarinas. Now the attachment which the Franks bear towards women is unbounded; and therefore the Russians have become exceedingly obedient to the present Czarina - - - - and wise and experienced men of other nations have been assembled in her train; men who empty the wine-cups for the love of the Czarina, and who burn with desire to offer up their lives for her. The Czarina is an artful woman; *she has learnt the endearments by which such people are to be deluded, from the Austrian Empress, Maria Theresa,* who died some years ago; and therefore, she now behaves with more familiarity than formerly towards the ministers and other functionaries who appear before her throne; she has redoubled the caresses and flatteries which she bestows on them. In this manner has she gained such ministers and generals as the Orlows, and as Marshal Romanzow, he who concluded the last peace with us. Thus favoured by fortune, and swimming in the sea of prosperity, she has truly asserted her claim to be considered as one of the sovereigns who have renovated the Russian empire.

'On this occasion, I am reminded of an example, which will show how easily the Franks can allow themselves to be enslaved by the arts of women, and be induced to sacrifice their lives in their service. In the year 1171, I went as ambassador to Vienna; and, on my return, according to the usual custom, I remained during three days in the river, opposite the town of Buda. Several inhabitants of the town came on board our vessels to visit me. Amongst others, there was a young man, who appeared to be about eighteen years of age. I said to him—Of what family art thou, and what is thy employment?

'He answered—I am the son of a merchant in England. My father sent me to the Commandant of Buda, for the sake of education; and I have remained here about three or four years.

'Art thou intended to belong to the *men* of the *sabre*, or of the *pen*?

'I belong to the men of the sabre; that is to say, to those who are employed in making war.

'At this moment the Empress is engaged in war with the King of Prussia; wilt thou serve in this war?

'Not in the present year. But if it pleases Providence, I shall go out to war in the next.

'How! Thou who art so young, dost thou not fear death?

'When I came from my own country, I passed through Vienna, where the daughters of the Empress allowed me to kiss their hands. If I had a hundred lives now, I would sacrifice them all for her.'

M. von Diez supposes, that the young man who figures as an interlocutor in the foregoing dialogue, was probably a relation of the commandant of Buda. It is more likely that the whole 'example' owes its origin to the diplomatic brain of the Efendi; and that it was invented by him for the purpose of illustrating his sage remarks on Frankish folly. It is accompanied by the following comment.

'See now, Reader! According to the notions of the Franks, it is a great token of favour and honour to be allowed to kiss the hands of a person in power. Now, when a monarch among the Franks happens to be a *woman*, and when she puts off her glove, and allows her hand to be kissed, it is considered as a marvellous felicity by the Franks; and it will excite them to leap over entrenchments, or down precipices. Thus, in these matters, the Franks are such thorough simpletons, as to make themselves the slaves of these coaxing flatteries.'

Resmi, however, gives the Franks great credit for their loyalty to their sovereigns, and their obedience to their commanders.—'As soon as they receive the word of command, Halt, they remain as firm as a rock, even till they all perish. See, Reader! such is their nature.'

In the early part of the reign of Mustapha, his councils were wholly directed by *Raghib Mohammed Pacha*, a trusty and experienced minister, who died at a very advanced age in the year 1176.* Raghib Mohammed possessed so much influence that when the news of the old man's death was brought to the Sultan, he started from his couch, and exclaimed, 'Now I begin to reign alone!' Raghib had held his office during the term of six years; and therefore we need not wonder, that as soon as the Great Turk was released from the authority of his vizier, who had kept him in wardship during so long a period, he indulged himself in a rapid succession of confidential advisers; all of whom, in their turn, were duly banished, or strangled, or made shorter by the head, in conformity to the laudable etiquette of the Ottoman Court. Mustapha appears to have been conscientiously convinced, that his ministers were treated according to their deserts. Nor did he conceal his opinion respecting them. His Sublimity was a poet; and, in one of his poems, as translated and quoted by M. Von Diez, he says,

'Now all the ministers of State are knaves.'

Resmi Achmed Efendi, himself a minister, does not often dissent from the Sultan's opinion with respect to his colleagues: And, in Resmi Achmed's opinion, there was scarcely more than one man, besides Resmi Achmed Efendi, whose prudence and integrity could have averted the evils which befel the Ottomans.

We have seen how the removal of *Muchsin Zade Mohammed Pacha* hath been lamented by the Efendi, as one of the 'eight signs of misfortune.' This took place before hostilities had actually begun: And we learn, 'that in the month of *Rebbuil Achir*, in the year 1182,† Muchsin Zade Mahommed Pacha

* A. D. 1762. † A. D. 1768.

was deprived of his office, and ordered to return to Rhodorto; whereupon the Imperial signet was delivered to *Hamza Pacha.*'

Hamza Pacha was a native of Cæsarea, in ancient Cappadocia. The Cappadocians have not gained a better name among the Turks than they enjoyed in the days of the Romans. Resmi says, 'their nature and character places them in opposition to the rest of mankind.' The Sultan was disposed to declare war; 'and in the tenth day after Hamza Pacha had arrived at Constantinople,' the question of peace or war was discussed in the Divan. Hamza Pacha quoted Persian distichs; 'sat for two hours before the Sultan like a log;' boasted 'that he would *beat the eyes of the Sultan's enemies out of their heads;*' and assured his Sublimity, 'that he was ready to march out to the plain of *Daud Pacha*—the sooner the better.' This is the name of a great plain near Constantinople, where the Turkish army always assembles when the Vizier marches out to war.

These declarations were followed up by measures of vigour. 'On the twenty-fifth day of *Dschemaziel Ewwel*, he appeared again before the Sultan, and read the Fatiha;'—the Fatiha is a verse or *Sura* of the Koran, which is read as a war-prayer;—'and he confined *Obreskow*, the Russian Minister, in the castle of the Seven Towers.'

'About this time, *Kirim Ghirai*, the Khan of Crimea, reached Constantinople;' and about the same time also it was discovered, or suspected, that Hamza Pacha made too free with the Sultan's purse. 'So in the eighteenth day of Dschemazub Achir, he was despatched to Gallipoli: And the Imperial signet was bestowed upon *Emin Pacha*, who was already honoured with the title of a son-in-law of the Sultan, and who filled the post of *Nischantschi*. In this manner, Hamza Pacha sat as Grand Vizir during eight and twenty days;—and soon after his arrival at Gallipoli, he *travelled on to the other world.*'

Hamza Pacha met his death with firmness and unconcern. When he was conducted to *Baluk Kapu*, a gate near the seashore, where he awaited the vessel which was to bear him to the place of execution, he composed the following distich, in allusion to his fate.

'*Ghitti Muchsin gheldi Hamza,*
Weremmedi scherbet namza.'

That is to say, according to M. von Diez,—'Muchsin went, 'and Hamza came, who could not administer the proper medi-'cines for the disordered pulse.' He meant the disordered pulse of the enfeebled empire. Hamza Pacha's dying impromptu is yet fresh in the people's memory; it has become a saying; and the Turks repeat it whenever his name is mentioned.

Hamza Pacha having thus moved off the stage, the Sultan's son-in-law, the fortunate Emin Pacha, (the 'upstart,' as Resmi calls him, in his list of omens), takes the first sopha in the Divan: 'He was the son of a merchant named Hind Eldchi Jussuph Agha.' This merchant, Emin's father, had sojourned long in India, where he acquired his by-name of Hindi, or the Indian; and, as it is conjectured, he acted as a secret agent of the Emperor of Roum, amongst the Moslem powers of the Peninsula. The Vizier himself, as our uncourteous historian describes him, 'was a meagre swarthy man, of an iron-like nature,' who had 'worked day and night during ten years in the office of the Mektupschi, where he was known by the name of Hind Emin Pacha.' In due time he rose to the rank of Mektupschi Efendi himself, and that at a time when '*Abdi Efendi*, the Reis Efendi, was in his dotage.'—'*Redshaji*, that insignificant creature, was Kiajhar; *Kjaschif Emin Efendi* was employed in the Defterdarship; and the two *Tezkjeretschis* were both exceedingly inexperienced.' Amongst these non-effectives, Emin Efendi was the only minister who could despatch the business of the Divan; 'and whatever was to be transacted, it was said, this must be referred to the Mektupschi Efendi.' His rise was rapid; and Resmi tells a doleful tale, how the Sultan promised the reversion of the place of old 'Abdi Efendi, the Reis Efendi,' to the *Awni Efendi*; and how, when the reversion fell in, in consequence of the death of the Reis Efendi, who died of an apoplexy in the Sultan's presence, 'no one reminded the Sultan of his promise in favour of the Awni Efendi;' but Emin was instantly appointed to the situation.

He now moved upwards with an accelerated velocity; 'he became the son-in-law of the Sultan, and was clothed in a caftan of honour.' And 'in the year 1182, and on the 18th day of the month *Saffer*, his Highness the Grand Vizier Emin Pacha placed the holy standard on his shoulder,' and marched out of Constantinople at the head of the army, to the plain of *Daud Pacha*,—the trysting-place where Hamza Pacha, now revelling in the embraces of the houris, had promised to meet the warriors of Islam.

From Adrianople, 'where we kept our Bairam,' the army advanced by a very leisurely march, during which 'the servants of the Lord suffered much from the heat and dust, and the cattle from want of provender,' to Chanteppe. The sufferings of the army at Chanteppe have been described. After a sufficient number of the 'servants of the Lord' had been deposited in the 'fresh fresh graves' of Chanteppe, they marched to Bender. There the Vizier fell sick, and the soldiers

starved; till at length his Highness determined on a 'movement' which brought the army back again to Chanteppe.—'This took place in the dog-days, on the 27th day of Rebbiul Ewwell.'

'About this time,' Resmi proceeds, 'the Sultan was informed that the Vizier's *head* was greatly *weakened by sickness*, and that he had ill-treated *Ali Pacha*, and that the latter had defeated the enemy before Chotesim, and had displayed great courage. So the Imperial signet was transferred to the above mentioned Ali Pacha. It came to pass, namely, on the 9th day of the month Rebbiul Achir, that the under *Imroher*, Feizi Begh, arrived at Chanteppe, from Constantinople, after a journey of eight days; he received the Imperial signet from Emin Pacha; invested the Agha of the Janissaries, Ebra Sulliman Agha, with the pelisse of honour appertaining to the dignities of Pacha and Kaimakan; and he proceeded with the Imperial signet to Ali Pacha, who was then lying with his troops before Chotesim. The Ex-vizier, Emin Pacha, was informed that he was to go to Dimotika; but in fact he was conducted to Adrianople, where, on the tenth day of Dschemaziel Ewwell, *he bade farewell to the world of sorrow*, and *quitted the fatigues of office.—May the Lord forgive him!*'

This is a pathetic requiem to the soul of the departed minister; and its pathos is much enhanced by the information added by the translator. Resmi Achmed Efendi has had too much modesty to notice that it was owing to his kind interference that Emin Pacha was thus released from toil and trouble, yet it is nearly certain that such was the case. And Resmi was the messenger who brought the advices respecting the weakness of the Grand Vizier's head to the Imperial presence, by which means the owner of that weak head, was eased of the troublesome incumbrance with such ease and celerity.

Vizier succeeds Vizier in quick and shadowy procession, like Banquo's progeny. Ali Pacha disappears, Chalil Pacha and Silihdar Mohammed Pacha stalk before us, and Muschin Zade reappears upon the scene. But we doubt whether our readers would draw much instruction from the details of these ministerial changes, beyond the salutary reflections on the vicissitudes of all worldly matters, which the recital would suggest.

The work is dull enough in all conscience; but it is a literary curiosity. We wish our store of such translations were increased. It is only by these means that we can correct the [illegible] observations of the traveller, or the prejudiced narration of an enemy.

ART. V. *National Difficulties practically explained.* London, 1816.

Remedies proposed as Certain, Speedy, and Effectual, for the Relief of our present Embarrassments. London, 1816.

IN former periods of our history, the state of the country has always afforded a topic of plausible controversy; and if one class of politicians, in their zeal to find fault, have been disposed to exaggerate every partial misfortune or local distress, there were others equally ready to magnify all our advantages, and not only to gloss over failures and mishaps, but to set down our increasing prosperity to the credit of political sagacity and skill. As it has been generally found also more profitable to praise than to blame men in power, the latter class of politicians has always been the most numerous, most forward, and most confident; and, not content with refuting the arguments of their opponents, they have, in most cases, treated their complaints as mere factious clamour, proceeding from the sinister motives of private interest or ambition. The present times, however, present the singular spectacle of unanimity on the actual condition of the country. There is unhappily, no longer any room for controversy on this formerly doubtful point; and the tardy convictions of the most incredulous now yield to the irresistible evidence of facts too notorious either to be palliated or disguised. One universal cry of distress is heard throughout the land. Nor is it particular branches of industry that have decayed; but *every* species of industry is at a stand. Society seems disjointed, as it were, in all its principal relations. The ordinary channels through which the various produce of art and industry was formerly distributed, are completely obstructed; the natural communication between the producer and consumer is interrupted; the supply by the former is not adjusted either in kind or proportion to the demands of the latter; and the dissolution of a connexion, which the prosperity of the national trade and manufactures requires to be steadily maintained, carries with it, too surely, their decay. To read in one example the general consequence, it was owing to this cause that the labourer, previous to the late deficient harvest, was found starving in the midst of plenty, while the farmer, on the other hand, was oppressed with a load of unsaleable produce. Such a state of things in a poor and barbarous community, where there is neither art nor industry to manufacture an equivalent for the produce of the soil, seems to be the necessary result of the poverty and ignorance

which prevails. But in a community such as that of Britain, crowded with artisans, well trained in every mode of refined and ingenious industry, it marks a thorough derangement in the whole economy of her commerce. Since this period, the country has been suffering under the evil of a deficient crop,—so that scarcity has been added to all its other miseries. The labourer has now to struggle against the double calamity of low wages, and dear provisions; and there is every reason to believe, that a great proportion of the people are in absolute want. The same causes which have entailed such general distress on the labouring classes, have assailed their employers in the forms of pecuniary embarrassments—depreciation of stock—and bankruptcy; in consequence of which they have been reduced in their circumstances, while the national stock has been wasted and diminished; and it is owing partly to this waste, and partly to the stagnation of what is still left, that all the employment which can be afforded by the diminished capital of the country, is so unequal to the demands of its industrious inhabitants.

Such language will not appear too strong to those, whose habits, opportunities, or inclinations, have allowed them to observe the actual condition of the country. By what causes, then, it may be asked, has this state of things been produced? No barbarous enemy has ravaged our territory; no intestine commotions have occurred to shake the frame of society, or to retard the progress of national prosperity; nor has any false system of internal policy, or of partial and unjust restriction, been allowed to cramp the energies of commerce. Generally speaking, every man has had liberty to make the best use of his talents, his industry, or his capital—to embrace any line which he might judge most expedient for the bettering of his circumstances; and it is unquestionable, that this state of peace, freedom and security, has been most friendly to the progress of every valuable improvement. In every department of knowledge, we can produce the most shining examples of originality and talent. In works of taste and fancy, we yield the palm to no former age;—the most brilliant discoveries have been made in science, and its important truths have been rendered widely subservient to the practical business of life. No other country can boast of such vast manufacturing establishments, or of such infinitely varied and complicated contrivances for abridging labour,—while the progress of morals, and of general intelligence among the people, has kept pace with every other improvement. Why then, it may be asked, with all this stock of natural and acquired talents—with all this various store of liberal and useful knowledge—with all, in short, that is commonly thought to insure na-

tional prosperity,—why is it that we are reduced to a state of actual wretchedness? What secret principle of mischief has been operating to counterwork the strong bias of society to improvement, and to undermine the solid foundations of the national wealth?

On this question, various and contradictory opinions have been formed; and if the notorious fact of the public distress has united the sentiments of all parties on this single point, they seem to differ as widely as ever in their judgements as to the causes of it. By some we are told, that the depression of our trade and manufactures is produced by the sudden transition from war to peace;—that government, while providing supplies for its numerous armies, was a large purchaser of the manufactures of the country;—that its extensive and continual demands gave an artificial stimulus to industry;—that this stimulus being withdrawn, in consequence of the peace, the manufacturer is left without a market for his goods;—and that, from this stagnation of his trade, all the miserable consequences have arisen which are so universally deplored. The shifting of the established channels of trade, by the sudden change from war to peace, is also enumerated, by this class of reasoners, as one cause of the present mercantile distress. But every view of the subject which might countenance the conclusion that it has been produced by war, or by taxation, is strenuously discouraged.

There is, no doubt, some truth in all this. The operation, however, of such circumstances, has, in our opinion, been greatly overestimated. Many, the most important branches of trade, were never benefited by the public revenue; and it should always be remembered, that the sums formerly spent by Government, now remain with the people, augmenting their consumption and demand. Some kinds of industry may have been, to a certain degree, directly encouraged by the war expenditure, and consequently have languished when it ceased; but the embarrassments so occasioned could be only temporary. It is impossible, therefore, by such principles, to account for the fact, on the one hand, that the commercial distress is almost universal, and, on the other, that this universal distress has continued so long, notwithstanding the peace, which has certainly removed many heavy fetters from commerce, and ought to have invigorated all its movements. We must look to some other quarter for the explanation of these lamentable phenomena. The causes, indeed, are too numerous and complicated to be easily unravelled, or distinctly traced; nor have we leisure or room

for a full investigation. But we wish to point out some which have been too much overlooked; and, in particular, we deem it interesting and instructive to show, that our present calamities mainly and immediately originated in the nature and endurance of that war, to the termination of which we sometimes hear them so strangely attributed.

In prosecuting this object, to which we shall at present principally confine ourselves, it may be proper to consider the following questions. 1*st*, In what manner were the people of this country, who are now idle, formerly employed? 2*dly*, By what means were they deprived of this employment? and, 3*dly*, Whether there is any probability that it ever will be regained?

I. Land and labour are the two great sources of wealth and commerce; and, in proportion as these are skilfully improved, a nation will be either rich or poor. Among a variety of countries, differing in climate and soil, the land is naturally employed in raising the productions to which it is most fitted; and each country exchanging its surplus produce with other countries, acquires by this means produce adapted to its wants. In like manner different nations cultivate particular modes of industry, which gradually flourish and increase beyond the limited wants of the community to which they belong. But this inequality is quickly corrected. The surplus produce of every country is sent abroad—other commodities are brought back in return—and in this way all its productions are made available for its own use. By this skilful management of their land and labour, the joint produce of a variety of trading nations is far greater than if, in despite of every natural disadvantage, they were labouring for the separate supply of their own wants. Their wealth is increased; their enjoyments are multiplied; and as, among individuals of the same community, the division of labour eminently conduces to the general wealth, the same principle is gradually introduced among nations who labour in concert, and trust to a free exchange of their produce for relieving them of what is superfluous, and for supplying them with what is deficient. The advantages of such an arrangement are sufficiently obvious. But they evidently depend on the maintenance of a free intercourse between all the different members of this commercial confederacy. If the free exchange of produce is prevented, the most fatal consequences will follow. Each country having adapted its trade to the general supply of the world, will be left with a superabundance of certain commodities of its own produce and manufactures, for which no market will be found. Its commerce, torn from the system of which it formed a part, and from which it drew life and vigour, will

become dead and inactive—and, if this unnatural state of things continue, the whole scheme of its trade and manufactures must be taken to pieces, and re-formed upon a new model, suited to the diminutive scale of its own limited wants. In the mean time, while society holds this retrograde course, great misery will prevail; merchants will be ruined by the loss of their trade, and the depreciation of their stock; and labourers will be reduced to misery by the want of employment.

That such would be the consequences of any general proscription of the trade of this country, we endeavoured to show in a former Number, * in opposition to Mr Spence and other writers who maintained, that Great Britain was independent of commerce, and could not be seriously injured by schemes directed against her trade. So far, however, from being independent of commerce, Great Britain was perhaps, of all countries, most dependent for prosperity and comfort on the free exchange of her produce for that of other nations. A long course of domestic peace, had brought all her manufactures to a state of unrivalled perfection—an immense capital had been accumulated, which was generally laid out in schemes of trade—in contriving new and improved machinery for abridging labour, or in establishing new branches of commerce. By the success of these experiments, the wealth and prosperity of the country was increased—art and industry flourished—the manufacturers vied with each other in the cheapness and perfection of their work, and the markets, in which the produce of this country was consumed, were gradually enlarged far beyond the measure of its own demand. Great Britain became a vast storehouse for the productions of industry, and her commerce consisted generally in the exchange of her finished work for the rude produce of other countries deficient in capital and manufacturing skill. Such, previous to its late interruption, was the commerce carried on with the countries in the North of Europe, with Russia, Poland, Sweden and Denmark. An immense supply of manufactures was also afforded by this country to the markets of Germany,—and our exportations to America had been rapidly increasing ever since the close of the American war. The peculiar circumstances of this rising country eminently adapted it to be a great market for the productions of Britain. With an almost boundless extent of fertile and unimproved territory, and an active and industrious population, America devoted her whole capital and industry to the cultivation of the soil: Abounding, in consequence, with a continual supply of subsistence, her

* Vol. XIV.—Spence on Agriculture and Commerce.

inhabitants were always on the increase; while, with the exception of the main article of food, she was totally unable to provide for their most necessary wants. Britain, on the other hand, rich in capital, and still more in the art and industry of her numerous artisans, abounded in all that was necessary to supply the wants of the American community; and as America advanced in wealth, improvement and population, a continually increasing market was opened for the manufactures of Britain. In the year 1772, the value of the manufactures exported by Britain to her American colonies, amounted to 6,000,000*l.*; and in the year 1804, it had increased to upwards of 12,000,000*l.*

In this manner, the commerce of Britain had gradually expanded beyond the bounds of its own narrow territory, and had adapted itself to the supply of the world. All her manufacturing establishments were laid out upon this enlarged scale; the whole scheme of her industry was accommodated to it; and such an assortment of produce was provided, as was entirely useless for her own consumption, and could only be of value as an equivalent for the produce of other nations. Her trade had a continual reference to the foreign market;—this was the great principle upon which it was regulated—the source from which employment flowed to all classes of her industrious inhabitants;—and in these circumstances, this vast commerce, which was spread over the whole extent of the globe, covering both sea and land, was suddenly pent up, partly by a train of ill-concerted measures at home, and partly by the policy of the enemy abroad, within the narrow bounds of the British territory. The consequences of such an exclusion, may be easily calculated. All those manufactures, which depended for support on the foreign market, were suddenly checked. The demand was no longer adequate to support them; and though they were continued for some time in the hope of an improving market, the largest capitals were soon exhausted in the manufacture of unsaleable produce. An exhausted capital was followed by commercial embarrassments,—merchants were reduced to bankruptcy,—and manufacturers, thrown out of employment, were consigned to beggary and want. Such still continues to be the condition of the country; and it has been brought about chiefly by the exclusion of our manufactures from all their accustomed markets. The labouring classes were formerly employed in supplying the extensive demands of those markets; but when they were closed against British goods, the demand of course ceased, and there was no longer any employment for those by whose industry it was formerly supplied. Other causes may have concurred in producing the general distress of the

country. But it can scarcely be doubted, that the calamity originated in the rigorous proscription of our trade both in America and Europe.

II. We shall now briefly consider the nature of those measures which gave rise to this proscription of our trade, and which deprived of employment the industrious classes of this country; and though this is now only matter of history, such an inquiry is not without its use, as it may enable us to draw instruction for the future from the unerring experience of the past.

In the course of the late war, it happened, through a singular coincidence, that at the time when France, by a train of unparalleled successes, had obtained the undisputed ascendancy on the Continent of Europe, Great Britain had obtained a like ascendancy on the ocean. All the other Powers were by this time beaten out of the field, and France and Britain alone remained, to rule, with a divided sway, the empire of land and sea. But as fleets and armies cannot be brought into contact, there was apparently no method left of deciding this protracted contest. Those two enlightened nations were like two ferocious animals, the inhabitants of different elements, eager to destroy each other, but who were unable, for want of some common arena on which they could meet, to try their strength in the mortal strife. This dilemma was, however, overcome by the ingenuity of the belligerent powers, who quickly contrived to rekindle into new activity the half-extinguished flames of war. In this country, it was resolved to let loose upon the enemy's defenceless commerce the irresistible navy of Britain, and at the same time to lay aside all such inconvenient restraints as had hitherto prevented the full display of its formidable powers.

In a former Number, * we took the liberty of throwing out some doubts whether the practice of maritime plunder might not be abandoned, by the common consent of nations, without any detriment to the interests of civilized hostility. Waving, however, for the present, all consideration of this question, we may remark, that although this moderate policy has never been adopted—although the capture of trading vessels is clearly sanctioned by the law of nations, and by the practice of war, the harshness of this system has generally been softened by the intervention of the neutral powers. In no former war were the abstract rights of the neutral and the belligerent ever brought into collision. The precise limit of their respective privileges was allowed to remain in salutary obscurity; the belligerent, in the mean time, exercising his rights, such as they were, without any nice inquiry into their exact extent, while the

* Vol. VIII.—War in Disguise.

commerce of the world flourished under the sanction of the neutral flag. And such an arrangement was beneficial to all parties. It enabled the more powerful belligerent to destroy the enemy's shipping, while it forced the weaker to consign his commerce to the protection of the neutral flag, and thus to preserve it by the deliberate sacrifice of his naval power;—and, beyond this limit, it is evidently neither politic nor safe, more especially for a commercial state, to urge the damage of a maritime war.

External violence is happily unequal to the task of utterly destroying the commerce of a great nation; and, were such extensive mischief practicable, it would not be expedient. Among a variety of trading nations, labouring in concert, in the manner we have already endeavoured to describe, a free intercourse, either direct or indirect, is necessary for the due distribution of their joint produce. It is quite contrary to the general interests of this confederacy, that any country should be excluded from its benefits, because its produce is necessary to complete the circle of commercial exchange. Every individual member contributes a particular portion to the common stock; and the system, thus firmly held together by the tie of common interest, must receive a general shock from the injury or destruction of any of its parts. Commerce being a mutual benefit, it seems obvious that its loss must be a mutual evil. France, for example, affords an important market for the manufactures of Britain, which, in exchange, receives the surplus produce of France. Supposing a war to break off the direct intercourse between these two countries, where, in these circumstances, would be the policy of preventing also the indirect intercourse, and of annihilating this market for the manufactures of the country? It is quite clear, that the demands of France for foreign manufactures, must be exactly in proportion to the progress of her internal commerce; and, setting aside, therefore, the question of right, it was not the interest of this country to check her advances in wealth and industry, and thus to interfere with an improving market for her own goods. We had chased her navy from the sea. We had forced her to carry on her trade by means of foreign shipping, and thus to abandon all pretensions to naval power; and here was the point at which to rest. We had reached the natural limit of maritime hostility, beyond which, if the evil be pushed, experience shows that it will recoil on its authors. But the rulers of the country, in the plenitude of their inveterate hostility, seem to have been resolved on mischief, without well considering where it was to terminate, or on whom it was ultimately to light. Their object seems to have been utterly to destroy the enemy's trade;—to blot out

France from the commercial map of Europe;—to drive her produce entirely out of the circle of European exchange. Improving upon the barbarous caprice recorded of the cruel Jew, they actually made the experiment of cutting the pound of flesh out of the body of European commerce, nearest the heart; and seem to have imagined that their mangled victim would retain health and life in every other part.

In considering, however, the policy of this new system of maritime war, we have hitherto kept out of view the obstacles to its execution, from the opposition of the neutral powers, and the resistance of the enemy. These, however, make an important part of the case. America, the great neutral power of modern times, far from acceding to the claims of Britain, firmly remonstrated upon the slightest infraction of her acknowledged rights; and her vessels having long carried on the trade between France and her colonies, she was resolved, on no conditions, to part with this valuable commerce. The most learned civilians might prove, in all the beauty of abstract theory, that the Americans had no right to this trade. But the misfortune is, that men will not be reasoned out of important interests. It is not by the logic of words that valuable privileges were ever won, either from nations or individuals. If the maritime rights of Britain could not be reconciled with American commerce, this with the Americans would be conclusive. If they could not have both our rights, and their own commerce, there could be little doubt which they would take. It was accordingly found, that throughout all the negociations with the Americans, respecting the colonial trade of the enemy, they readily acceded to any compromise, which, while it left untouched the main object in dispute, soothed the vanity of Britain with the notion of her imaginary rights. They consented, in order to break the continuity of the voyage, to touch at an American port—afterwards to land the produce, and to reship it in a different vessel—and, lastly, they conformed so far to our notions, that they became purchasers of the property, and transported it, at their own expense, from the French colonies to the mother country. They consented, in short, to any restrictions under which it was practicable to carry on the trade. But the moment we meddled with the trade itself, they were steady and inflexible in their remonstrances for redress; and it became perfectly apparent, that this new system of warfare against the commerce of France, would embroil the country with all the neutral powers; and that it would necessarily lead to the loss of our whole American trade. This was the more to be deprecated, as the infant manufactures of America were just beginning to take root in the country. In

some of the coarser fabricks, the British manufacturer was rivalled by the produce of domestic art and industry; and, by thus deliberately shutting ourselves out of this great market for British goods, we established, in favour of the American manufacturer, the irresistible encouragement of a complete monopoly. The usual policy of nations has been to confer peculiar privileges and distinctions on domestic industry. In the case of America, we have reversed those common maxims of national prudence; since the tendency of all our measures has been to encourage and extend her growing manufactures upon the ruins of our own. As the former unjust attempt of Britain to tax America accelerated the natural period of her political emancipation, our recent policy has, in like manner, contributed to hasten the period of her second emancipation, by rendering her independent of this country for a supply of necessary manufactures.

But, independent of the hostility of neutral nations, we had no reason, considering the enemy we had to deal with, uselessly to draw down upon our defenceless commerce the vengeance of his military power. It was obvious, that we depended on a free intercourse with the nations of Europe, for a vent to our surplus produce. By the friendly intervention of the neutral merchant, British goods found a ready access into all the markets of the Continent. No hostile territory was found a sufficient barrier to their entrance; and all that was exacted in return, was an equal toleration of the neutral commerce at sea. If we had been contented with the exercise of rights universally acknowledged—if we had not persisted in straining our maritime hostility beyond its natural limit, to the general vexation of commerce, there is little doubt that the consumption of the Continent would have been supplied by British manufactures. Restrictions might have been imposed, and hostile regulations might have issued, to obstruct the free course of trade; but there existed no motive for the rigid enforcement of this policy; and the necessities of commerce would, as in all former cases, have soon restored the usual connexions of trading countries. It was the part of Britain, therefore, even if she had been challenged by her enemy to this commercial warfare, to have declined the contest. Her extended commerce presented too broad a mark, to be rashly exposed to his attacks. The consequences to her own manufacturers, of bringing their produce under a cruel proscription, within the wide extended precincts of French power, were so obvious, that by some means or other that fatal collision of incompatible claims should have been avoided, which necessarily and directly led to universal discord

and anarchy between nations. A different course was pursued; each party seemed eager for the work of mischief; and though the plea of retaliation was used, vengeance appears to have been the true spring of those destructive measures.

It is under the consequences of this policy that we are at present suffering. We sought to ruin the enemy's trade, and we have succeeded in ruining our own. All our great manufacturers depended, for an outlet to their surplus produce, on the markets of Europe and America; and their decline was the necessary consequence of the loss of those markets. From the time the intercourse of trading countries was interrupted, the quantity of manufactures produced by British industry regularly exceeded the consumption. The effect of this over-production was a want of sale; and it is under the evil of an overstocked market, that our manufactures have ever since continued to languish. Our system of commerce and industry being wholly adapted to the supply of the foreign market, its produce could not be suddenly reduced within the diminutive demands of the home market. It could not be instantly new-modelled into an entirely different form; and in the supposition that trade would soon revive, manufacturers who had large capitals invested in machinery, had every temptation to continue their works. In this way, the supply never decreased at the same rate as the consumption. The goods on hand were daily increasing; and the partial demands of the obstructed markets were far from being sufficient to clear away the arrear of unsaleable produce. There can be little doubt that this is a main cause of the long continued stagnation of our commerce and manufactures. The country is overloaded with superfluous goods, for which its merchants can find no outlet; and hence their eagerness to pour them into every open market, without any nice calculation of consequences. To this cause may be traced the immense and unprofitable exportations of goods to Buenos Ayres, and to Rio Janeiro; and though these imprudent speculations no doubt aggravated the commercial distress, they were rather the effect than the cause of it. They were the symptoms of the general malady of a deficient market, under which the commerce of the country was so grievously labouring.

III. The markets both of America and Europe have been since opened, under certain restrictions, to the commerce of Britain; but industry still continues to languish; and the cause of this seems to be, that the general consumption has not yet been able to relieve the country from the excessive accumulation of its produce. It has been usually supposed that, in Europe and America, the demand for British manufactures has been

partly supplied by domestic industry; and to this falling off of the demand, is ascribed the continued depression of our commerce. In America, various manufactures were begun prior to the interruption of the intercourse with this country; and this circumstance, by putting an end to all competition, would give them every necessary encouragement. Since the conclusion of peace, they have been encouraged by the imposition of duties on British goods imported. Attempts have also been made, in differents parts of Europe, to supplant the British manufacturer; and they have been favoured by the usual encouragements of restrictions and heavy duties in the importation of his produce. The markets of Britain have, however, been so completely overstocked, that all these restrictions on the introduction of British goods, have been found unavailing. Those goods have been poured into the markets of America and Europe, in spite of restrictions and heavy duties; and the consequence has been, that many late establishments in Europe have been ruined, and that a serious check has been given to the rising manufactures of America. Such was the state of British commerce—so thoroughly was it adapted to the supply of its extensive markets—and such a vast capital was irrecoverably sunk in this peculiar channel of industry, that even after the demand abated, the production necessarily continued for some time, and it could scarcely ever be brought down to the level of the consumption. If a partial increase of demand occasioned the least void in the stock on hand, it was instantly replenished by a new supply; and this dull and discouraging industry the manufacturers were partly enabled to continue, from the extreme lowness of wages, which in most cases were scarcely equal to the purchase of bare necessaries. Even at this low rate of wages, the manufactures for the foreign market are still continued; and although we should suppose the quantity produced to be inferior to the quantity consumed, it may be a considerable time before this excess of consumption reduce the supply to the level of the demand. Until this period, however, our commerce and industry must be in a languishing condition. We have no proof that the consumption of our manufactures, either in Europe or in America, has fallen off. Immense quantities from our own overstocked markets have been exported to those countries, far greater than the demand can possibly absorb, even at the very low prices to which they have been reduced. In one year it is calculated that goods to the value of eighteen millions were exported to America, and prices were, in consequence, ruinously low. But there is little doubt that the goods will be consumed; and those sudden and rash exportations only indicate the over-abundant supply of the

home-market. The recent demands of our former markets have not been sufficient to relieve our commerce from the accumulated produce of those fatal years of proscription to which it was exposed; and it is this surplus produce which appears to be still hanging a dead weight upon the industry of the country. If this were once removed—if we were once freed by the reviving demands of the foreign markets, and by the decrease of production at home, from the burden of unsaleable produce, commerce would unquestionably revive. It would not probably, for some time at least, grow to the same extent as before. We will not, it is likely, maintain the same undisputed sway as formerly in the markets of the world, opposed, as we shall no doubt be, by domestic competition, and heavy duties. It is well known indeed, that the enemies of Britain have succeeded in exciting against her the jealousies of the Continental States, who, from being her allies in war, have become her rivals in trade. This feeling has been considerably increased, by the immense quantities of British goods lately poured into the Continent at such low prices, that the home manufacturer was ruined, and his workmen thrown out of bread. With all the disadvantages of our own heavy duties, and with all the internal duties against us abroad, we were enabled, by the low price of commodities at home, to undersell the foreign manufacturer in his own market, and to ruin his trade. If we have not relieved ourselves, we have at least succeeded in communicating to others the contagion of our commercial distress; and the Continental States, dreading apparently the continuance of such an intercourse, have resolved to place between us and them the barrier of vexatious restrictions and imposts, which, though they will not entirely prevent our trade, will certainly tend to obstruct it.

The same spirit prevails in the United States, from a different cause. The commerce of America was exposed to such dangers during the late wars in Europe, that her legislators now generally concur in the policy of promoting, by special encouragements, their own domestic manufactures; and it is observed, in a report presented to Congress in 1810, that the violations of neutral commerce by the powers of Europe, 'by forcing industry and capital into other channels, have broken inveterate habits, and given a general impulse, to which must be ascribed the great increase of manufactures' during the two preceding years. Of these, the cotton manufacture is the most important, and the most general throughout the United States. According to accounts laid before Congress, the first cotton mill was erected in the year 1791; and, previous to the year 1808, the number only amounted to 15. But at the close of

that year, when the intercourse with this country was interrupted, they were increased to 87. The cotton manufacture has been since considerably increased and extended. It has been introduced into most of the American States; and the American manufacturer has this obvious advantage over those of Glasgow, Manchester, or Rouen, that he has the raw material at home, of which they must derive a supply from the most distant countries. It has been calculated, that cotton, before it can be transported to Europe, and brought back to the United States in the form of finished work, must be loaded with an expense of 50 *per cent.* for the finer manufactures, and 70 *per cent.* for those of a coarser fabric. Upon this basis, aided by protecting duties, the cotton manufactures of America will no doubt in time be raised to perfection; but the superior skill, capital, and improved machinery of Europe counterbalancing those advantages, may undoubtedly give its manufactures for a time the preeminence in the American market.

There are scarcely any linen manufactures established in the United States; and though the cultivation of hemp has been greatly promoted by the suspended intercourse with Europe, several attempts to introduce the manufacture of this material have failed. All the coarser implements of iron are manufactured in great abundance; but cutlery, and all the finer species of hardware and steel-work, is almost entirely imported from this country. Of earthen-ware, the coarser species of pottery is every where made; but there are only four manufactories of the finer kind, which were established about the year 1810. The glass manufactories supply about one half of the domestic consumption. They make principally an inferior sort of glass; with the exception of one manufactory, which is said to make glass equal to any imported. Most of the other American manufactures are in the same condition. All the inferior productions of industry are manufactured in sufficient abundance; while those of a finer sort are imported from this country. At present, therefore, it does not appear that heavy duties would exclude the manufactures of Britain from the American market. They would merely operate as a tax on the domestic consumer; for as no manufactures of this sort are already established, it is vain to suppose that the necessary requisites of skill, capital, and improved industry, which are the slow growth of time and experience, can be prematurely forced into existence by the vulgar expedient of prohibitory duties. The foundation for the improvement of American industry, is, no doubt, laid in the establishment of those coarse and household manufactures which are common in the country, and which skill and experience will

gradually improve, until they in a great measure supersede the introduction of British goods. But all the operations of society are slow and gradual. They lead to no violent convulsions, such as are occasioned by war, nor ever seriously derange the established plans of national industry; and in this manner, therefore, the commerce of the world may be gradually turned into a new channel, without any great injury to the manufactures of this country.

But though, for the preceding reasons, the suspension of intercourse between commercial states, seems to have been the main cause of the distress which prevails, it has been powerfully assisted by other causes. Of these, perhaps the most important are, the decline of agriculture, and the increase of taxation. In a preceding Number, we endeavoured to explain at length the causes by which cultivation was depressed; and at present, we shall only observe, that any change in the ordinary standard of value, while it leads to general disorder and injustice, must especially affect agriculture, because the established standard of value, being the basis of pecuniary contracts, all the subsisting engagements between the landlord and the tenant, which are discharged by a money payment, are substantially violated when the value of money is changed. And agriculture, accordingly, by the fluctuating value of money, has been deranged in all its principal relations. The great variations in the price of its produce, arising from the same cause, have been also a most fertile source of ruin and embarrassment. The depression of agriculture has lessened the demand for the products of commerce. The great trade of all civilized communities consists in that carried on between the country and the town, the country supplying the town with the means of subsistence, and the materials of its industry; and receiving, in return, a supply of manufactures from the town. The demands of the country for manufactures must decline with its wealth and industry. Its inhabitants, when they are reduced in circumstances, cannot afford to consume the same supply of manufactures as before; and, in accounting therefore for the present depression of commerce, the falling off of this branch of domestic consumption must be superadded to the loss of the foreign market.

To all these various evils, must be added the enormous taxes imposed on this country, which now seem to be exhausting the sources of productive industry. The public revenue which has been levied for some years past, has been paid by a contribution, not merely of revenue, but of capital; and in this manner taxation has impaired the subject from which all re-

venue is derived. Nor is there any branch of the public management, in which the depression of commerce and agriculture, and the varying value of the currency, has operated more fatally than in that of the revenue. When the currency was falling in value, Government, as a debtor, profited on all its past transactions; but the nominal amount of all its future loans was increased, in proportion to the depreciation of the currency. If we suppose the currency depreciated one-fifth, Government, in place of 20 millions, must have required a loan of 24 millions; and as large sums were borrowed at this period, the low value of money added greatly to the nominal amount of the public debt. The currency has been since restored to its former value, but the public debt has not been decreased; so that the depreciated money which Government borrowed, is now repaid in money of a higher standard; and by this transaction, it is evident that a great addition has been made to the public burdens.

The same false policy, which was thus increasing the public debt, was at work in another shape, to diminish the public revenue. The war, for the ruin of our enemy's commerce, has, as we have already stated, nearly produced the ruin of our own; the depression of commerce and of agriculture has been followed, as was naturally to be expected, by a general defalcation of the revenue. According to accounts issued by the Treasury, the public revenue for 1815 amounted to 66,443,802*l.* In 1816, it amounted only to 57,360,694*l.*, including the produce of the property-tax for that year, amounting to 11,559,590*l.* Deducting on this account, and on account of the war malt-tax, part of the receipt of which is included in the revenue of 1816, but which is now abolished, 12,500,000*l.*, the revenue for the year 1817 cannot amount to more than 44½ millions, even supposing no further defalcation to take place. But we are not warranted in this supposition; since the revenue for the past year, far from being the cheerful contribution of a willing people, was extorted from their necessities by the harshest means. In many cases, the claims of the Treasury have been made good from the spoils of bankrupt estates;—at other times the poor man's effects—the most necessary articles of his furniture—have been exposed to public sale for arrears of taxes. Thus, the very sources of revenue are dried up—rigour defeats its object—and to supply immediate wants, destroys the means of future production. In these circumstances, it can scarcely be expected, that the revenue for 1817 will be equal to that of 1816. It will probably fall short of 44½ millions, and will thus leave a still larger disproportion between the income

and the expenditure. According to such documents as have been submitted to the public, the interest payable on the national debt, including that due on Exchequer bills, cannot amount to less than 44 millions *per annum*, which is just about equal to the expected produce of the taxes for 1817, supposing them to continue at their present amount. In this 44½ millions, however, is included the produce of the sinking fund, amounting to about 12 millions; which, according to this computation, constitutes the whole unincumbered revenue Great Britain possesses to maintain her peace establishments, and to reduce her enormous debt. If the produce of the taxes continue to fall off, this sum may be still further diminished, or it may altogether disappear. Such are the effects already produced on the finances of the country, by the depression of commerce and agriculture. We do not of course vouch for the perfect accuracy of the preceding calculations; nor is this of great moment, seeing that an arithmetical error of even 2 or 3 millions could little affect the political result.

In this situation of affairs, the great point for inquiry is, whether there exist any means of supplying this alarming deficiency in the public revenue, and whether any system is to be proposed to Parliament for that purpose. Respecting this last question, we have no information whatever. But if, in place of idle conjectures on the actual plans of Government, we come to consider generally the course which policy prescribes, there can be but one opinion on the subject. When the income of an individual falls off, he either contrives to increase it, or he retrenches his expense; or, rejecting this prudent alternative, he becomes bankrupt. The same principle applies to Government. If the income of the country is unequal to its expenditure—if it cannot be increased, and if its rulers will not limit their expenses, national bankruptcy must be the consequence. The public revenue is derived from taxes; and, that taxes cannot be increased, was sufficiently proved, when the people rejected the proposed continuance of the property-tax. Taxation, in this country, has indeed reached its natural limit; and if the existing taxes require to be enforced by the compulsory process of the law, it is not likely that an additional revenue would be derived from new impositions. Relief must therefore be sought in a reduction of expense; and if the unsparing hand of economy and reform were to be carried through all the departments of the public service, lopping off, without mercy, every useless expense, great resources would unquestionably be found. If, at the same time, no longer em-

broiling ourselves in the quarrels of the Continent, we should resolve to reduce, or altogether to disband, that great military force which is upheld for no purpose, either of honour or utility to the country, it is possible that the expenditure might be brought within the limits of the revenue; and certain it is, there is no other course which does not lead directly to a national bankruptcy. Economy is the only fund from which lasting resources can be drawn. By means of loans, indeed, we may support, for some time longer, the present system of lavish expenditure. But if we borrow in time of peace, when do we mean to pay? The real state of our affairs cannot be altered by the aid of loans, seeing that a loan is merely a temporary expedient, which delays the evil that it cannot prevent; and, in our present circumstances, it can only be regarded as affording a short respite from destruction. It is, as it were, the swelling wave, which buoys up for a moment the stranded vessel, only to dash her more surely to pieces on the fatal shore. The difficulties of the country, whatever they may be, must be calmly inquired into, and fairly met; for, to this point, we must come at last; and the longer we continue the riot of prodigal expense, the greater will be our difficulties when the day of account comes.

ART. VI. *The Works of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and of Sir Thomas Wyatt the Elder.* Edited by GEORGE FREDERICK NOTT, D.D. F.S.A. late Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 2 vol. 4to. London, Longman & Co. 1815.

THE sight of this publication really startled us; and those who are aware that reviewers must read through all the volumes of which they give an account, will easily conceive our alarm at seeing an old poetical acquaintance, whom we had been accustomed to meet in the dimensions of a pamphlet, suddenly plumped up to a quarto of near a thousand pages. His companion, Sir Thomas Wyatt, a personage originally of somewhat larger dimensions, follows in equally inordinate condition;—and certainly, to quit our figures, never had publication a greater appearance of bookmaking. We are by no means inclined, however, to involve all large and diffuse editions in that term of reproach. When an editor, indeed, like old Bissius, takes up a dull work for the mere purpose of showing his reading, and in a manner perhaps that shows reading and nothing else, there can be but one feeling about the matter; and it is still worse when

a petty editor falls upon a great author, as the public have seen lately, with great scandal, in a swarm of embellished publications. There is something, also, exceedingly repulsive, when commentators, who possess a certain share of ability, have little more than a commonplace notion of their author; as was the case with Steevens and others, who, in the midst of their ridiculous airs of homage to Shakspeare, and irritability with each other, evidently thought that he and they were entitled to pretty nearly equal shares in reputation. Steevens himself, the best of them all, would have convinced us he knew nothing of the *poet*, if he had only left that single opinion on record, in which he pronounces the sonnets of Shakspeare worth nothing. He had never heard Garrick, we suppose, recite them.

But provided the enthusiasm be real, and the notes and other offices of editorship to the purpose, it is only doing justice to a great author to illustrate and make as much of him as possible. There are some readers, it is true, who will want nothing but the plain text; and this, of course, is the best way of printing, generally speaking, on many obvious accounts. But the most attentive readers, if not absolutely fond, are apt to go along the text with a comparatively careless eye, content with the most prominent or sparkling passages. In this way, we are seldom or never sensible of all an author's intentions; and do not, as the phrase is, fetch him out properly. Our learning may be good, but our taste wants an excitement now and then; or, which is more usual, our taste may be sufficiently on the alert, but may lose something for want of learning. In such cases, it is well to have the elaborate edition at hand to assist us; nor would the deepest poetical readers be ashamed to acknowledge their obligations to such editors as Tyrwhitt, Upton, and Warton. The light they let in upon the obscurities or scholarship of their authors, is sure to fall upon something valuable. Again, this anxiety to do justice to the poet's thoughts, helps to do justice to his reputation. It diffuses it;—keeps up his importance with such as might be apt to lose sight of it;—and serves to maintain a proper share of the attention of society to matters purely intellectual, and to the finer parts of glory and enjoyment. We met the other day with a separate volume written upon a single passage in Dante. Italy abounds in these pieces of homage; which, next to native disposition, are among the causes as well as effects of that enthusiasm for the arts of peace, which enabled her to assume the reins of intellectual empire when she lost the others, and to keep up for centuries the lofty and ancient idea of the poetical

character, as something partaking of divinity, served with music, and surmounted with laurel.

For *one* of the quartos, therefore, here presented us, which contains the works of the Earl of Surrey, we are not only inclined to make every allowance, but to muster up every thing favourable. The Noble poet, to be sure, as introduced to us by the Reverend Editor, is not more than a fifth part of himself,—his *works* just occupying that portion of the book; but Dr Nott is an elegant scholar, who has haunted the pleasantest tracks of poetry; and he has given his notes and other additions such a colouring of the southern, that, what with the interesting events of his author's life, and the more romantic fables related of him, the accomplished Earl presents much such a figure in his literary dress, as he does in the engraving from Holbein at the frontispiece, where he stands, gallant and graceful, with his dropping feather, throwing open a most enormous mantle.

With respect to the other quarto, containing the works of Sir Thomas Wyatt, the case is very different; and, unfortunately, the credit which Dr Nott might have procured, as an unostentatious enthusiast for great genius, on the strength of his first volume, he is in danger of losing, from the unwarrantable zeal for proportion which he has exhibited in his second. There is this plain reason why the two quartos should not at all have resembled each other in size;—the merits of the authors are quite disproportionate.—Sir Thomas Wyatt was a man of wit, a shrewd observer, a subtle politician; but, in no true sense of the word, was he a *poet*; and as our object, and indeed the ostensible object of Dr Nott's work, is to consider poets and poetry, we shall here take our leave of him at once.

The original matter furnished by the Editor in the first volume, consists chiefly of Memoirs of the Earl; a Dissertation on the State of English Poetry before the Sixteenth Century, Memoirs of Surrey's second son, the unfortunate Earl of Northampton, and a great body of Notes; those on the Poems alone, as the author confesses, being 'equal, in point of bulk, to the Poems themselves,' or rather, to speak more correctly, a good deal bulkier, especially considering that the Poems are printed in a wide and large type, and the Notes in the reverse.

The Memoirs are certainly the best, that is to say, the fullest and most satisfactory, that have appeared. It is a pity, however, that with the exception, we believe, of slight reference, in a note towards the end of the work, he has taken no notice of some fellow-labourers, such as Mr Park and Mr Chalmers; especially as the latter has not been slow to make his acknowledgements

for a discovery respecting Surrey's wife, which the Doctor communicated to him. * The absence of the names of these gentlemen leaves the reader to conclude that the learned editor was the first to notice some circumstances and errors connected with the poet's biography, which were certainly mentioned before him. His researches, it is true, have been proportionate to the magnitude of his work; and he may have been aware of the matters in question as early as any one else. But we need not dwell upon the propriety of these acknowledgements, especially in a writer who comes before us for the avowed purpose of establishing facts and systems, and who is even fond of expressing his sense of the scrupulous. He not only takes pains to let us into his notions of the το πρεπον on points of confession, and to record his obligations to the possessors of libraries,—obligations which he is at the same time 'fully sensible he owes to the respect which was paid to Him (the Prince Regent) who had been pleased to direct, and had graciously condescended to patronize the work,'—but thinks fit to conclude his Preface by stating, that 'he may be told by some of severer judgment, that there are higher exertions of mind than those which have polite literature and poetry for their object. But he trusts he shall have to plead, in his defence, that all his inquiries have had truth for their object; and that he has endeavoured to show, that a taste for polite literature and poetry is to be encouraged, only so far as it promotes the cause of virtue, by promoting intellectual improvement, and is compatible with religion.' That the Doctor thinks this defence of his studies necessary, will perhaps give the reader too low an opinion of his qualifications for them. Something is to be allowed to professional fancies:—only it is curious to see how little these sort of graces before meat deceive any body; and what strange compliments these apologizers pay to their reverend censors, by thinking it requisite to excuse themselves, whenever they set about any thing pleasureable. But we will not perplex Dr Nott with our humanities; and really think, that with the memories of Bishops Hurd and Percy before him, he may make himself quite easy; and admire poetry, or the green fields, or any other delightful gift of Providence, without begging pardon of the Polyglott.

The life of the Noble poet, divested of the fables with which it has been adorned, and the refutation of them, is still chivalrous and interesting; and may be summed up as follows.—Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, son of Thomas, third Duke

* See Park's Edition of the Royal and Noble Authors; and the Life of the Earl of Surrey, in Mr Chalmers's English Poets.

of Norfolk, was born about the year 1516. He passed his boyhood at his father's house in the country, and there also received his education, which is supposed to have been finished at fifteen. Education began earlier in those days than at present, and was highly useful in consequence; not, however, as Dr Nott thinks, because the activity with which it was pursued was 'beneficial to the expansion of the intellect,' but because it combined a variety of accomplishments and bodily exercises, which were at once interesting to young minds, and beneficial to the expansion of their limbs. They made due progress towards the powers, without anticipating the gravity, of manhood. They were not, almost at the same time that they lived on their mother's milk, let into the mechanical principles of motion—nor otherwise over-lectured and over-informed, during childhood; nor afterwards imprisoned in the mathematics, and taught most what they would least have to practise. According to a curious old passage, extracted by Dr Nott from Hardinge's Chronicle, they began very early with languages and manners; from ten to twelve were taught dancing and music, and to 'speak of gentleness;' then scoured the fields as sportsmen; at sixteen were practised in mock-battles—jousting, and breaking and riding the war-horse; and at seventeen or eighteen were reckoned fit to enter the world, and be entrusted with the duties of men.—It is rather too soon, however, to enter into dissertations, and we willingly resume our narrative.

It is manifest from Surrey's poems, that he passed some portion of his youth at Windsor, in company with the Duke of Richmond, a natural son of the King,—but it is not known when or how long; neither is it understood to what university he went, or whether, indeed, he went to any at all. If any, it is supposed he must have gone to Cambridge, as he was afterwards its High Steward, a circumstance first noticed by Dr Nott. In February 1532, when about sixteen, he was contracted, perhaps married, to Lady Frances Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford; though, from the customs of those times, it does not follow that he immediately lived with his wife. Towards the close of the same year, he attended, amongst other nobility, at the celebrated interview between Henry and Francis; and thus seems to have made his first appearance in life at the Field of the Cloth of Gold,—a striking debut for a young poet and cavalier. From this time forward, indeed, he seems always to have been among the first performers on occasions of royal ceremony, whether cheerful or otherwise. He was at the burial, for instance, of Jane Seymour; and, what is not so reconcileable to one's imagination, sat un-

der his father during the trial of his unfortunate cousin Anne Boleyn. He lost, soon after that event, his young friend Richmond, of whom he continued for years to speak with great tenderness. In 1540 he shone with great brilliancy at the jousts and tournaments that were given in honour of the King's marriage with Anne of Cleves; on which occasion the Royal Bluebeard, who really had a taste for magnificence, was so pleased, that he dismissed the combatants with considerable presents. At the close of the same year, the Earl appears to have first entered upon active public life, being sent as Commissioner to the English possessions on the coast of France, to see that they were safe against some threatened attacks. With the exception of his being made a Knight of the Garter, a greater honour in those days than now, we hear nothing further of him till 1542, when he fell into temporary disgrace, and was committed successively to the Fleet and to Windsor Castle, in consequence of a violent private quarrel with one John-a-Leigh. Dr Nott, upon grounds which he thinks 'not totally fanciful,' imagines this gentleman to have been a rival of the Earl's in love; but, be this as it may, the latter appears to have been in the wrong, and expressed his sorrow to the Privy Council for what he attributes to the unbridled heat of youth; though, by the way, Master John-a-Leigh himself seems to have been sufficiently touchy; for Dr Nott, five years afterwards, finds him committed to the same place; from which he has scarcely got out, and upon a bond too of 2000*l.* for his future good behaviour, when he is committed again. The King and Court, however, though Surrey was punished, do not seem to have cared long about the offence; for it was in the same year that he held a principal command under his father, in the campaign against Scotland.

On his return from this expedition, he again got into trouble and imprisonment. There were two charges against him; one for having eaten flesh in Lent, notwithstanding the Royal prohibition. From this he cleared himself by producing a license, though he acknowledged he had committed the meals rather too openly. The other was of a more extraordinary nature, and produced from him as singular a defence. He was accused of walking about the city at midnight, in a disorderly manner, breaking windows with a cross-bow. The reader will be prepared to regard this as a frolic of youth: But, according to Surrey's defence before the Council, it was a misdemeanour of a very staid and contemplative description. He allowed it might be misconstrued; but 'it grieved me, my Lords,' said he, 'to see the licentious manners of the citizens of London. They 'resembled the manners of Papal Rome in her corruptest state,

'and not that of a Christian communion. Was I to suffer these 'unhappy men to perish without warning?—That, common cha- 'rity forbade. The remonstrances of their spiritual pastors had 'been urged, I knew, in vain. I therefore went at midnight 'through the streets, and shot from my cross-bow at their win- 'dows, that the stones, passing noiseless through the air, and 'breaking in suddenly upon their guilty society, might remind 'them of the suddenness of that punishment which the Scrip- 'ture tells us Divine Justice will inflict on impenitent sinners, 'and so lead them to a reformation of manners.'

This defence, as Dr Nott observes, was not likely to be the better received at this particular juncture, on account of its glancing at the friends of popery;—and accordingly the Noble Earl, with his companions, was committed to the Fleet. The Doctor, however, thinks the defence sincere,—regarding the whole business as only one instance, among many, of his romantic turn of mind. It may have been so; nor do we mean to question the veracity of the chivalrous poet; though his companions, by stoutly denying the charge about the bows, cannot readily be supposed to have partaken of his devout intentions: and really, in times when frolicsome maskers used to go about in the intervals between sprightly campaigns, it is probable that the citizens were too much accustomed to have their windows broken, to look upon the visitation as supernatural.

Surrey's imprisonments do not appear to have been of long duration. In the summer of the same year, he again went to France, and commenced that active part in the campaigns there, in which the short remainder of his life was chiefly occupied. He was first a volunteer at the siege of Landrecy,—then marshal of the army at that of Montreuil, where he was wounded, and from which place he conducted the retreat,—and was subsequently appointed commander at Guisnes,—and finally at Boulogne. His fortune, on these occasions, was various. He lost a battle, with inferior numbers, against the Mareschal de Biez; but the retreat from Montreuil is said to have been conducted in a manner that did credit to his soldiership; and his courage and ardour were always unquestionable. The loss of the battle is supposed to have raised the ill blood of Henry against him; and, although he was continued in command, the supposition is probably well-founded, as one of the King's favourite captains had fallen on the occasion, and he had evidently set his heart upon doing brilliant things in this war with France. To say the truth, the wars along the opposite line of coast have ever seemed destined to be annoying to our spirit. They have not been very splendid on either side; but the English, in particular, seem generally to

have fought to disadvantage. The mean tragedy contemplated by Edward the Third at Calais, the panic of Surrey's troops, and commencement of his misfortunes, the death of Sir Philip Sidney, the routs at Dunkirk and the Helder, and the rottings at Walcheren,—these are events, various, it is true, in their interest, and exciting very different associations; but all of them such as an Englishman no sooner records, than he hastens to forget.

Surrey was continued in his command for three months, and then superseded in it by one of his personal enemies Lord Gray, while another, the Earl of Hertford, was appointed Lieutenant-General of the English pale at large. The latter proceeding appears to have roused his special indignation. The Seymours, a new, aspiring family, connected with the King by marriage, are said to have been jealous of the Howards, who had possessed a similar advantage, and were so much their superior in accomplishments. Surrey, on the present occasion, spoke of Hertford with great bitterness, and 'incautiously promised himself revenge in a new reign.' It is easy to imagine what would be the effect of words like these, carried first to the favourite, and by the favourite to a pampered and violent Monarch, full of self-will and increasing infirmities. Surrey was once more committed prisoner to Windsor Castle; and though he was not kept there more than a week or two, and even assisted in the ensuing month of August at the ceremonies that took place on the ratification of peace, it is difficult to believe with his Editor that the King on that account entertained no resentment. It was but the December following, that Surrey was committed for the fifth and last time in his life to a prison, from which he issued only to go to the scaffold: And the charge, on which he suffered death, was so frivolous, that it can only be considered as a pretext, and that a very impatient and defying one, for giving vent to a series of heart-burnings. He was accused of high treason, for quartering a part of the Royal arms with those of the Howards; and yet he proved on his trial, that he had not only the license of the heralds for doing so, but that his ancestors had done it for a long time, and that he had constantly borne the quartering in the presence of Henry himself. These proofs, however, were of no avail before Royal slaves, and judges who were personal enemies. The Duke of Norfolk had been committed to prison the same day, on some vague, separate charges of disaffection; and finally escaped with his life by the tyrant's own death. The moment that the Duke and his son were committed, depositions against them were taken; and of the four persons who came forward for this purpose, one was Sir Edward Knivett, a man whom Surrey had once saved

from the loss of his land,—another, Mrs Holland, a mistress of the Duke's, on whom he had lavished wealth and attention,—and, last, the Dutchess of Richmond, the daughter of one prisoner, and sister of the other! The chief points of accusation were—That he was fond of the company of foreigners, and entertained Italian servants, whom 'some suspected to be spies;' and that, instead of a Duke's coronet, he wore on his arms 'what seemed much like a close crown,' and a cipher, 'which she took to be the King's cipher, H. R.' It does not appear that evidence was afterwards produced on the trial, nor what was Surrey's defence. Nor does it signify. It only saves us from more disgust. It is sufficient to know what the depositions are, and who made them,—that Hertford received them,—and that the verdict and subsequent indictment rested solely on the quartering of the arms. He was sent back to the Tower, and a few days afterwards brought to the block, on the 21st January 1547, and about the 31st year of his age. Were we superstitious, we should sometimes be inclined to think that it was the fate of a certain gracefulness of character, personal and intellectual, to meet with an early death; as if Providence would keep its image with us always young, ——'lovely to the last;
Extinguished, not decayed.'

Surrey, we see, died at thirty-one; Raphael died at thirty-seven; and Sir Philip Sidney at thirty-two. Yet Ariosto reached a good age; and Alfred lived long enough to surmount our idea of him, as the accomplished young soldier and musician; and holds his place in our memories as a bearded sage.

But to return.—Dr Nott thinks that the downfall of Surrey was entirely the work of his jealous enemies; and that Henry had little or no voice in the matter, on account of his great infirmities. It appears from Holinshed, whom he quotes, that on the very day of Surrey's trial, he was 'lying in the extremities of death,' which actually took place a few days after the Earl's; and he thinks it not impossible that advantage might have been taken of the King's condition, to turn the royal signature to account, as for a long time past he had been so unwieldy as to be obliged to make use of a stamp. He allows, however, that Raleigh, a 'high authority,' attributes the death of Surrey to Henry's tyrannical disposition, and the fears which he is supposed to have entertained lest Surrey should disturb the succession, restore Popery, and effect a match between himself and the Princess Mary: And we think there are good grounds for that opinion. Surrey had not succeeded, as Henry wished, in France;—he had lost in battle one of the King's favourites, and was opposed to others flourishing at

Court;—his temper was hot, and his expressions had been unguarded;—there are even passages in his poems, which Dr Nott has somehow or other overlooked, but which Henry could hardly fail of applying to himself: And, besides all this, he was in full possession of youth, gracefulness, reputation for virtue, and all those other advantages, which the King, in his old age, and after such a life as he had led, was most likely to envy: And as to his apparent disinclination to Popery, and his already having a wife, it is surprising, that any man, with the least knowledge of history or courts, can suppose, that the King would be made easy by such considerations, and not conclude that others could do as he had done himself,—change their religious tenets, and divorce their wives. Few kings can put up with opposition of any sort, and to Henry it was in every respect an outrageous provocation;—it offended his vanity as a reasoner, his disposition as a long-indulged sensualist, his temper and prejudices as a monarch. It was a crime to put his pampered despotism to an uneasiness, however unwillingly. In other words, he was mad with absolute power,—with the ability of indulging his self-will;—a better way of exercising charity towards him, than Dr Nott's quotation about 'kings bearing all.' Nor are we merely using phrases and metaphors. We are persuaded, that an excess of power literally tends to render Princes insane; that is to say, it overdoes itself, and puts them at the mercy of all their impulses; and we have no doubt that such was the case with the Roman Emperors, who cut such portentous figures in Suetonius and Tacitus. Nero himself began well;—it was only the excess of indulgence that rendered his wants dreadful, and his self-will too much for human nature. Thus even Nero becomes pitiable in the eyes of his fellow-men; nor can we imagine, without commiseration, as well as horror, the dying condition of Henry, bloated, fevered, and helpless, with his passions still tormenting him,—and not a servant, till the last moment, who could venture to tell him he must die.

Thus was cut off, gallant and guiltless, the most accomplished man of his age. Dr Nott tells us, that—

'He was somewhat small of stature, but excellently made; strong and active, and able to endure labour and fatigue. His eye was dark and piercing; his countenance composed and thoughtful; which gave him the appearance of being somewhat older than he was. In his mode of living he was sumptuous and magnificent; splendid in his apparel, and profuse in his expenses; not from any idle love of extravagance, but from a sense of what he thought due to his high rank and station in life. The same principle led him to frequent the

Court; but he appeared, when there, not as one who borrowed importance from living with the great, but as a person moving in his proper sphere.'—(*Memoirs*, p. 105.)

Lord Surrey was evidently a gallant and most accomplished young man, who possessed both the virtues and foibles of what is called a high spirit. His poetical genius would naturally incline him to enjoyment, and a love of the splendid; and as his rank and means, we suspect, encouraged him in carrying both to a tolerable extreme, so the haughty manners of the nobility in general appear to have given him a habit of indulging his mettle and pretensions in a way calculated to get him into scrapes with those both above and below him. The reader will recollect the nature of some of his imprisonments, and the threat about having his revenge in a new reign. Buchanan records, with great indignation, his having taken for his badge a Silver Lion, tearing in pieces a Lion-Gules, (the arms of Scotland). We have no doubt, however, that like most men of great talents he preferred the nobility of his nature to that of his fortune. He was a fast and enthusiastic friend. He was a knight, after the model of the knights of old, amorous, undaunted, incorruptible,

'First in the lists, and graceful in the dance.'

He sought reputation in war, in poetry, and it is supposed in the composition of music. It is certain that he played on the lute, one of the ordinary accomplishments of those times; and it is reasonably concluded, that he did his utmost to patronize the fine arts,—the highest feather, by the way, in Henry's cap. Three out of eleven of his Lordship's portraits are by Holbein: the Italians about him, whom the ungrateful Knivett designated as supposed spies, are conjectured to have been artists: It is known that he built a magnificent seat at Norwich, which was purely Grecian, and is said to have been the earliest specimen of that style in the kingdom; and it is not too trifling to mention, that its furniture and ornaments, an account of the mortgage of which is to be found in Dr Nott's Appendix, appear to have been of a very tasteful, as well as splendid description, and such as a poet would like to have about him,—consisting chiefly of painted carpets and tapestries full of birds, flowers, and foliage. Borders of leaves and flowers were then in great repute in Italy, as may be seen by the engravings from the series of Cupid and Psyche, which Raphael painted for the palace of his friend Chigi, and which Giovanni D'Udine was at the same time employed to adorn in that manner. It is justly observed by Dr Nott, that Surrey 'beheld fame and excellence in others without envy;' and that he 'honoured and fostered genius wherever

he found it.' He took into his service the once admired Court Poet, Churchyard; and gave a handsome pension, and a place in his establishment as physician, to the celebrated scholar, Hadrian Junius. Of his friend Wyatt, and his poetical talents, he has expressed the highest admiration; and though he clearly left him far behind, pronounces him just approachable, and never to be 'hit.' The truth is, that where genius and generosity are at their height, the love of superiority is a secondary thing to the enjoyment of the talent itself, and to the love of it wherever it appears. In other words, wise men feel, that wisdom abstractedly is a poor and doubtful business, compared with what is happy and amiable.

Of the more private life of Surrey, it is not easy to speak. That 'he was liberal to his servants' may well be supposed; and he seems to have been attached to his father, though there may have been little coolnesses between them occasionally. The only passage worth mention in his Letters, which are political, and chiefly written from France, is to that effect. It is very spirited and characteristic. Repelling a charge of corruption brought against him by Lord Gray, he says, 'In his so saying, he can have none honour, for there be in Boulogne too many witnesses that Henry of Surrey was never for singular profect (profit) corrupted; nor never yet bribe closed his hand; which lesson I learned of my father; and wish to succeed him therein, as in the rest.' (Poems and Letters, p. 230.)

Dr Nott is pleased to suppose, that he was *faithful* and affectionate to his wife—of which, though we have no wish to dispute it, there is certainly no evidence. His family, at least, does not seem to have been a well-tempered and happy one; and the example of his parents, it must be admitted, was not edifying. The Duke of Norfolk, who, by the way, had his sovereign's example before his eyes, treated his wife with little consideration; and, whether she was amiable or not, his conduct appears to have been most unjustifiable; for he not only lived apart from her (which, considering their respective natures, may have been as well for both), but he gave a woman of her rank the paltry annual pittance of two hundred pounds. It is to complain in that point, that she wrote the letters that Dr Nott has published, to Cromwell the minister;—and a most unseemly story he has let us into. We have already mentioned the Mrs Holland, who came forward, after all the Duke's lavish attention, to swear away his life. This lady, the sister of his secretary, the Dutchess openly complains of as the Duke's mistress, calling her, in a style that too plainly exhibits her own temper, 'that harlot Bess Holland,' 'that queen,' and 'that

drab.' She even says, that the 'harlots,' meaning, it seems, some other women in the Duke's house, 'bound her, and pinnacled her, and sat on her breast till she spit blood, and all for speaking against the woman in the *Court*, Bess Holland.' For this, and because she would not suffer the 'harlots' to remain in the house, she says the Duke put her out herself; and she also accuses him of having, on one occasion, 'drawn her out of bed by the hair, while in childbed, and wounded her in the head with his dagger,—a charge which he denies with great bitterness, in a letter to the same minister, and which he says shall always keep him apart from her, till she acknowledges it to be a wilful falsehood. She seems, however, to have had no desire to return; and the whole story is perhaps explained by a fact of which she informs us,—that she was married to him with a prepossession for another; to whom she was even about to be married; and was, besides, only 'fifteen years of age, while the Duke was nearly forty.'

But, even in Dr Nott's opinion, Surrey had a passion for another person, during the life of his Countess. This is the old story of the Fair Geraldine, which is connected with some other doubtful incidents in the poet's life, and which, as the whole is at best of an apocryphal nature, the Doctor has very properly considered by itself. Few readers of poetical biography need be informed, that, till of late years, the life of Lord Surrey had a very romantic air. We have been told, in prose as well as in verse, that he was desperately in love with a second Laura of the above name; that in the course of certain travels in Italy, he was shown by Cornelius Agrippa, in a mirror, the figure of his absent mistress, reclining languidly on a couch, and reading one of his love-sonnets by a waxen taper; and that, doubly inflamed by this magical puzzle of his goddess, he hastened to Florence, the original seat of her ancestors, and main object of his journey, and there, in the highest style of chivalry, proclaimed the peerlessness of his lady's beauty, and victoriously maintained it against all comers. This story was repeated, after Anthony Wood, by Horace Walpole, and Warton,—both of them lovers of the marvellous, and more inclined to discover what was to their taste, than to prove what was not. Mr Park, we believe, was the first to suggest that the whole account of the travels was an invention taken from an old novel, called the Life of Jack Milton. Mr Chalmers, in his Life of the Earl, in the late edition of the English Poets, followed up the suggestion, and proved, by dates and other evidences, that there was no probable ground for believing them; and Dr Nott has, at last, by finishing this

process, completely settled the matter, at least to our satisfaction. The existence, however, of Geraldine, and of the Noble poet's love for her, nobody, we believe, has doubted. Surrey married young, and has certainly written a great many love-verses to somebody with whom he was not in the habit of living. There is one particular sonnet too, in which he describes the Italian lineage of a lady whom he calls Geraldine, and the places and circumstances in which she engaged his affections; and Dr Nott has satisfied us of the extreme probability, to say the least, that she was daughter, as Walpole thought, of one of the Earls of Kildare, who was supposed to be descended from the Geraldi of Florence. He has also informed us of one or two curious little facts in corroboration of this opinion;—first, that the Geraldi were sometimes actually called Geraldines;—and second, that they were indiscriminately called Fitz-Gerald and Garret—by which name also she is mentioned in one of the poems.

If all this, however, were held as certain, it would still remain to be proved, that there was any serious attachment between this lady and the Noble poet. The fact is, there is no evidence to prove that any of the verses were addressed to Geraldine, except the sonnet before mentioned; and from dates and other circumstances, there seems great probability in the suggestion of Mr Chalmers, who, however little qualified to judge of the works of poets, is generally acute enough in matters relating to their biography. He conjectures that the sonnet was 'one of the author's earliest productions addressed to Geraldine, a mere child, by one who was only not a child, as an effort of youthful gallantry in one of his interviews with her at Mersdon.' It even remains to be proved, after all, that the amatory pieces, or most of them, were addressed to a real person; and that Surrey was not often fancying himself in the situation, as well as imitating the poetry, of his master Petrarch. The truth, however, we suspect to be this;—That Surrey, though he does not always allude to the actual circumstances of it in his verses, had really an attachment somewhere;—that it was not so Platonic as his Editor thinks, or as he perhaps thought himself;—and finally, that the lady, whether it was Platonic or not, or whether or not he deserved to be loved, did not return it.

Be this as it may, one thing more may be added to the melancholy certainties of Surrey's life—that he was not happy. If his temper was too warm and high, he appears to have suffered enough for it. He was most likely one of those ardent spirits, who leap into life with the highest anticipations of success and enjoyment, and are proportionately staggered with disappointment. A vein of melancholy runs through almost all his

pieces; and, though he died young, we find this proud heart melting in an unhappy passion, and at last bleeding away in Penitential Psalms. Yet Providence has dealt equally with us. What enjoyments he had were suited to him, and may have been great. He had a taste for splendour, and could indulge it: He enjoyed music and the arts; had the reputation of being the most accomplished knight of his age; and, finally, he was a poet,—and if he could not forget his griefs, could turn them into a source of comparative pleasure, and refresh himself under the sacred shadow of the laurel.

And here we come to the works of the poet.—All that are extant are in verse, and may be found in the late edition of the English Poets, as well as in the publication before us. Two other pieces, consisting of a Book of Elegant Epistles, and a translation of Boccaccio's Consolatory Epistle to Pinus on his Exile, appear to have been in prose, and remain undiscovered. The Poems, however, have hitherto wanted notes; and Dr Nott has supplied a great body of them, consisting chiefly of parallel passages from the Italian, and verbal elucidations. We have expressed our good opinion of this sort of service to books of acknowledged excellence; and Dr Nott is here seen to more advantage than in any other part of his edition. He is at no time indeed profound, especially in his general remarks on men and things; neither does he push his knowledge of the author's merit to any very triumphant extent; but he undoubtedly shows himself an elegant scholar, and a lover of poetry; and if he has not relish enough to be able to show us truly why he relishes, has enough to select the best pieces for preference. Of the particular object of his Dissertation we shall speak by and by. What the reader would principally miss, perhaps, in his criticism, is the want of a summary of his author's merits. He has said a great deal of them in commonplace terms of panegyric;—but there is no specification of their amount—no distinct portrait of him as a poet, his features and character; and the consequence is, that the reader may fancy he is about to be introduced to one of the greatest poets that ever lived, and so be afterwards inclined not to do him justice.

The chief merit of the Earl of Surrey as a poet, is, that he was a light in a dark age;—and it is this which gives him consequence enough for a large edition. But his light has also, to a certain extent, a natural beauty of its own; and it is this that makes him readable for his own sake. At the same time, we are pretty confident, that, taken altogether, he will never get out of the sphere of the poetical student. He will be admired in extract, and eminently deserves to be so—but no fur-

ther; and this will ever be, and ever must be, the fate of those men of genius, who have not written much that is good;—whose subjects are of too particular a nature, to be generally interesting;—and who want, above all, that select spirit of taste, which is the salt of all writing, and will alone preserve it for posterity at large. Posterity is a very rich and idle personage, who abounds in literary possessions, and will not take the trouble to like a man upon the strength of contrast with his age, or to rake after a few pearls in his dust.

Of Surrey's merit, as a writer and fixer of the language and versification, which Dr Nott has exaggerated, but which was undoubtedly great, we shall speak, when we notice the Dissertation. Surrey stood in the long, dark gap, between Chaucer and the time of Elizabeth. Not comparable with that great master, or with the men of the latter age, who were a throng of demigods in poetry, and deserved, if ever humanity did, the title of Sentient Beings, he had nevertheless a real poetical talent, though more on the side of reflection than feeling, and of feeling than fancy. He has left but little; and that little consists chiefly of amatory lyrics, of which the general strain is at the same time metaphysical. His master, in fact, was Petrarch; and living in a diplomatic, polemical, crafty age, when subtlety was preferred before genius, his natural taste, not strong enough to peep through the obstacle, was hindered from perceiving that he should have copied only what was universally pleasing; and that Petrarch's Metaphysics were only justified by the length of his works, as well as of his passion. It allowed him to turn the one idea, upon which his thoughts were perpetually employed, into a thousand shapes. He might exhaust Art, because he also exhausted Nature. The result was as we have stated. The greater part of the Noble poet's lyrics consist of no very profound reflections—and are not free from conceits—nor even from commonplace, allowing for the earliness of his appearance. Now and then, however, comes a burst of Nature, like sunshine. His style, too, is succinct and animated, with an air of the grace and conscious power of rank about it;—and it must be mentioned, to the honour of his natural genius, that his best pieces are decidedly those in which he has trusted to his own feelings, and described his own situations. Adversity evidently assisted his powers, as it has done those of other poets. It took him out of the commonplaces and self-satisfaction of ordinary success; subjected his proud spirit to a variety of tender impressions; and, in short, made him think and feel to tenfold purpose. Thus he became supereminent in his own age—was admired by the

greater men of the next—and has not only a right, on every account, to a place in bodies of English Poetry, but has features which are still worth our regard, and tones which come natural to our ears. We must catch his lute at intervals,—and then we may still imagine the graceful and gallant being who played on it.

We have already observed, that the whole of Surrey's compositions amount to little. The specimens we are about to give, will include a good part of what is excellent; so that the reader may have before him the essence of the Poet's works as well as life. We will commence with a sample of his inferior manner, which will instance what we have been saying. It is written in the ballad measure, which we afterwards split into stanzas.

'Such wayward ways hath Love, " that most part in discord
Our wills do stand, whereby our hearts " but seldom do accord.
Deceit is his delight, " and to beguile and mock
The simple hearts which he doth strike " with froward, diverse stroke.
He causeth th' one to rage " with golden burning dart;
And doth allay with leaden cold " again the t'other's heart.
Hot gleams of burning fire " and easy sparks of flame
In balance of unequal weight " he pondereth by aim.
From easy ford where I " might wade and pass full well,
He me withdraws and doth me drive " into a dark deep well.'

If the Noble poet had written nothing better than this, he would have had no more pretensions to come down to posterity than his imitator Turberville, whom Dr Nott, as well as Mr Chalmers and others, would dandle into life. But after some more lines of the same cast, he strikes off into the following spirited strain.

'I know, and can by wrote " the tale that I would tell,
But oft the words come forth awry " of him that loveth well:
I know in heat and cold " the lover how he shakes,
In singing how he can complain, " in sleeping how he wakes;
To languish without ache, " sickless for to consume;
A thousand things for to devise, " resolving all in fume.
And though he list to see " his lady's grace full sore,
Such pleasure as delights his eye " doth not his health restore.'

And in the same piece, after some poor lines again, he becomes still more graceful and in earnest.

'I know how love doth rage " upon a yielden mind,
How small a net may take and mesh " a heart of gentle kind;
With seldom tasted sweet " to season heaps of gall;
Revived with a glynt * of grace, " old sorrows to let fall:

* Glance.

The hidden trains I know, " and secret snares of love;
How soon a look may print a thought, " that never may remove.'

The following sonnet is justly called 'exquisite' by Warton; and Dr Nott is right in observing, that Surrey has here surpassed his master Petrarch, of whose sonnet, beginning 'Zefiro torna,' it is an imitation.

'The soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
The nightingale with feathers new she sings,
The turtle to her make hath told her tale:
Summer is come, for every spray now springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter-coat he flings;
The fishes flete with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale
The busy bee her honey now she mings; § *§ mingles.*
Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale:—
And thus I see among these pleasant things
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.'

In the lines beginning 'When summer took in hand,' there is a pleasant, natural passage, which Dr Nott perhaps thought too simple to notice. The poet is speaking of the freshening influence of spring, and inciting himself to go out of the house and enjoy it.

'There shalt thou hear and see " all kinds of birds y-wrought,
Well tune their voice with warble small, " as nature hath them taught.
Thus pricked me my lust " the sluggish house to leave,
And for my health I thought it best " such counsel to receive:
So on a morrow forth, " unwist of any wight,
I went to prove how well it would " my heavy burden light;
And when I felt the air " so pleasant round about,
Lord! to myself how glad I was " that I had gotten out.'

We cannot think highly of the song 'Give place, ye lovers, here before;' though it has been 'often quoted as a happy specimen of Surrey's manner,' and though Warton, a man of undoubted taste, thinks it possesses 'almost the ease and gallantry of Waller.' However, we are bound perhaps, on these accounts, to give the greater part of it.

'Give place, ye lovers, here before
That spent your boasts and brags in vain;
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours, I dare well say'n,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.

'And thereto hath a troth as just
As had Penelope the fair;
For what she saith ye may it trust,
As it by writing sealed were:
And virtues hath she many mo
Than I with pen have skill to show.

'I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint,
When she had lost the perfit mould,
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I.

'I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain,
"She could not make the like again."'

The best, as well as most usual tone of Surrey's genius, is plaintive. There are two pieces which he appears to have written for a lady whose lover was at sea. In the first, which, by the nature of the measure, was probably written to some particular air, is the following exquisite touch of nature, particularly calculated to be felt in this country.

'When other lovers in arms across,
Rejoice their chief delight,
Drowned in tears, to mourn my loss,
I stand the bitter night
In my window, where I may see
Before the winds how the clouds flee:
Lo! what a mariner love hath made of me.'

In the other piece on the same subject, is a passage of the same natural beauty, which will remind the reader of Mr Campbell's exquisite ballad, the Soldier's Dream.

'The fearful dreams I have " oft times they grieve me so,
That when I wake, I stand in doubt " if they be true or no.
Sometime the roaring seas, " me-seems, do grow so high,
That my dear lord, ay me, alas! " methinks I see him die.
Another time the same " doth tell me he is come,
And playing, where I shall him find, " with T. his little son.
So forth I go apace " to see that liefsome sight,
And with a kiss, methinks I say, " "Now welcome home,
" my knight;
" Welcome, my sweet, alas! " the stay of my welfare;
" Thy presence bringeth forth a truce " betwixt me and my
" care."'

Then lively doth he look, " and saluteth me again,
And saith, " My dear, how is it now, " that you have all this
" pain ? "
Wherewith the heavy cares, " that heaped are in my breast,
Break forth and me discharge clean " of all my great unrest:
But when I me awake, " and find it but a dream,
The anguish of my former woe " beginneth more extreme;
And me tormenteth so, " that uneath may I find
Some hidden place wherein to slake " the gnawing of my
mind.'

In the lines which are supposed to have produced the bitter retort from his mistress, is a good description of coquetry, mixed at the same time with a very tender and touching air of regret.

' In silence though I keep " such secrets to myself,
Yet do I see how she sometime " doth yield a look by stealth,
As though it seem'd, I wis, " " I will not lose thee so; "
When in her heart so sweet a thought " did never truly grow.'

The epitaph on Clere, which was formerly in Lambeth church, is a pleasing specimen of Surrey's tenderness and compression. Clere was a young gentleman who followed him in the wars, both as friend and attendant; and is supposed to have received some mortal injury in saving the Earl's life.

' Norfolk sprung thee, Lambeth holds thee dead,
Clere, of the county of De Cleremont hight;
Within the womb of Ormond's race thou'rt bred,
And saw'st thy cousin *crowned in thy sight. * *Anne Boleyn.*
Shelton for love, Surrey for lord thou chase;
(Aye, me! while life did last, that league was tender)
Tracing whose steps thou sawest Kelsal blaze,
Landrecy burnt, and battered Boulogne render.
At Montreuil gates, hopeless of all recure,
Thine Earl, half dead, gave in thy hand his will;
Which cause did thee this pining death procure,
Ere summers four times seven thou couldst fulfil.
Ah, Clere! if love had booted, care, or cost,
Heaven had not won, nor earth so timely lost.'

But the best specimens of the pith and dignity of his grave style, are to be found in the pieces on his friend Wyatt. The following are the best passages of the longest of them. The illustration of that subtle and contemplative spirit's tendency to continual thinking, is exceedingly lively and forcible.

' Wyatt resteth here, that quick could never rest,
Whose heavenly gifts increased by disdain,
And virtue sank the deeper in his breast;
Such profit he of envy could obtain:

A head, where wisdom mysteries did frame,
Whose hammers beat still in that lively brain
As on a stithy, where some work of fame
Was daily wrought, to turn to Britain's gain:
A visage stern and mild, where both did grow
Vice to contemn, and virtue to rejoice;
Amid great storms, whom grace assured so,
To live upright, and smile in fortune's choice:
A hand, that taught what might be said in rhyme,
That reft Chaucer the glory of his wit;
A mark, the which (unperfected for time)
Some may approach, but never none shall hit;
An eye, whose judgment no affect could blind,
Friends to allure, and foes to reconcile;
Whose piercing look did represent a mind
With virtue fraught, reposed, void of guile:
A valiant corpse, where force and beauty met.'

But of all the authenticated poems of Surrey, the most pleasing and perfect is that which he wrote during one of his imprisonments in Windsor Castle. As it consists of recollections of his early youth, it has all the graces of his chivalrous spirit without the pride. It combines the three best features of his character, personal and poetical; his tender spirit of friendship, his taste for knightly gallantry, and his powers of description. We give it entire.

'So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor, where I in lust and joy
With a king's son my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's sons of Troy.
Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour;
The large green courts, where we were wont to hove, ‡
With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower,
And easy sighs, such as folks draw in love;
The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue,
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words, and looks, that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right;
The palm-play, § where despoiled for the game,
With dazed eyes oft we, by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball, and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.
The gravelled ground, with sleeves tied on the helm,
On foaming horse, with swords and friendly hearts,

‡ To loiter about. § Tennis.

With chear as though one should another whelm,
Where we here fought, and chased oft with darts;
With silver drops the meads yet spread for ruth;
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth
Our tender limbs, that yet shot up in length;
The secret groves, which oft we made resound
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies praise,
Recording soft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed, what dread of long delays;
The wild forest, the clothed holts with green;
With rains availed, and swift y-breathed horse
With cry of hounds, and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force;*
The void walls eke that harboured us each night;
Wherewith, alas! revive within my heart
The sweet accord, such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest,
The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just,—
Wherewith we past the winter nights away.
And with this thought the blood forsakes the face;
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue;
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas!
Up-supped have, thus I my plaint renew:
"O place of bliss! renewer of my woes!
Give me account, where is my noble fere?
Whom in thy walls thou didst each night enclose,
To other lief, but unto me most dear."
Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint;
And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.'

The only point in which this poem is inferior to the other principal ones of the Noble author is, that the style is not so clear and concise; but, like their masters the Italians, the poets of that and the subsequent age, paid much more attention to versification than is apt to be supposed; stretching it, indeed, into all its artifices, good and bad; and it is possible that Surrey may have intended, by the lax and tangled nature of some of these stanzas, to give the whole an air of 'careless

* Game of force is game which is run down.

desolation.' We must not forget to notice, that in this, as in most of his other pieces, the Earl has taken some delicate expressions from his predecessors, and the reader has seen that he copies whole sonnets out of Petrarch; yet it does not appear that he made any acknowledgement in so doing. At the same time, the charge is by no means exclusively applicable to him. It may be brought against all the poets, before and after, till, we suppose, reading became too common to leave them undetected. Chaucer is the only one we are aware of, who makes any references to his originals; and, what is curious enough, this seems to have been owing to a contrary custom, which often affected originals where none existed; so that perhaps an acknowledgement, when well founded, was to very doubtful purpose. The delightful romancers of Italy pretended they got all their materials out of the fabulous history of Archbishop Turpin. Cervantes, in mimicking them as well as their heroes, refers, with the same gravity, to that illustrious unknown, the Cid Hamet Benengeli. Yet it was but the other day that some of the largest and best pieces of Chaucer were discovered to be borrowed; one of them, the Palamon and Arcite, being taken from a poem of Boccaccio's, almost unknown even in Italy. Spenser and Milton borrow from the same country without any remorse; and, though it is pleasant to know that all three improved upon what they borrowed, and though the prevalence of the custom relieves them from the worst part of the charge of plagiarism, yet it is a proceeding, we confess, we do not well understand. The musicians and painters are still greater poachers; and, what alone would give us a high idea of the intellectual riches of the nation whom they plunder, their booty is almost all from the same place. The musicians have no more excuse than the poets for not making their acknowledgement. The painters, unluckily, have their apology; for we cannot well call upon them to quote a leg,—to hitch a note on a lady's bosom,—or put the turn of a countenance between inverted commas.

There remains one poem to notice, which Dr Nott thinks himself authorized in pronouncing to be Surrey's, and which, if it were really his, might dispute the palm with any we have extracted. But we are not of the Doctor's opinion. We do not mean to pronounce the reverse; but it does not strike us that the style is like Surrey, as he asserts; and his chief reason for adjudging it to the Noble poet appears far from conclusive. 'It is here given,' he says, 'to Surrey, on the authority of Turberville, who, quoting a passage from it, attributes it' (that is to say, the passage) 'expressly to the Noble Surrey.'

'Though Noble Surrey said that "chance wonders frame,"
And make things out of sight forgot, and thereof takes his name.'

The line referred to by Turberville is,

'Chance, my friend, works wonders oft.' I. 169.

Nothing, we conceive, can be more inconclusive than this—especially when it is considered that, in several of the miscellanies of those days, pieces taken from Tottel's Songs and Sonnets bear the name of Surrey, as if he were the author of them, when in reality nothing more was intended than a general reference to the volume in which the pieces cited were to be found. Our reasons for holding the poem not to be Surrey's, are, that it has a finer flow of various music than any of his authentic pieces;—that it is much longer, and written in a more patient spirit of mental enjoyment;—that it consists of nothing but regular eight-syllable couplets, which is a measure he never appears to have used;—and, lastly, that with a more modern air of versification, it nevertheless has a closer eye to Chaucer. We will just quote a passage or two in fairness, and because they are well worth extracting. The poem is upon the Restless State of a Lover; and opens thus—

'The Sun, when he hath spread his rays,
And showed his face ten thousand ways,
Ten thousand things do then begin
To show the life that they are in.
The heaven shows lively art and hue,
Of sundry shapes and colours new,
And laughs upon the earth:—anon,
The earth, as cold as any stone,
Wet in the tears of her own kind,
'Gins then to take a joyful mind;
For well she feels that out and out
The sun doth warm her round about,
And dries her children tenderly,
And shews them forth full orderly.
The mountains high, and how they stand;
The vallies, and the great main land,
The trees, the herbs, the towers strong,
The castles, and the rivers long;
And even for joy thus of this heat,
She sheweth forth her pleasures great,
And sleeps no more; but sendeth forth
Her clergions, her own dear worth,
To mount and fly up to the air,
Where then they sing in order fair,
And tell in song full merrily,
How they have slept full quietly

That night about their mother's sides.
And when they have sung more besides,
Then fall they to their mother's breast,
Whereas they feed, or take their rest.
The hunter then sounds out his horn,
And rangeth strait through wood and corn;
On hills then shew the ewe and lamb,
And every young one with his dam;
Then lovers walk and tell their tale,
Both of their bliss and of their bale;
And how they serve, and how they do,
And how their lady loves them too.

. . . . . .

And thus all things have comforting
In that, that doth their comfort bring;
Save I, alas! whom neither sun,
Nor aught that God hath wrought and done,
May comfort aught; as though I were
A thing not made for comfort here.'

Dr Nott naturally supposes that these verses had been seen by Milton, and by inferior writers after him. If we were to make a guess at the author ourselves, we should conjecture that they were written by somebody a little after the period in question, who admired his remote, still more than his immediate, predecessors; perhaps by Lord Vaux, another accomplished nobleman, who is praised by Puttenham for his 'marvellous 'facillitie;' and again, 'The Lord Vaux his commendation 'lyeth chiefly in the facillitie of his meetre, and the aptnesse of 'his descriptions such as he taketh upon him to make, namely 'in sundry of his songs, wherein he showeth the counterfait 'action very lively and pleasantly.' (*Arte of English Poesie*, p. 51. 1811). But it is evident, from the Poems of Uncertaine Auctors, that there were several writers at that time, who might have produced beautiful love-verses, such as the author of the fine old ballad of Harpalus,—of the touching lines beginning, 'I loath that I did love,' (unless indeed they have been rightly attributed to the same Lord Vaux),—and the sprightly song—'Give place, you ladies, and be gone,' which was perhaps the very one that called forth Lord Surrey's answer—'Give place, ye lovers, here before.' If it was, the Noble poet certainly did not come up to its freshness and native spirit, as the reader may see by a verse or two.

'Give place, you ladies, and be gone,
Boast not yourselves at all,
For here at hand approacheth one,
Whose face will stain you all.

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone;
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.'

Of Surrey's acknowledged translations, and of his paraphrases from David and Solomon, little need be said. The latter are chiefly curious, from their probable adaptation to his own immediate feelings and condition. The former, with the exception of an occasional passage or two, are dry, cramped, and uncongenial; but it will not be forgotten, that in his translation of the two books from Virgil, he had the high merit of being the first Englishman to write in blank verse. He discovered its supereminence for works of length and dignity; and then set Milton the example of re-asserting the 'plain, heroic magnitude' of the epic.

As to his share in reforming our versification in general, and helping to fix it, we think it was unquestionably considerable, though far short of what Dr Nott would represent it. And here we intended to consider, at some length, the Doctor's dissertation on the subject; but really the oftener we look back on it, the less inclined we are to stay. The fact is, the Reverend Editor never appears to us to have been more half-informed and half-informing than in his efforts on this point; and we have the less remorse in declining to dispute it with him, inasmuch as he does not scruple to answer Mr Tyrwhitt's learned and elaborate Essay on the Language and Versification of Chaucer, in the compass of a few pages, with little more than expressing his 'doubts,'—calling for proofs, when it was his business to disprove,—and requesting us, in order that we may see how he has convinced himself, instead of taking the trouble to convince us, to 'examine dispassionately the early French poets.'

We will just state, however, the case in dispute, and briefly offer our own opinion. Mr Tyrwhitt thinks that Chaucer invented the heroic measure now so common among us; and that where we find his verses not answering to its standard, we are to supply the defects either by pronouncing the additional syllables of the plural and genitive-case terminations, as croppès, lordès, shourès; or by pronouncing the final *e* in the same manner as the *e* feminine is pronounced to this day by the French; or by using to the same purpose the final *e* of words originally terminating in the *a* Saxon, or in the Saxon plural *en*. We pass over his opinion respecting the double rhymes, as not essential to the question. Now, Dr Nott admits that the final syllables of the plurals and genitive cases are often to be pronounced in our early poets; but he objects to the use of the French *e* fe-

minine, not only because the use of it by the French at that time remains, he says, to be proved, but because 'it appears to him incredible that Chaucer, meaning to form a standard style in language, should begin by introducing a novel mode of pronunciation;' and as to the final *e* of words from the Saxon, he objects to that, because the Anglo-Saxon 'had been discouraged from the time of the Conquest, and in a great degree superseded by the general introduction of the French!'

The Doctor's object, therefore, is to prove, that Chaucer's versification was entirely *rhythmical*, and that Lord Surrey was the first poet among us that wrote *metrically*; and, among other evidences, he lays inordinate stress on the continual marking of the *cæsura*, which appears in the early manuscripts of the former; as if the pause could not be marked out for unlearned ears, in metrical as well as in rythmical verse. Besides, while he objects to Mr Tyrwhitt's account of the changes that have taken place in pronunciation, he entirely loses sight of such changes, which must still have taken place in some way or other, whether Mr Tyrwhitt was right or not. The Doctor's opinion is not new, as he tells us himself at last in a note. It has been stated in other places, and, among others, in Sibbald's Chronicle of Scottish Poetry, where the same passage selected by Dr Nott —(the Opening of the Canterbury Tales)—is rythmically abused by means of illustrative crotchets and quavers; only the tune is a little different from the Reverend Editor's. The truth is, the rhythmical theory is a refuge always ready at hand for those who wish to give a sly blow to any other; and, some centuries hence, if Waller's alarm about the fluctuation of our language be verified, Mr Pope himself, in spite of his unequivocal iambics, may be turned into a rythmical writer by some future Dr Nott. The truth is, that all metrical verse may be read rythmically, and, for the most part, in a variety of ways,—the whole secret consisting in an adroit management of the accent, by changing the place of which the tune and measure of the line may be varied almost *ad infinitum*. By throwing it on the *first* syllable, for example, of the following lines, their natural Iambic structure will be entirely destroyed.

'Clòse by those mèads for|èvĕr croŭned wĭth flŏwers
Whère Thames with prìde sur|vèys hĭs rĭsĭng tòwers,
Thère stands a strùcture òf majestic fame,
Whìch from the nèighbouring Hàmpton takes its nàme.

That there was a great deal of rhythmical writing in Chaucer's time, and as late as Surrey's, nobody will deny; and we think it will be equally clear to any one who keeps in his mind a due recollection of the changes which must have taken place

in pronunciation, that it was as distinct as possible from Chaucer's versification, merely by comparing what is acknowledged on all hands to be rhythmical, with his and other compositions which have been judged to be metrical. Indeed, it appears to us altogether astonishing, that any man, with an ear sensible to common proportion, and to the natural falling of our accents in general, and acquainted with the modes of speaking that yet prevail among many of the lower orders, such as *beastis* for *beasts*, &c. could meet with such an infinite number of passages in Chaucer that strike up into as fine a music as any in Dryden's, and not endeavour to harmonize the apparently imperfect verses with *them*, rather than sacrifice them to the others. To turn to Chaucer for the purpose of quotation is a dangerous thing for our self-denial; but we will venture upon a few extracts which we happen to have marked some time back, and these not for their versification, but their fine painting. The only alteration we make is, what Dr Nott has practised,—the re-spelling of such words as are common at this day, except where they may affect the metre.

THE LAWYER.

'A Serjeant of the Lawe, ware and wise,
That often had ybeen at the parvis,
There was also, full rich of excellence;
Discreet he was, and of great reverence;
He seemed such, his wordès were so wise;
Justice he was, full often in assise,
By patent, and by plain commissiön,
For his science, and for his high renown.
Of fees and robès had he many one,
So great a purchaser was no where none.
All was fee simple to him, in effect;
His purchasing might not be in suspect.
No where so busy a man as he there n'as;
And yet he seemed busier than he was.'

MORNING.

'The busy lark, the messenger of day,
Saluèth † in her song the morrow grey; † *saluteth.*
And fiery Phœbus riseth up so bright,
That all the orient laugheth of the sight;
And with his streamès drieth, in the ‡ grevès; ‡ *groves.*
The silver droppès, hanging on the leavès.'

THE TEMPLE OF MARS.

'First on the wall was painted a forèst,
In which there wonneth * neither man nor beast, * *dwelleth.*
With knotty, gnarry, barren treës old
Of stubbès sharp, and hideous to behold,
In which there ran a rumble and a swough,
As though a storm should burstèn every bough:

And downward from a hill, under a bent,
There stood the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burned steel, of which th' entrée
Was long and strait, and ghastly for to see,
And thereout came a rage, and such a vise,
That it made all the gates for to rise.
There saw I first the dark imagining
Of felony, and all the compassing;
The cruel ire, red as any * glede, * *burning coal.*
The pikepurse, and eke the pale dread;
The smiler, with the knife under the cloak;
The sheepen burning with the blacke smoke;
The slayer of himself yet saw I there,
His hearte-blood had bathed all his hair;
The nail ydriven in the ‖ shode on height; ‖ *scalp.*
The colde death, with mouth gaping upright;
Amiddes of the temple sat Mischance,
With discomfort, and sorry countenance;
Yet saw I Woodness, † laughing in his rage; † *madness.*
Armed complaint, outhees, ‡ and fierce outrage.' ‡ *outcry.*

THE HEROINE OF PALAMON AND ARCITE.

'Thus passeth year by year, and day by day,
Till it fell ones, in a morrow of May,
That Emily, that fairer was to seen,
Thon is the lily upon his stalk green,
And fresher thon the May with flowers new,
(For with the rose colour strove her hue;
I n'ot * which was the finer of them two) * *know not.*
Ere it was day, as she was wont to do,
She was arisen, and all ready dight,
For May will have no sluggardy a-night;
The season pricketh every gentle heart,
And maketh him out of his sleep to start,
And saith, "Arise, and do thine observance."
This maketh Emily here remembrance
To do honour to May, and for to rise.
Yclothed was she, fresh for to devise;
Her yellow hair was braided in a tress,
Behind her back, a yarde long I guess;
And in the garden, at the sun † uprist, † *uprisen.*
She walketh up and down, where as her list;
She gathereth flowers, party white and red,
To make a subtle garland for her head,
And as an angel, heavenly she sung.'

If any of our readers, unacquainted with Chaucer, should feel their curiosity excited by these extracts, we recommend them to see what Mr Tyrwhitt has said at large respecting the probable mode of reconciling the imperfect lines; and though

they may differ with him, as we do ourselves, upon one or two minor points, they will not fail, we think, to be persuaded that he was truly the Father of English Poetry, body as well as soul; and that 'the noble Surrey' himself would have resented any attempt to pay him homage at the expense of his glorious predecessor.

The secrets of their respective improvements, we suspect to have been this.—Chaucer's language, to a certain extent, had become obsolete even in the reign of Henry the VIII. He had not been able to fix it; because, when he lived, it was still new, and undergoing experiments of mixture; and because it was not even spoken in the place, most likely to stamp and give it currency, or at least to render it what is called fashionable. The consequence was, that his improvements in *versification* were understood but by a few; though the few were struck, not merely with admiration, as perhaps they might have been even if he had improved no farther than Dr Nott supposes him to have done,—but with wonder and astonishment, and paid him their homage accordingly. Thus he is called by his contemporaries and followers the 'load star of our language,' the 'first finder of our fair language,' the 'fresh inditer,' the 'light of our English,' &c.; and William Thynne, in dedicating a collection of his works to Henry the Eighth, expressly praises him for his 'composition so adapted,' and his 'perfection in metre.' The ignorance of the many, however, and the gradual decay of great part of his words and pronunciation, kept him, as late as Surrey's time, a rugged author with most readers, so that the general style of writing remained little better than he found it; and the rythmical system was still uppermost. Surrey at last happened to go to the Italians, with Chaucer evidently in his hand; and having become fully alive to the merits of both, which illustrated each other, he did as his master had done before him; and what Chaucer discovered in a premature season, when change was ready to nip it in the bud, Surrey re-discovered in a more genial one, when language was riper and more determinate; and a few years produced the most redundant harvest of English poetry. The last generation beheld its winter. Let us hope, that, after all the convulsions of the world, which have blown away the staleness of custom, and left us free to think and to feel again, we are going to sow a new seed for another flush of leaves; and that the poets of the present day have commenced a second spring.

Towards the close of his Dissertation, Dr Nott makes some just observations on the share which the Italian School has

always had in the regeneration of our poetry; but somewhat inconsistently; and among the sly touches at persons whom he delighteth not to honour, he makes a grave sally at novelties and innovation; meaning, we presume, the vagaries that were practised in metres (to say nothing of opinions) about ten or fifteen years back. But he might have known, that extravagance of some sort is the natural commencement of revolutions. Before the Noble Earl Surrey came the most ignoble laureat Skelton. We must also inform the Doctor, that it is a mere vulgar error to object to double rhymes. He praises Surrey for pointing out the propriety of excluding them, and says that if the poem beginning 'Brittle Beauty' be his, it is the only one of his compositions in which they occur. This is unfortunate. They occur also in the poem which he presumes to be Surrey's, beginning 'The Sun when he hath spread his rays;' and furthermore, for two couplets together, in the one beginning 'If care do cause our cry.' Besides, granting even that Surrey pointed out the propriety, nobody took his advice,—none at least of the great poetical spirits of the succeeding age. Double rhymes are to be found, and evidently with as much liking for them as the others, when they came in the way, in the poems of Drayton, Ben Jonson, Drummond, Sir Philip Sidney, Beaumont, Fletcher, Spenser, and Shakspeare. Drummond, Sidney and Shakspeare, appear to have been even fond of them; and they have been used by the most genuine poets of modern times, especially the lyrical, who cultivate the most musical part of poetry. In heroics they appear to us, when skilfully introduced, to have a very grateful effect, something like the lighter reboundings of a musician's finger in a close; or that exquisite little note, which drops from a discord, of which it is called the Resolution. What does the reader think of their effect in the following passage from Drayton? Lady Jane Gray is writing to her husband in the Tower—

> 'Then, my dear Lord, although affliction grieve us,
> Yet let our spotless innocence relieve us.
> Death but an acted passion doth appear,
> Where truth gives courage, and the heart is clear;
> And let thy comfort thus consist in mine,
> That I bear part of whatsoe'er is thine;
> As when we lived untouched with these disgraces,
> And all our kingdom was our sweet embraces.'
>
> *Epistles, p.* 259. *Edit.* 1737.

Or of Ben Jonson's placid and stately description of true love, in which he does not scruple to use the triple rhyme of the Italians?—

'It is a golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even;
That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots. This bears no brands, nor darts,
To murder different hearts;
But in a calm and god-like unity
Preserves community.'

Or of those solemn abstractions in Collins?—

'And near it sat ecstatic Wonder,
Listening the deep, applauding thunder.
— — —
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace, and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.'

Or to escape at once from those luxuries of quotation, what does he think of the double rhymes in a majestic passage of Gray, where he speaks of Dryden?—

'Oh lyre divine! what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Though he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample prison
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Through the azure deep of air,
Yet oft,' &c.

Yet the Reverend Editor thinks, that 'double rhymes are calculated for light or ludicrous compositions only; and that in serious poems, they produce a bad effect, by taking from the gravity of the versification, and throwing over the idea expressed an air of lightness and familiarity.' *Ecce signum!*— We will tell the Doctor why he is of this opinion—for we are sure he could not tell us. In the *first* place, he has not been accustomed to meet with double rhymes in Pope, and other modern writers in the heroic measure; and, *secondly*, burlesque poetry has naturally taken advantage of them, to make ludicrous combinations which single rhymes cannot produce. The Doctor's taste therefore, in this respect, is at the mercy of a modern custom, and of the spirit of parody. He confounds a habit with a truth; and shrinks from any thing that may have been used for a purpose of waggery. That there is nothing essentially contrary to gravity in double endings of verse, our dramatic poetry shows;—that there is nothing of the same kind in double rhymes, is shown by the Italian poetry, which scarcely uses any other;—and, that there is nothing of it in English double rhymes,

we think the reader is by this time quite satisfied, if ever he doubted it before. Indeed, the superabundance of monosyllables is a defect in our real English, which it is as well to supply now and then by these and other means; and we have a tendency to monotony, which it is equally desireable to counteract. Erasmus compared our declamation, in Henry the Eighth's time, to the barking of dogs.

Upon the whole, this is a mediocre, though not inelegant or undesirable publication. It is too dear, and not at all necessary for purchasers in general; but it deserves our thanks, for the opportunity it has afforded us, of looking back upon an interesting, though comparatively obscure, period of our literature; and, if we see not the slightest ground for depriving Chaucer, in any one respect, of his title of Father of English Poetry, we are heartily ready to allow that Surrey well deserves that of the Eldest Son, however he was surpassed by the brothers that immediately followed him. We conclude, therefore, with very grateful feelings to the Noble Poet, and really goodnatured ones towards his Reverend Editor: And cannot express ourselves better in behalf of either, than by wishing they could have changed the respective eras of their existence;—that the Doctor might have dedicated an edition of Chaucer to Henry the Eighth, and got a good abbey by it;—and that the gallant Earl might have been at liberty to differ with the reigning Prince, without running the risk of decapitation; and persisted in being as independent, as accomplished, as true to his friends, and even as slender and goodlooking as he pleased, without any hazard of public disgrace.

ART. VII. *Narrative of a Journey in Egypt, and the Country beyond the Cataracts.* By THOMAS LEGH Esq. M. P. 1 vol. 4to. pp. 157. London, Murray. 1816.

THE interest which the geography of Africa, and the condition of its population, have excited amongst us of late years, is still not extinct; and we are desirous of contributing all in our power to maintain this spirit; convinced that the object is one well worthy to engage the curiosity and feelings of a cultivated people. We have taken up the present volume, as the most recent work on the subject; and shall conjoin, with a short sketch of its contents, the remarks which we think may render it most interesting to our readers.

Mr Legh, the author of this narrative, is a gentleman, we understand, of good fortune; who, at an early period of life, direct-

ed his travels towards the East; in conformity with that fashion, or rather necessity of the time, which compelled our traveller to seek the less frequented routes, where the power of the enemy did not reach. Towards the end of 1812, he visited Egypt, in company with Mr Smelt; and finding there certain facilities, unexpected when they entered the country, he accomplished the long and arduous voyage up the Nile, which forms the subject of this volume. We give Mr Legh credit for the zeal and intelligent curiosity which marked this undertaking. Though more might have been done, had the voyage been one of previous design, and the travellers better prepared for observation, yet we are willing to show ourselves thankful for any thing like research in this quarter of the world; and we further accept it as a proof that the enterprise of others may be successfully directed in the same channel. If Mr Legh has not contributed much to our knowledge of Egypt, it must be recollected, on his behalf, that there was comparatively little to add, after the multiplied labours of modern travellers in this country. His narrative, which is composed from his own notes and those of Mr Smelt, is concise and unaffected. He has neither burthened us with a fatiguing and useless number of Greek and Latin quotations; nor has he repeated the descriptions of others, to give a better currency to his own story. We are inclined, indeed, to remonstrate against the form of the volume, as too ambitious for a narrative of this length; but, nevertheless, we apprehend there are few travellers who, after ascending the Nile for more than a thousand miles, would be content to comprize their pretensions to fame in so small a compass; and we may at least applaud Mr Legh for not weaving out a thin tissue from borrowed materials and partial recollections.

Our travellers disembarked at Alexandria, and proceeded to Cairo by the usual route of Rosetta, and the course of the Nile. Some circumstances are related as to the unfortunate event of our second expedition to Egypt; amongst others, the fact, that each English prisoner, taken at Rosetta, was obliged to convey to Cairo, as an offering to the Pacha, the head of one of his comrades, who had perished in the engagement. Mr Legh notices, while ascending the river, the extreme wretchedess and poverty of the population along its banks; and this in a country fruitful of corn, and where fourteen fowls may be purchased for a dollar:—another proof, were such wanting, of the little certain relation there is between mere productiveness of soil, and the real prosperity of a country. The chief cause will be found in the wretched government of Egypt; ever fluctuating

between the public abuses of a remote despotism, and the more destructive activity of provincial usurpers,—the pretensions of both supported by mercenary troops, aliens to the land, and having no interest in its welfare.

The notices respecting Cairo are very brief; but Mr Legh gives us some curious particulars of the present ruler of Egypt, Mahommed Ali Pacha; a man who has been signalized by one of those sudden elevations, which are so frequent in the East; and of which the last twenty years have furnished examples also in the western parts of the old world. He is, we understand, an Albanian by birth, and for some time was the captain of a pirate boat among the isles of the Archipelago. Possessed of talents and intrepidity, he came into Egypt at a period favourable for the employment of these; the Arnaut troops, who have long formed a principal part of the military force of the country, embracing the first occasion of giving themselves a leader who was familiar with their usages, and might protect them in the licentiousness of their discipline. Their courage gave, and maintains to Mohammed Ali, the same sort of independent sovereignty, which the present Pacha of Albania seems to have obtained, by the same means, over a great part of ancient Greece. His own active spirit has further confirmed this power. By a vigorous stroke of Oriental policy, he succeeded in getting rid of the control of the Mameluke Chiefs,—driving, by force of arms, into the remote parts of the Desert, those who did not actually perish in the massacre at Cairo. His successful campaigns against the Wekhabis, of which we shall speak hereafter, have more recently added greatly to his reputation and power in Egypt; while, at the same time, they have had the effect of keeping him in terms of friendship with the Porte. From the degree of civil and military talent which he possesses, it seems likely that his authority will be maintained during his lifetime, but with little chance of his transmitting this independent power to his family. His eldest son, Ibrahim Bey, who was Governor of Upper Egypt at the time Mr Legh visited the country, is said to have died recently of the plague. Even had he lived, the cruelty and violence of his disposition would probably have prevented his succeeding to his father. The Pacha has two other sons, each of whom has acquired a certain amount of influence; but, considering the ordinary state of succession in these countries, the probability is at least equal, that their claims will be set aside by those of some new and successful usurper.

The connexion of the Pacha with the English authorities in the Mediterranean, has of late years been perfectly amicable;

and he appears to have received our travellers in Egypt with attention and hospitality. It must be remarked, however, that his interests have in various ways engaged him to this conduct. Independently of certain indirect assistance we gave him in the war with the Wahabees, it seems from Mr Legh's account, that he derived enormous profits from a contract he made to supply a quantity of corn, for the use of our armies in Spain. This transaction appears to have been conducted in a very slovenly, or very ignorant way, by our agents employed in it. No transports had arrived at the time the grain was ready for shipment: those which came at two successive periods, could carry away only half the quantity contracted for, and this in a damaged condition: the remainder was left in the same state at Alexandria; and we are not told when, or whether, it was ever carried to its place of destination. The Pacha obtained the corn from the country, either in part of contributions, or the eighth part of the price at which the contract stood; so that to him the transaction was as profitable, as it was disadvantageous to us.

During Mr Legh's stay at Cairo, he visited the slave market of that city; and describes, in strong terms, the deplorable nature of the spectacle. The negroes are huddled together in small pens, like those of Smithfield; their enclosures in a state of the utmost filthiness; and equally so, the wretched beings who await here the brutal surveyors or purchasers to whom chance may consign them. Cairo is well known as the principal mart of negro slaves for the East; the annual caravans bringing them down in great numbers from the interior of Africa. It does not appear that sufficient advantage has hitherto been taken of the information which these poor creatures and their conductors might give, as to the countries within this great continent. We should think it probable, that an intelligent European, residing at Cairo, and making this his object, might acquire more knowledge than has yet been done, to direct the plans, and secure the safety of future African travellers.

Mr Legh left Cairo on the 13th of January 1813, to pursue his voyage up the Nile; accompanied by Mr Smelt, and by an American of the name of Barthow, familiar, from long residence, with the languages and customs of Egypt. On the 21st they passed the Roman ruins of Antinoë, and, a few leagues above this place, quitted for a moment the banks of the river, to visit the magnificent portico of the temple of the antient Hermopolis. This fine ruin is described by Denon, but, as it seems, not with perfect accuracy. At Siout, which has now become the capital of Upper Egypt, our travellers met the

Shekh Ibrahim, whom they had previously seen at Alexandria. This person, whose real name we believe to be Burckhardt, is one of those who have devoted themselves of late to the object of African discovery. He has gone through the various steps of a regular Mussulman education; has made the orthodox number of circuits round the sacred Kaaba, and drank of the waters of the holy well of Zemzem; fitting himself thereby to meet some of the peculiar difficulties of travelling in these countries. He was at this time at Siout, in prosecution of a plan for arriving at the great Oasis, by the aid of a tribe of Bedouins; who, driven out of Egypt by the Pacha, had recently established themselves in this part of the Western desert. We do not learn with what success this object was pursued; but we presume some obstacle must have occurred, since we find that Mr Legh, when returning from Ibrim, met him again on the Nile, within the confines of Nubia, and, at that time, apparently with other routes in view. We are entitled to expect, from the qualifications of this traveller, that our knowledge of Africa will be materially extended through his means, and we are glad to find that his plans have taken a direction which we think likely to conduct to valuable discovery.

From Siout our travellers continued to ascend the Nile to Gawel-Kebir, the ancient Antæopolis; where fourteen columns, covered with hieroglyphics, still remain of the portico of the temple of this city. These ruins have somewhat of the massive character which belongs to Egyptian architecture: The columns are eight feet in diameter; and, with the entablature, 62 feet in height. The brief description which Norden has given of these ruins, does not very accurately correspond with Mr Legh's account of them. The latter mentions, in connexion with this place, a specimen of what have been called the Monolithic Temples;—a pyramidal block of granite, 12 feet in height, and with a base 9 feet square; remarkable, further, from a cavity or niche worked into one side of the pyramid. From the appearance and size of the cavity in the different specimens of this ancient structure, it has been conjectured that they were intended as a receptacle for the sacred birds of Egypt.

Passing by Girzeh, where, in the time of Norden, the fathers *de propagandâ*, the successors of Pachomius and his monks, had established a hospital, to give themselves some security and influence in the country, Mr Legh continued his voyage towards Dendera and Thebes. About Dendera crocodiles first begin to show themselve in the Nile, and they appear to be most numerous between this place and Essouan; a consequence, probably, of the number of sandbanks in this part of the course of the

river. Some of these animals were seen by our travellers which appeared to be about 25 feet in length—the largest size, perhaps, which they attain in the Nile; though the fancy or invention of certain narrators have more than doubled it. In this part of the voyage, Mr Legh and his companions experienced a gust of the Kamsin, or wind of the Desert, which, though comparatively slight in degree, yet sufficed to fill the air with a thick cloud of sand, infecting their provisions, and penetrating into the innermost parts of their luggage.

Of Dendera, the ancient Tentyra, we have nothing more than a passing notice; and little is said respecting the vast remains, which indicate the site of the Egyptian Thebes. This is perhaps judicious, considering the ample description we have received of these magnificent ruins from Norden, Denon, and Hamilton; and, we would say, were it more accessible to the public eye, from the great work on Egypt which was bugun under the auspices of the late government of France. We regret, however, that Mr Legh has not given more variety to the narrative of his voyage up the Nile, by some allusions to the natural scenery along the banks of this great river. The ruins of cities and temples, it is true, are the best indices of the ancient glory of Egypt; but they are not the sole means by which we seek to afford to our fancy the picture of a region once so celebrated. Without requiring minute descriptive details, which are rarely understood, we should have desired some slight sketches of the outline of the country, as it is seen from the Nile; something which might aid our conception of the site of those numerous cities, which once crowded the banks of this river, and suggest information upon the old question, as to the primitive state of Egypt. The course and character of a great stream furnish in themselves many objects of interest; and though we believe that the Nile much resembles every equally large body of water, and that, in Egypt at least, it flows through a broad flat valley, with a very uniform outline of boundary, yet we think that more might have been said on these subjects, and with the effect of rendering the narrative more interesting.

On the 13th of February, our travellers reached Essouan, the ancient Syene, and the frontier town of Egypt; having accomplished a voyage of 600 miles, in somewhat less than a month. Here they remained two days to visit the Cataracts of the Nile, and the celebrated isles of Elephantina and Philœ. The account Mr Legh gives of the Cataracts, concurs with that of Norden, Pococke, and other modern travellers, in lessening the impression which common opinion has connected with this spot. A passage from Cicero, and another from Se-

neca (Nat. Quæst. Lib. 4.) have doubtless contributed to this erroneous impression; for such it appears to have been, even with respect to the state of the river in ancient times. Diodorus Siculus (I. 19, 20.) is more accurate in his description; and his statement does not materially differ from the account of recent travellers;—certainly not more than might be expected from the number of intervening ages, during which the Nile has continued to roll its vast mass of waters over this spot. The Cataracts of Egypt do not render the people in their vicinity deaf, as we have been told by some writers; nor do they, according to the poetical exaggeration of Lucan, '*vex the stars with their foam.*' The true description of the place is, that the Nile enters Egypt from Nubia, in a contracted channel among granitic rocks; which not only diminish the breadth of the river, but also form two or three ledges across its bed; thus producing what might better be called a rapid than a cataract. Denon terms it '*un brisant du fleuve;*'—Pocoke and Norden state the fall respectively at three and four feet;—Mr Legh says that, with a tolerable breeze from the NW, boats may sail up without difficulty; and adds, that the boys of the adjoining huts would, at any time, for the smallest Turkish coin, dive into the most rapid part of the stream, and appear again 40 or 50 yards below.—Whether the Cataracts in Nubia have the same character as those of Essouan, has not been well ascertained.

Though this natural feature in the Nile so little equals its reputation, yet the scenery along the river, where it enters Egypt from Nubia, is of the most remarkable and interesting kind. Mr Legh describes it with considerable spirit, though with one or two inaccuracies of style.

'The view of the barrier which nature has placed between Nubia and Egypt, is in the highest degree magnificent. Passing upwards from Egypt, you leave the delicious gardens of the isle of Elephantina, which divides the Nile into two nearly equal parts; and on the left, the romantic and ruined town of Essouan strongly reminded us of the old Gothic castles in England. Beyond, the two chains of primitive mountains, lying on each side the Nile, cross the bed of the river, and form innumerable rocky points or islands, to impede its course. The wild disorder of the granite rocks, which present every variety of grotesque shape, the absence of all cultivation, the murmur of the water, and the savage and desolate character of the whole scene, form a picture which exceeds all power of description.'

The interest connected with the vicinity of Essouan is further increased, by the splendid ruins which crowd in every part the small island of Philœ, or Philoë, just above the Cataracts. In the review of Hamilton's Ægyptiaca (No. 36.), we have spo-

ken of these extraordinary remains; the remarkable position of which, on the very frontier of Egypt, has given rise to the Parisian fancy in the mind of Denon, that they may have been placed there by the Egyptians, to astonish the eyes of their Ethiopian neighbours. Mr Legh repeats the old idea, founded on the appearances of these and other Egyptian temples, that the system of building among the Egyptians was, first to construct great masses, and afterwards to labour minutely in all the details of sculpture and decoration. The material of these vast edifices was found in the chain of naked rocks, which form the barrier of Nubia; and the quarries near Essouan still show the marks of the chisel and the wedge, which, so many years ago, worked out the huge blocks, destined to convey down the memory of ancient Egypt to our own time. The rock here has been called Granite by the different travellers who have visited the spot. The distinction is of less importance, we think, than it has been made by some geologists; yet it may, notwithstanding, be worth while to remark, in illustration of the name, that the stone is probably a Syenite; containing hornblende as well as felspar and quartz. The city of Syene, standing on the site of the modern Essouan, gave its name to this rock; the description of which, in this locality, by Pliny (Lib. 36.), is well known to naturalists.

The progress of European travellers up the Nile has almost, in every instance been limited to Essouan; and the deserts of Nubia, with their precarious governments, and the predatory warfare of their scattered population, have appeared insuperable obstacles to further research in this quarter. The French, after considerable difficulty in the conquest of Philœ, recorded the extreme limit of their advance into Africa, on a rock just above the Cataracts. Brown and Hamilton were equally arrested at the same place. Norden is one of the very few travellers who have succeeded in advancing some way into Nubia: he followed the course of the Nile upwards as far as Dehr, about 200 miles above Essouan, near which place the progress of our travellers also terminated. The assurances of safety from the Shekh of Essouan, were the chief grounds on which Mr Legh ventured to undertake this further journey. The Barâbras, or native Nubians, were at this time at peace with the Pacha of Egypt: the Mamelukes had been repelled from the frontier, and were not likely to offer any interruption to the traveller. Under these circumstances, he and his companion resolved to pursue their voyage up the Nile, leaving it to future contingencies to fix the limit to their progress. They were already, by the course of the river, nearly a thousand miles from Alexandria; and we can

understand Mr Legh, in the expression of his feeling at the outset of this more remote and dangerous part of his journey. Ten years ago, every tour in Cumberland, or the Highlands of Scotland, furnished its little record of enterprises and alarms. Of late we have become bolder; and Alps and Appennines are called in to attest the prowess and hardihood of our numerous tourists; yet, accustomed as we now are to these things, there is still room to applaud the courage of the traveller, who ventures within the line of the African deserts, the prison, or the grave, of so many of his predecessors.

Mr Legh and his party left Essouan on the 13th of February; embarking above the Cataracts in a smaller boat than that which had brought them from Cairo. Making it their object to advance as far up the Nile as possible, they scarcely stopt to examine the ruins which still occur on the banks of the river, but hastened forwards with as much speed as the winds and current would allow. The course of the Nile between Essouan and Ibrim, they appear to have observed with some accuracy; and a small map, delineating this, is prefixed to the volume, which chiefly differs from that of Norden, in making the direction of the river from Dakki to Dehr southwest, instead of almost directly south. Their progress in Nubia was attended with much less difficulty than had been apprehended in leaving Essouan. The Cacheff of the first tribe of Barâbras which they met with, about twenty miles above the Cataracts, received them with civility and exchange of presents; and the same hospitality they everywhere experienced from the thinly scattered population along the banks of the Nile. The mountains still border upon the river; and at El-Umbarakat, they approach so closely, as to form a narrow and difficult pass. The rock appears to be still the same syenite as that of Essouan. Near the village of Aboughor, 40 miles above the Cataracts, the Nile crosses the Tropic of Cancer; though it must be noticed, that there is a difference of nearly twenty miles between this position and that given by Norden. Here Mr Legh states, that the thermometer stood at 96° in the open air; in the shade, we presume, though this is not mentioned, it rose to 125° when the bulb was buried in the sand of the shore.

Passing the ruins of Guerfeh Hassan, of which we shall speak hereafter, our travellers stopped to examine the temple of Sibhoi, which Mr Legh cites as corresponding perfectly with the description Strabo has given of the sacred edifices of Egypt. Fifty yards in front of the Propylon are two colossal statues, that seem to have formed the gateway: from this an avenue of two rows of sphinxes, each six feet high, lead to the temple;

all which, except six, are now buried in the sand. On each side of the entrance of the Propylon was a statue, 14 feet in height, worked out of a single stone; but these have now fallen to the ground. The front of the Propylon is about 80 feet. On each side of the Pronaos is an avenue of square columns, attached to which are colossal statues of priests, like those at the Memnonium of Thebes. These columnar figures, Mr Legh remarks, may be compared to the Caryatides used in the temples of Greece; an expression requiring, certainly, some modification to render it correct. This temple of Sibhoi, as well as the other remains of antiquity in Nubia, are found in a state of much better preservation than most of those in Egypt; the probable causes of which, as the mode of architecture does not explain the fact, are the uniformity of Nubian climate, and the greater security against the changes effected by the hand of man. The desert, however, is gradually closing in upon them; and walls, and porticoes, and columns, still almost entire, will eventually be lost under the accumulation of sand, which appears to be taking place in this part of the Continent of Africa.

This fact, of the progressive advance of the sands towards the shore of the Mediterranean, comes to us with much show of proof, and furnishes matter of very interesting speculation. It seems certain, that the habitable line of the Barbary coast, perhaps in its whole extent from Egypt to Morocco, has been greatly narrowed from this cause, within the last fifteen or twenty centuries. The modern accounts we have obtained of Tripoli, Tunis, and Algiers, oblige us to suppose that great changes must have taken place, not only in the condition, but in the capability of this coast, since the period of the Carthaginian empire, and the establishment of the seven flourishing provinces, into which the Roman power was divided in this part of Africa. From the same cause, it appears certain that the limits of fertility in Egypt have been progressively contracted; and, if we are rightly informed, a similar change has been taking place along some parts of the western coast, between Cape Spartel and Sierra Leone. The vast desert of Sahara, forming a broad belt across the African Continent, is doubtless the source of these moving sands; and we may readily conceive how the winds, passing over this waste, should take them up, and diffuse them thus widely over the circumjacent countries. The moving columns of the desert, or the winds which blow thence, laden with sand, are topics of description with almost every African traveller. The principal difficulty is, as to the origin of this great desert itself; and here we have very little on which to form even a plausible theory. That the sands composing

it have originally come from the decay of older rocks, we may suppose probable. Some have imagined, that the sea at one time covered this tract, and gradually retired, leaving the surface to be dried and pulverized by the tropical sun and winds, to which it has been exposed for ages. This opinion is perhaps as reasonable as any other on the subject; though wanting much to give it confirmation. We dare not venture to say that such confirmation is ever likely to be obtained. The most important points of inquiry would be, the average level of the desert above the sea; the nature of the sand; the presence or absence of marine or other remains in it; and the disposition of beds, should it happen that any such exist, or are accidentally disclosed. But we have scarcely a right to invite into the wilderness as a field of desirable discovery, or to expect that such researches should be made, with so much certainty of peril in the attempt. We would simply suggest, that more might probably be accomplished on the side of Morocco, than has yet been done; and state our opinion, that this is now one of the most eligible points through which to forward our knowledge of African geography.

On the ninth day after leaving Essouan, our travellers arrived at Dehr; the residence, at this time, of Hassan Cacheff, one of the most powerful of the Nubian chieftains. This man, when they first saw him, was half intoxicated, and received them with much grossness; asking them what they wanted in the country, and whether they wanted to visit the tombs of their ancestors. He was propitiated, however, at their second interview, by a fine Damascus sabre, opportunely given; in return for which he presented Mr Legh with a young negro boy, and granted him permission to pursue his journey to Ibrim, 20 miles above Dehr. This point, to which our travellers went by land the following day, formed the limit of their journey southwards. They abandoned the idea of proceeding to the second cataract, a few days journey beyond Ibrim; partly from apprehensions of the Mamelukes—partly from the difficulty of obtaining provisions in the country, the inhabitants being much more solicitous to obtain flour, than money, for the trifling articles they were able to supply. Ibrim, or the ruins of what lately bore this name, stands at the south extremity of a ridge of hill bordering on the Nile, and rising very abruptly from the water's edge. It was formerly the capital of Nubia; and the remains of a fortress are seen on the brow of a cliff, which rendered the position one of the strongest in the country. But it did not escape the desolating march of the Mamelukes, who, six years ago, they fled from the power of

the Pacha of Egypt. The town was completely destroyed by them; and it presents now merely a few solitary ruins, without a single inhabitant; scarcely even a date tree scattered among its remains. The Nile here is described as nearly a quarter of a mile in breadth. Ibrim was known to the ancients under the name of Premis Parva; and the Roman arms, during the reign of Augustus, were carried considerably further into the Ethiopian desert.

The journey of Norden had terminated at Dehr, in consequence of the obstacles which the brutal jealousy of a Nubian Cacheff threw in his way; and we have just noticed the causes which prevented Mr Legh from venturing further south. Subsequently to the period of his journey, other travellers have followed him in the same route. Captain Light, an English officer of artillery, has succeeded, we are told, in reaching Ibrim; and Mr Bankes in penetrating yet further up the Nile. It appears, too, that Shekh Ibrahim, after Mr Legh met him, extended his progress as far as Moscho, about 100 miles to the S. W. of Ibrim—the place where Poucet crossed the Nile, more than a century ago, on his route to Dongola and Sennaar. We certainly do not find, from the narrative before us, any reason to doubt, that research may be further prosecuted in this direction. The difficulty as to provisions, it would seem, might easily be obviated. The principal obstacle would doubtless be found, in the barbarous and fluctuating state of the petty Nubian governments; with the further impediment, at this time, of the expelled Mamelukes, who now lord it over a part of this unfrequented region, and who, in their thirst for vengeance, would not be likely to receive favourably any traveller coming from under the protection of the Pacha of Egypt. We cannot say how far the latter obstacle is likely to continue; but considering the diminished number and resources of the Mamelukes, and the change which is reported to have taken place in their habits of life, we are inclined to think it will be of short duration. When they were repelled from Ibrim, in their last action with the Egyptian troops, the greater number retired to Dongola; where they have formed a petty sovereignty—have built walls round the town—and are said to have attached themselves to agriculture, and especially to the feeding of cattle. Their chieftain, indeed, Osmyn Bey, has made a vow, that he will shave neither his head nor his beard, till he shall reenter Cairo in triumph; but this threat is evidently one of idle vengeance. The number of the old Mamelukes is believed now not greatly to exceed five hundred: in their present position, this number can scarcely be reunited; and the few thousand negroes,

some of the finest specimens of Egyptian architecture. These ruins are described with some minuteness; particularly the excavated temple of Guerfeh Hussan; which Mr Legh considers to surpass, as a monument of ancient magnificence, any thing he had seen either above or below Essouan. Here, we think, there is a little of that exaggeration which the mind insensibly admits, in contemplating objects thus remote, uncertain in their origin, and secluded from the view of the world. Looking into the details of the description, we find, that there is an outer area, or *dromos*, 64 feet in length, and 36 in breadth, with six columns on each side; and that a door, six feet in width, conducts into the excavations, which consist of three chambers, and four smaller apartments. The first of these chambers is the largest, being 46½ feet in length, 35 feet wide, and 22 feet in height. The inner or third chamber is only 15 feet long, and 11 feet in breadth. Now, as a work of mere labour, we see nothing very remarkable in these excavations. In point of extent, they bear no comparison, we imagine, to those which are seen amidst the ruins of Syracuse and many other ancient cities. The quarries, mines, and tunnels of our own days still less admit of the comparison; nor do we understand, confining the matter to Egypt alone, how Mr Legh should prefer this small groupe of subterranean chambers to the temples of Thebes, or the pyramids of Gizeh.—The most remarkable part of the ruins at Guerfeh Hassan is the groupe of six colossal statues, 18½ feet in height, placed on low pedestals at the entrance of the excavated chambers; the effect of which must be striking from their size and situation.—There is another but smaller subterranean temple at Dehr.—Mr Legh justly remarks upon the interesting relation between these sacred works, and those at Elephantina and in other parts of the Indian peninsula. This is one, among the many circumstances, which indicate an original connexion between the Egyptian or Ethiopic and the Indian nations.

Early in March our travellers reentered Egypt, and continued their voyage down the Nile. Between Siout and Miniet, an incident occurred, the narrative of which is perhaps the most interesting part of this volume. A Greek, named Demetrio, had reported to them the existence, near Manfalout, of certain pits or caverns, containing the mummies of crocodiles, of which they had hitherto seen no specimens in Egypt.—Desiring to examine these, they quitted the banks of the river, and at the village of Amabdi engaged four Arabs to be their guides to the caverns, which they found at a short distance, but within the confines of the desert. A circular pit, about 18 feet in depth, brought them down to the level of the excavations; three of the

Arabs descended with them, and with lighted torches they made their way through various winding passages, without finding more than a few fragments of the crocodile mummies. The following part of the narrative we may best give in Mr Legh's own words.

'Our curiosity was still unsatisfied: We had been wandering for more than an hour in low subterranean passages, and felt considerably fatigued by the irksomeness of the posture in which we had been obliged to move, and the heat of our torches in those narrow and low galleries. But the Arabs spoke so confidently of succeeding in this second trial, that we were induced once more to attend them. We found the opening of the chamber which we now approached, guarded by a trench of unknown depth, and wide enough to require a good leap. The first Arab jumped the ditch, and we all followed him. The passage we entered was extremely small, and so low in some places as to oblige us to crawl flat on the ground, and almost always on our hands and knees. The intricacies of its windings resembled a labyrinth; and it terminated at length in a chamber much smaller than that we had left; but, like it, containing nothing to satisfy our curiosity. Our search hitherto had been fruitless: but the mummies might not be far distant; another effort, and we might still be successful.'

'The Arab whom I followed, and who led the way, now entered another gallery, and we all continued to move in the same manner as before, each preceded by a guide. We had not gone far before the heat became excessive;—for my own part, I found my breathing extremely difficult; my head began to ache most violently, and I had a most distressing sensation of fulness about the breast. We felt we had gone too far, and yet were almost deprived of the power of returning. At this moment the torch of the first Arab went out. I was close to him, and saw him fall on his side: he uttered a groan—his legs were strongly convulsed, and I heard a rattling noise in his throat—he was dead. The Arab behind me, seeing the torch of his companion extinguished, and conceiving he had stumbled, passed me, advanced to his assistance, and stooped. I observed him appear faint, totter, and fall in a moment:—he also was dead. The third Arab came forward, and made an effort to approach the bodies, but stopped short. We looked at each other in silent horror. The danger increased every instant: our torches burnt faintly; our breathing became more difficult; our knees tottered under us, and we felt our strength nearly gone.'

'There was no time to be lost. The American, Barthow, cried to us to take courage, and we began to move back as fast as we could. We heard the remaining Arab shouting after us, calling us Caffres, imploring our assistance, and upbraiding us with deserting him. But we were obliged to leave him to his fate, expecting every moment to share it with him. The windings of the passages

selves at this moment with only a small portion of these two great quartos, it is not necessary to state more than the few following facts regarding their authenticity. Ali Bey is a Spaniard, of the name of Badia; who, it is said, was employed by the late French government as an Oriental spy. In this capacity, and practised in the usages of the East, he travelled through Morocco, visited Tripoli and Cairo, remained some time in Arabia, and finally passed through Palestine into European Turkey. The reality of the person is established by his visits to Paris and London. In his long narrative, there are some things of doubtful credibility, and many of partial and affected knowledge; but, nevertheless, it seems certain, that he really visited these countries, and with various advantages for observing the character of their Mahometan population. His residence in Arabia, and pilgrimage to Mecca, instructed him in the history and religious usages of the Wehhabis; and from the account his work affords of them, we collect the following as the most remarkable facts.

Abdoulwehbah, the founder of these warlike sectaries, was born near Mecca, about a century ago. He received an orthodox education at Medina; but nevertheless it appears, that either his conscience or his ambition were early actuated by the desire of reforming the various abuses which had gradually corrupted the primitive simplicity of Mohammedan worship. His schemes of reform, however, were not likely to gain ground at Mecca or Medina, the hot-beds of these abuses, and where interest furnished obvious motives for maintaining them. He therefore began his career among the wandering Bedouin Arabs of the Desert. Ibn Saaoud, a prince of certain tribes inhabiting the country to the east of Medina, was his first proselyte of importance; and this chieftain made successful use of the new doctrine, as a pretext for attacking and subjugating the neighbouring tribes. His successor, Abdelaaziz, followed the same system, carrying his creed of reform in one hand, and the sword in the other; much as the early disciples of Islamism had propagated their doctrines twelve centuries before. Having rendered himself master of the interior of Arabia, he made military excursions even as far as the vicinity of Bagdad; and, in the year 1801, totally destroyed by fire the town of Imam Hossein, near this capital. The men and male children were all put to the sword; while a Wehhabite doctor, from the top of a tower, excited the massacre, by calling on the soldiers to kill 'all the infidels who gave companions to God.' In 1802, Mecca was taken after a trifling opposition by Saaoud, the son of Abdelaaziz, who razed to the ground all the mosques and chapels con-

secrated to the Prophet or his family. This young warrior succeeded to the command of the Wehhabis the following year, on the assassination of his father; and, in 1804, made himself master of Medina, which had before resisted his arms. The conquest of Arabia was now nearly completed; and the Sultan Saaoud became a formidable neighbour to the surrounding Pachas of Bagdad, Damascus and Egypt.

The constitution of this new sovereignty was singular in its kind. The town of Draaïya, among the deserts, 390 miles to the east of Medina, formed a sort of capital, or centre, of the governments of the Wehhabis. The various tribes of Arabs, scattered widely in tents and barracks over this vast extent of country, yielded obedience, both civil and military, to the Sultan Saaoud. The tenth of their flocks and fruits was paid in tribute; an order from the Sultan rapidly assembled a multitude of armed men, subsisting themselves at their own expense, totally unorganized as soldiers, but deriving force from their numbers—from their active spirit as sectaries—and from the large plunder they obtained in their military expeditions. Descending frequently from their desert recesses upon the coast of the Red Sea, they arrested the caravans, and levied contributions upon the pilgrims journeying to Mecca and Medina. In the year 1807, when Ali Bey visited Mecca, the Wehhabis were in their greatest power. Their army, which he saw encamped in the vicinity of the sacred mount of Arafat, he estimates at 45,000 men,—a large proportion of the number mounted on camels and dromedaries, and with a train of a thousand camels attached to the different chiefs of the army. He describes with some spirit the appearance of another body of Wehhabis, whom he saw entering Mecca, to take possession of the city, and fulfil the duties of their own pilgrimage:—a multitude of copper-coloured men, who rushed impetuously into the place, their only covering a narrow girdle round their waist, to which was hung a *khanjear*, or large knife, each one carrying besides a firelock on his shoulder. Their devotions were of the most tumultuous kind; the lamps surrounding the sacred Kaaba were broken by their guns; and the ropes and buckets of the well of Zemzem destroyed in their eagerness to reach the holy water. All the other pilgrims quitted their more decorous ceremonies, till the Wehhabis, having satisfied their zeal, and paid their alms to the well in gunpowder and coffee, betook themselves to the streets, where, in conformity with the law of Abdoulwehhab, their heads were all closely shaved by the barbers of Mecca. The Sultan Saaoud, whom Ali Bey saw at Arafat, was almost as naked as his subjects, distinguished chiefly by the green standard carried before

him, with the characters, '*La illahâ illa Allah*,'—'there is no other God but God,' embroidered upon it.

With respect to their religious tenets, the Wehhabis may be described, generally, as the Socinians of the Mohammedan church. Abdoulwehhab, while acknowledging fully the authority of the Koran, professed obedience only to the literal text of this book; rejecting all the additions of the Imams and Doctors of Law, and condemning various superstitions which had sullied the purity of the faith. He forbade all devotion to the person of the Prophet, and pilgrimage to his tomb at Medina; regarding him simply as a man charged with a Divine mission; which being completed, he became again an ordinary mortal. The story of Mahomet's ascent to Paradise on El Borak, the horse of the angel Gabriel, he wholly denied; together with a host of other miraculous events, with which history has celebrated the life of the Prophet. The Wehhabis simply say 'Mohhammed,' instead of 'Our Lord Mohhammed,' according to the usage of other Mussulmen. They have equally rejected the indirect worship of certain saints, who had been gradually insinuated into the Mussulman calendar, destroying the chapels and tombs which had been consecrated to them. The grand doctrine of the sect, and what they regard as the basis of true Islamism, is the unity of God. This forms their cry when they go to war, and justifies to themselves the violences they commit upon the corrupters of the faith. The Mussulmen who deviate from this simple principle of belief they call *Mouschrikinns*, or schismatics; making a distinction between this term and that of Cossar, or idolaters.

It has ever been found, and the effect is a natural one of the feelings and habits of man, that no mere system of opinion will gain proselytes or popularity, without some exterior distinctions, and badges of party. Abdoulwehhab was probably aware of this, and various differences of usage, more or less minute in kind, have been the consequence of it, amongst his followers. It is the general custom of Mussulmen to shave the head, with the exception of one tuft of hair, which is left to grow upon it; but, by a law of the Wehhabis, this tuft is forbidden; and the entire shaving of the head strictly enjoined. By a more violent act of reform, Abdoulwehhab prohibited to his disciples the use of tobacco, and the employment of silk and the precious metals. The religious services of the Wehhabites are performed underneath the open sky, and not below the roofing of a mosque. Notwithstanding these changes, however, and the general spirit of their doctrine, they still retain

certain superstitions, common to other Mussulmen. While forbidden to make some pilgrimages, others are permitted to them. They kiss the stone of the Kaaba, drink of the water of Zemzem, and throw stones against the pillar said to have been built by the Devil at Mina.

The principal motive which led the Pacha of Egypt to declare war against the Wehhabis, was probably that of removing the danger with which their vicinity and enterprising character threatened his own power. It might also be a part of his policy to give occupation to his troops, amounting, at this time, to more than 15,000 men; and to gain favour with the Porte, and reputation among true Mussulmen, by liberating the holy city and shrine from the power of these heretics. His declaration of war was followed by strenuous efforts in its prosecution. His army was transported to the Arabian coasts; and the men and horses composing it, were supplied with provisions, carried up the Nile as far as Kenneh, thence transported across the Desert on Camels to Cosseir, and shipped for Jambo, or some other port on the eastern coast of the Red Sea. Several armed vessels also were built at Alexandria, taken to pieces, and conveyed on the backs of camels to Suez, where they found a small fleet, which greatly aided his military operations on the Arabian coast. The Pacha, it is said, received some arms from the English; but permission was refused, as we are told by Mr Legh, to his request that his vessels might go round the Cape of Good Hope, to enter into the Red Sea. The Wehhabis, on the other hand, are reported to have received assistance from the French government, conveyed through the Isle of France, and with the policy of creating a French interest in Arabia, which might be subservient to their pretensions in the East.

The campaign of the Pacha of Egypt against the Wehhabis in 1812, had been unsuccessful; and his army suffered very greatly in an engagement at Jedda, the port of Mecca on the adjoining coast. He redoubled, however, his exertions; organized new troops; and, early in the spring of 1813, brought the war to a triumphant termination. The Wehhabis were driven with loss from the coast; Mecca, Medina, and Jedda, were all retaken, and restored again to the authority of the Porte and to the worship of the true believers. Mahommed Ali sent his youngest son, Ismael-Pacha, to Constantinople, to lay the keys of Mecca at the feet of the Grand Signor. The acquisition was rendered of the utmost importance, by the peculiar feeling of all Mussulmen towards the actual possessor of the Holy City. The embassy was accepted with pomp and exultation; the young envoy had his audience in the apartment of the Robe

of the Prophet; kissed feet three several times; and received presents of great splendour and value. Upon Mohammed Ali himself the title of Khan was conferred; to which is annexed the comfortable privilege, that the Sultan cannot cut off his head. His second son, Toussan, was made a Pacha of three tails, and commandant of Jedda; while the Grand Signor himself adopted, on the occasion, the title of Gazi, or Conqueror, for a success which, as far as we can see, his own arms and councils had very small share in achieving.

It does not appear certain, however, that this success is complete, or that its consequences will be permanent. The Wehhabis retired from the coast to their desert recesses in the interior of Arabia; where their losses may easily be repaired, if the spirit of the sect is maintained in its former vigour. We have very recently heard, from what we believe to be good authority, that they are again becoming more active; and, though the military talents of the Pacha of Egypt may restrain them at the present moment, we shall not be at all surprised, amidst the many revolutions of the East, if they should reestablish their power in Arabia; and concur, with other causes, to overthrow the tottering fabric of Turkish Empire in this part of the world.

ART. VIII. *The Statesman's Manual; or the Bible the best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight: A Lay-Sermon, addressed to the Higher Classes of Society. With an Appendix.* By S. T. COLERIDGE, Esq. London, Gale and Fenner. 1816.

'THE privilege' (says a certain author) 'of talking, and even publishing nonsense, is necessary in a free state; but the more sparingly we make use of it, the better.' Mr Coleridge has here availed himself of this privilege,—but not sparingly. On the contrary, he has given full scope to his genius, and laid himself out in absurdity. In this his first Lay-sermon, (for two others are to follow at graceful distances), we meet with an abundance of 'fancies and good-nights,' odd ends of verse, and sayings of philosophers; with the ricketty contents of his commonplace book, piled up and balancing one another in helpless confusion; but with not one word to the purpose, or on the subject. An attentive perusal of this Discourse is like watching the sails of a windmill: his thoughts and theories rise and disappear in the same manner. Clouds do not shift their places more rapidly, dreams do not drive one another out more

unaccountably, than Mr Coleridge's reasonings try in vain to 'chase his fancy's rolling speed.' His intended conclusions have always the start of his premises,—and they keep it: while he himself plods anxiously between the two, something like a man travelling a long, tiresome road, between two stage coaches, the one of which is gone out of sight before, and the other never comes up with him; for Mr Coleridge himself takes care of this; and if he finds himself in danger of being overtaken, and carried to his journey's end in a common vehicle, he immediately steps aside into some friendly covert, with the Metaphysical Muse, to prevent so unwelcome a catastrophe. In his weary quest of truth, he reminds us of the mendicant pilgrims that travellers meet in the Desert, with their faces always turned towards Mecca, but who contrive never to reach the shrine of the Prophet: and he treats his opinions, and his reasons for them, as lawyers do their clients, and will never suffer them to come together lest they should join issue, and so put an end to his business. It is impossible, in short, we find, to describe this strange rhapsody, without falling a little into the style of it;—and, to do it complete justice, we must use its very words. '*Implicitè*, it is without the COPULA—it wants the possibility—of every position, to which there exists any correspondence in reality.'

Our Lay-preacher, in order to qualify himself for the office of a guide to the blind, has not, of course, once thought of looking about for matters of fact, but very wisely draws a metaphysical bandage over his eyes, sits quietly down where he was, takes his nap, and talks in his sleep—but we really cannot say very wisely. He winks and mutters all unintelligible, and all impertinent things. Instead of inquiring into the distresses of the manufacturing or agricultural districts, he ascends to the orbits of the fixed stars, or else enters into the statistics of the garden plot under his window, and, like Falstaff, 'babbles of green fields:' instead of the balance of the three estates, King, Lords, and Commons, he gives us a theory of the balance of the powers of the human mind, the Will, the Reason, and—the Understanding: instead of referring to the tythes or taxes, he quotes the Talmud; and illustrates the whole question of peace and war, by observing, that 'the ideal republic of Plato 'was, if he judges rightly, to "the history of the town of "Man-Soul" what Plato was to John Bunyan:'—a most safe and politic conclusion!

Mr Coleridge is not one of those whom he calls 'alarmists by trade,' but rather, we imagine, what Spenser calls 'a gentle Husher, Vanity by name.' If he does not excite apprehension,

by pointing out danger and difficulties where they do not exist, neither does he inspire confidence, by pointing out the means to prevent them where they do. We never indeed saw a work that could do less good or less harm; for it relates to no one object, that any one person can have in view. It tends to produce a complete *interregnum* of all opinions; an *abeyance* of the understanding; a suspension both of theory and practice; and is indeed a collection of doubts and moot-points—all hindrances and no helps. An uncharitable critic might insinuate, that there was more quackery than folly in all this;—and it is certain, that our learned author talks as magnificently of his *nostrums*, as any advertizing impostor of them all—and professes to be in possession of all sorts of morals, religions, and political panaceas, which he keeps to himself, and expects you to pay for the secret. He is always promising great things, in short, and performs nothing. The vagaries, whimsies, and pregnant throes of Joanna Southcote, were sober and rational, compared with Mr Coleridge's qualms and crude conceptions, and promised deliverance in this Lay-Sermon. The true secret of all this, we suspect, is, that our author has not made up his own mind on any of the subjects of which he professes to treat, and on which he warns his readers against coming to any conclusion, without his especial assistance; by means of which, they may at last attain to 'that imperative and oracular form of the understanding,' of which he speaks as 'the form of reason itself in all things purely rational and moral.' In this state of voluntary self-delusion, into which he has thrown himself, he mistakes hallucinations for truths, though he still has his misgivings, and dares not communicate them to others, except in distant hints, lest the spell should be broken, and the vision disappear. Plain sense and plain speaking would put an end to those 'thick-coming fancies,' that lull him to repose. It is in this sort of waking dream, this giddy maze of opinions, started, and left, and resumed—this momentary pursuit of truths, as if they were butterflies—that Mr Coleridge's pleasure, and, we believe, his chief faculty, lies. He has a thousand shadowy thoughts that rise before him, and hold each a glass, in which they point to others yet more dim and distant. He has a thousand self-created fancies that glitter and burst like bubbles. In the world of shadows, in the succession of bubbles, there is no preference but of the most shadowy, no attachment but to the shortest-lived. Mr Coleridge accordingly has no principle but that of being governed entirely by his own caprice, indolence, or vanity; no opinion that any body else holds, or even he himself, for two moments together. His fancy is stronger than his reason; his ap-

prehension greater than his comprehension. He perceives every thing, but the relations of things to one another. His ideas are as finely shaded as the rainbow of the moon upon the clouds, as evanescent, and as soon dissolved. The subtlety of his tact, the quickness and airiness of his invention, make him perceive every possible shade and view of a subject in its turn; but this readiness of lending his imagination to every thing, prevents him from weighing the force of any one, or retaining the most important in mind. It destroys the balance and *momentum* of his feelings; makes him unable to follow up a principle into its consequences, or maintain a truth in spite of opposition: it takes away all *will* to adhere to what is right, and reject what is wrong; and, with the will, the power to do it, at the expense of any thing difficult in thought, or irksome in feeling. The consequence is, that the general character of Mr Coleridge's intellect, is a restless and yet listless dissipation, that yields to every impulse, and is stopped by every obstacle; an indifference to the greatest trifles, or the most important truths; or rather, a preference of the vapid to the solid, of the possible to the actual, of the impossible to both; of theory to practice, of contradiction to reason, and of absurdity to common sense. Perhaps it is well that he is so impracticable as he is: for whenever, by any accident, he comes to practice, he is dangerous in the extreme. Though his opinions are neutralized in the extreme levity of his understanding, we are sometimes tempted to suspect that they may be subjected to a more ignoble bias; for though he does not ply his oars very strenuously in following the tide of corruption, or set up his sails to catch the tainted breeze of popularity, he suffers his boat to drift along with the stream. We do not pretend to understand the philosophical principles of that anomalous production, 'the 'Friend;' but we remember that the practical measures which he there attempted to defend, were the expedition to Copenhagen, the expedition to Walcheren, and the assassination of Buonaparte, which, at the time Mr Coleridge was getting that work into circulation, was a common topic of conversation, and a sort of *forlorn hope* in certain circles. A man who exercises an unlimited philosophical scepticism on questions of abstract right or wrong, may be of service to the progress of truth; but a writer who exercises this privilege, with a regular leaning to the side of power, is a very questionable sort of person. There is not much of this kind in the present Essay. It has no leaning any way. All the sentiments advanced in it are 'like the swan's down feather—

> 'That stands upon the swell at full of tide,
> And neither way inclines.'

We have here given a pretty strong opinion on the merits of this performance: and we proceed to make it good by extracts from the work itself; and it is just as well to begin with the beginning.

'If our whole knowledge and information concerning the Bible had been confined to the one fact, of its immediate derivation from God, we should still presume that it contained rules and assistances for all conditions of men, under all circumstances; and therefore for communities no less than for individuals. The contents of every work must correspond to the character and designs of the workmaster; and the inference in the present case is too obvious to be overlooked, too plain to be resisted. It requires, indeed, all the might of superstition, to conceal from a man of common understanding, the further truth, that the interment of such a treasure, in a dead language, must needs be contrary to the intentions of the gracious Donor. Apostasy itself dared not question the *premise*: and, that the practical *consequence* did not follow, is conceivable only under a complete *system* of delusion, which, from the cradle to the death-bed, ceases not to overawe the will by obscure fears, while it preoccupies the senses by vivid imagery and ritual pantomime. But to such a scheme, all forms of sophistry are native. The very excellence of the Giver has been made a reason for withholding the gift; nay, the transcendent value of the gift itself assigned as the motive of its detention. We may be shocked at the presumption, but need not be surprised at the fact, that a jealous priesthood should have ventured to represent the applicability of the Bible to all the wants and occasions of men, as a wax-like pliability to all their fancies and prepossessions. Faithful guardians of Holy Writ!' &c.

And after a great deal to the same effect, he proceeds—

'The humblest and least educated of our countrymen must have wilfully neglected the inestimable privileges secured to all alike, if he has not himself found, if he has not from his own personal experience discovered, the sufficiency of the Scriptures in all knowledge requisite for a right performance of his duty as a man and a Christian. Of the labouring classes, who in all countries form the great majority of the inhabitants, more than this is not demanded, more than this is not perhaps generally desirable.'—'They are not sought for in public counsel, nor need they be found where politic sentences are spoken. It is enough if every one is wise in the working of his own craft: so best will they maintain the state of the world.' p. 7.

Now, if this is all that is necessary or desirable for the people to know, we can see little difference between the doctrine of the Lay Sermon, and 'that complete system of papal imposture, which inters the Scriptures in a dead language, and commands its vassals to take for granted what it forbids them to ascertain.' If a candidate is to start for infallibility, we, for our parts, shall

give our casting vote for the successor of St Peter, rather than for Mr Coleridge. The Bible, we believe, when rightly understood, contains no set of rules for making the labouring classes mere 'workers in brass or in stone,'—'hewers of wood or drawers of water,' each wise in his own craft. Yet it is by confining their inquiries and their knowledge to such vocations, and excluding them from any share in politics, philosophy, and theology, 'that the state of the world is best upheld.' Such is the exposition of our Lay-Divine. Such is his application of it. Why then does he blame the Catholics for acting on this principle—for deducing the *practical consequence* from the acknowledged *premise?* Great as is our contempt for the delusions of the Romish Church, it would have been still greater, if they had opened the sacred volume to the poor and illiterate; had told them that it contained the most useful knowledge for all conditions and for all circumstances of life, public and private; and had then instantly shut the book in their faces, saying, it was enough for them to be wise in their own calling, and to leave the study and interpretation of the Scriptures to their betters—to Mr Coleridge and his imaginary audience. The Catholic Church might have an excuse for what it did in the supposed difficulty of understanding the Scriptures, their doubts and ambiguities, and 'wax-like pliability to all occasions and humours.' But Mr Coleridge has no excuse; for he says, they are plain to all capacities, high and low together. 'The road of salvation,' he says, 'is for us a high road, and the wayfarer, though simple, need not err therein.' And he accordingly proceeds to draw up a provisional bill of indictment, and to utter his doubtful denunciations against us as a nation, for the supposed neglect of the inestimable privileges, *secured alike to all*, and for the lights held out to all for 'maintaining the state' of their country in the precepts and examples of Holy Writ; when, all of a sudden, his eye encountering that brilliant auditory which his pen had conjured up, the Preacher finds out, that the only use of the study of the Scriptures for the rest of the people, is to learn that they have no occasion to study them at all—'so best shall they maintain the state of the world.' If Mr Coleridge has no meaning in what he writes, he had better not write at all: if he has any meaning, he contradicts himself. The truth is, however, as it appears to us, that the whole of this Sermon is written to sanction the principle of Catholic dictation, and to reprobate that diffusion of free inquiry—that difference of private, and ascendancy of public opinion, which has been the necessary consequence, and the great benefit of the Reformation. That Mr

Coleridge himself is as squeamish in guarding *his* Statesman's Manual from profanation as any Popish priest can be in keeping the Scriptures from the knowledge of the Laity, will be seen from the following delicate *morceau*, which occurs, p. 44.

'When I named this Essay a Sermon, I sought to prepare the inquirers after it *for the absence of all the usual softenings suggested by worldly prudence, of all compromise between truth and courtesy.* But not even as a Sermon would I have addressed the present Discourse *to a promiscuous audience;* and for this reason I likewise announced it in the title-page, as exclusively *ad clerum, i. e.* (in the old and wide sense of the word) to men of *clerkly* acquirements, of whatever profession. I would that the greater part of our publications could be thus *directed*, each to its appropriate class of readers.* But this cannot be! For among other odd burrs and kecksies, the misgrowth of our luxuriant activity, we have now a READING PUBLIC—as strange a phrase, methinks, as ever forced a splenetic smile on the staid countenance of Meditation; and yet no fiction! For our readers have, in good truth, multiplied exceedingly, and have waxed proud. It would require the intrepid accuracy of a Colquhoun to venture at the precise number of that vast company only, whose heads and hearts are dieted at the two public *ordinaries* of Literature, the circulating libraries and the periodical press. But what is the result? Does the inward man thrive on this regimen? Alas! if the average health of the consumers may be judged of by the articles of largest consumption; if the secretions may be conjectured from the ingredients of the dishes that are found best suited to their palates; from all that I have seen, either of the banquet or the guests, I shall utter my *Profaccia* with a desponding sigh. From a popular philosophy and a philosophic populace, good sense deliver us!'

If it were possible to be serious after a passage like this, we might ask, what is to hinder a convert of 'the church of superstition' from exclaiming in like manner, 'From a popular theology, and a theological populace, Good Lord deliver us!' Mr Coleridge does not say—will he say—that as many sects and differences of opinion in religion have not risen up, in consequence of the Reformation, as in philosophy or politics, from 'the misgrowth of our luxuriant activity?' Can any one express a greater disgust, (approaching to *nausea*), at every sect and separation from the Church of England, which he sometimes, by an hyperbole of affectation, affects to call the Catholic Church? There is something, then, worse than 'luxuriant activity,'—the palsy of death; something worse than occasional

* Do not publications generally find their way there, without a *direction?* R.

error,—systematic imposture; something worse than the collision of differing opinions,—the suppression of all freedom of thought and independent love of truth, under the torpid sway of an insolent and selfish domination, which makes use of truth and falsehood equally as tools of its own aggrandisement and the debasement of its vassals, and always must do so, without the exercise of public opinion, and freedom of conscience, as its control and counter-check. For what have we been labouring for the last three hundred years? Would Mr Coleridge, with impious hand, turn the world 'twice ten degrees askance,' and carry us back to the dark ages? Would he punish the *reading public* for their bad taste in reading periodical publications which he does not like, by suppressing the freedom of the press altogether, or destroying the art of printing? He does not know what he means himself. Perhaps we can tell him. He, or at least those whom he writes to please, and who look 'with jealous leer malign' at modern advantages and modern pretensions, would give us back all the abuses of former times, without any of their advantages; and impose upon us, by force or fraud, a complete system of superstition without faith, of despotism without loyalty, of error without enthusiasm, and all the evils, without any of the blessings, of ignorance. The senseless jargon which Mr Coleridge has let fall on this subject, is the more extraordinary, inasmuch as he declares, in an early part of his Sermon, that 'Religion and Reason are their own evidence;'—a position which appears to us 'fraught with *potential infidelity*' quite as much as Unitarianism, or the detestable plan for teaching reading and writing, and a knowledge of the Scriptures, without the creed or the catechism of the Church of England. The passage in which this sweeping clause is introduced *en passant*, is worth quoting, both as it is very nonsensical in itself, and as it is one of the least nonsensical in the present pamphlet.

'In the infancy of the world, signs and wonders were requisite, in order to startle and break down that superstition, idolatrous in itself, and the source of all other idolatry, which tempts the natural man to seek the true cause and origin of public calamities in outward circumstances, persons and incidents: in agents, therefore, that were themselves but surges of the same tide, passive conductors of the one invisible influence, under which the total host of billows, in the whole line of successive impulse, swell and roll shoreward; there finally, each in its turn, to strike, roar, and be dissipated.

'But with each miracle worked there was a truth revealed, which thenceforward was to act as its substitute: And if we think the Bible less applicable to us on account of the miracles, we degrade

ourselves into mere slaves of sense and fancy; which are, indeed, the appointed medium between earth and heaven, but for that very cause stand in a desirable relation to spiritual truth then only, when, as a mere and passive medium, they yield a free passage to its light. It was only to overthrow the usurpation exercised in and through the senses, that the senses were miraculously appealed to. Reason and Religion are their own evidence. The natural sun is, in this respect, a symbol of the spiritual. Ere he is fully arisen, and while his glories are still under veil, he calls up the breeze to chase away the usurping vapours of the night-season, and thus converts the air itself into the minister of its own purification: not surely in proof or elucidation of the light from heaven, but to prevent its interception.' p. 12.

Here is a very pretty Della Cruscan image: and we really think it a pity, that Mr Coleridge ever quitted that school of poetry to grapple with the simplicity of nature, or to lose himself in the depths of philosophy. His illustration is pretty, but false. He treats the miracles recorded in the Scriptures, with more than heretical boldness, as mere appeals to 'sense and fancy,' or to 'the natural man,' to counteract the impressions of sense and fancy. But, for the light of Heaven to have been like the light of day in this respect, the Sun ought to have called up other vapours opposite, as mirrors or pageants to reflect its light, dimmed by the intermediate vapours, instead of chasing the last away. We criticize the simile, because we are sure higher authority will object to the doctrine. We might challenge Mr Coleridge to point out a single writer, Catholic, Protestant or Sectarian, whose principles are not regarded as *potential infidelity* by the rest, that does not consider the miraculous attestation of certain revealed doctrines as proofs of their truth, independently of their internal evidence. They are a distinct and additional authority. Reason and Religion are no more the same in this respect, than ocular demonstration and oral testimony are the same. Neither are they opposed to one another, any more. We believe in credible witnesses. We believe in the word of God, when we have reason to suppose, that we hear his voice in the thunder of his power: but we cannot, consistently with the principles of reason or of sound faith, suppose him to utter what is contrary to reason, though it may be different from it. Revelation utters a voice in the silence of reason, but does not contradict it: it throws a light on objects too distant for the unassisted eye to behold. But it does not pervert our natural organs of vision, with respect to objects within their reach. Reason and religion are therefore consistent, but not the same, nor equally self-evident. All this, we think, is clear and plain. But Mr Coleridge likes to darken and

perplex every question of which he treats. So, in the passage above quoted, he affirms that Religion is its own evidence, to confound one class of readers; and he afterwards asserts that Reason is founded on faith, to astonish another. He proceeds indeed by the *differential method* in all questions; and his chief care, in which he is tolerably successful, is *not* to agree with any set of men or opinions. We pass over his Jeremiad on the French Revolution,—his discovery that the state of public opinion has a considerable influence on the state of public affairs, particularly in turbulent times,—his apology for imitating St Paul by quoting Shakespear, and many others: for if we were to collect all the riches of absurdity in this Discourse, we should never have done. But there is one passage, upon which he has plainly taken so much pains, that we *must* give it.

'A calm and detailed examination of the facts, justifies me to my own mind, in hazarding the bold assertion, that the fearful blunders of the late dread Revolution, and all the calamitous mistakes of its opponents, from its commencement even to the era of loftier principles and wiser measures (an era, that began with, and ought to be named from, the war of the Spanish and Portuguese insurgents), every failure, with all its gloomy results, may be unanswerably deduced, from the neglect of some maxim or other that had been established by clear reasoning and plain facts, in the writings of Thucydides, Tacitus, Machiavel, Bacon, or Harrington. These are red-letter names, even in the almanacks of wordly wisdom: and yet I dare challenge all the critical benches of infidelity, to point out any one important truth, any one efficient practical direction or warning, which did not preexist, and for the most part in a sounder, more intelligible, and more comprehensive form IN THE BIBLE.'

'In addition to this, the Hebrew legislator, and the other inspired poets, prophets, historians and moralists, of the Jewish church, have two immense advantages in their favour. First, their particular rules and prescirpts flow directly and visibly from universal principles, as from a fountain: they flow from principles and ideas that are not so properly said to be confirmed by reason, as to be reason itself! Principles, in act and procession, disjoined from which, and from the emotions that inevitably accompany the actual intuition of their truth, the widest maxims of prudence are like arms without hearts, muscles without nerves. Secondly, from the very nature of these principles, as taught in the Bible, they are understood, in exact proportion as they are believed and felt. The regulator is never separated from the main spring. For the words of the Apostle are literally and philosophically true: *We* (that is the human race) *live by faith.* Whatever we do or know, that in kind is different from the brute creation, has its origin in a determination of the reason to

have faith and trust in itself. This, its first act of faith, is scarcely less than identical with its own being. *Implicitè*, it is the copula ——it contains the *possibility*——of every position, to which there exists any correspondence in reality. It is itself, therefore, the realizing principle, the spiritual substratum of the whole complex body of truths. This primal act of faith is enunciated in the word, God: a faith not derived from experience, but its ground and source; and without which, the fleeting *chaos of facts* would no more form experience, than the dust of the grave can of itself make a living man. The imperative and oracular form of the inspired Scripture, is *the form of reason itself*, in all things purely rational and moral.

'If it be the word of Divine Wisdom, we might anticipate, that it would in all things be distinguished from other books, as the Supreme Reason, whose knowledge is creative, and antecedent to the things known, is distinguished from the understanding, or creaturely mind of the individual, the acts of which are posterior to the things it records and arranges. Man alone was created in the image of God: a position groundless and inexplicable, if *the reason* in man do not differ from *the understanding*. For this the inferior animals (many at least) possess *in degree*: and assuredly the divine image or idea is not a thing of degrees,' &c. &c. &c.

There is one short passage, just afterwards, in which the author makes an easy transition from cant to calumny: and, with equal credit and safety to himself, insults and traduces the dead. 'One confirmation of the latter assertion you may find in the history of our country, written by the same Scotch Philosopher, who devoted his life to the undermining of the Christian Religion; and *expended his last breath in a blasphemous regret, that he had not survived it!*' This last assertion is a gratuitous poetical fabrication, as mean as it is malignant. With respect to Mr Hume's History, here spoken of with ignorant petulance, it is beyond dispute the most judicious, profound, and acute of all historical compositions, though the friends of liberty may admit, with the advocate of servility, that it has its defects;—and the scepticism into which its ingenious and most amiable author was betrayed in matters of religion, must always be lamented by the lovers of genius and virtue. The venom of the sting meant to be inflicted on the memory of 'the Scotch Philosopher,' seems to have returned to the writer's own bosom, and to have exhausted itself in the following bloated passage.

'At the annunciation of PRINCIPLES, of IDEAS, the soul of man awakes, and starts up, as an exile in a far distant land at the unexpected sounds of his native language, when, after long years of absence, and almost of oblivion, he is suddenly addressed in his own

mother tongue. He weeps for joy, and embraces the speaker as his brother. *How else can we explain the fact so honourable to Great Britain,* † *that the poorest amongst us will contend with as much enthusiasm as the richest for the rights of property?* These rights are the spheres and necessary conditions of free agency. But free agency contains the idea of the free will; and in this he intuitively knows the sublimity, and the infinite hopes, fears, and capabilities of his own (English) nature. On what other ground but the *cognateness of ideas* and principles to man as man, does the nameless soldier rush to the combat in defence of the liberties or *the honour* of his country? Even men, wofully neglectful of the principles of religon, will shed their blood for its truth.' p. 30.

How does this passage agree with Mr C.'s general contempt of mankind, and that especial aversion to 'Mob-Sycophancy' which has marked him from the cradle, and which formerly led him to give up the periodical paper of the Watchman, and to break off in the middle of his '*Conciones ad Populum?*' A few plain instincts, and a little common sense, are all that the most popular of our popular writers attribute to the people, or rely on for their success in addressing them. But Mr Coleridge, the mob-hating Mr Coleridge, here supposes them intuitively to perceive the cabalistical visions of German metaphysics; and compliments the poorest peasant, and the nameless soldier, not only on the cognateness of their ideas and principles to man as man, but on their immediate and joyous excitation at the mere annunciation of such delightful things as '*Principles* and *Ideas.*' Our mystic, in a Note, finds a confirmation of this cognateness of the most important truths to the vulgarest of the people, in 'an anecdote told with much humour in one of Goldsmith's Essays.' Poor Goldy! How he would have stared at this transcendental inference from his humorous anecdote! He would have felt as awkwardly as Gulliver did, when the monkey at the palace of Brobdignag took him an airing on the tiles, and almost broke his neck by the honour. Mr Coleridge's patronage is of the same unwieldy kind.—The Preacher next gives his authorities for reading the Scriptures. They are—Heraclitus and Horace.—In earnest? In good sooth, and in sad and sober earnest.

'Or would you wish for authorities?—for great examples?—You may find them in the writings of Thuanus, of Lord Clarendon, of Sir Thomas More, of Raleigh; and in the life and letters of the heroic Gustavus Adolphus. But these, though eminent statesmen, were Christians, and might lie under the thraldom of habit and prejudice.

† Why to Great Britain alone? R.

I will refer you then to authorities of two great men, both Pagans: but removed from each other by many centuries, and not more distant in their ages than in their characters and situations. The first shall be that of Heraclitus, the sad and recluse philosopher. Πολυμαθιη νοον ου διδασκει· Σιβυλλα δε μαινομενῳ στοματι αγελαστα και ακαλλωπιστα και αμυρωτα φθεγγομενη, χιλιων ετων εξικνειται τη φωνη δια του θεου. * Shall we hesitate to apply to the prophets of God, what could be affirmed of the Sibylls by a philosopher whom Socrates, the prince of philosophers, venerated for the profundity of his wisdom?

'For the other, I will refer you to the darling of the polished court of Augustus, to the man whose works have been in all ages deemed the models of good sense, and are still the pocket-companions of those who pride themselves on uniting the scholar with the gentleman. This accomplished man of the world has given an account of the subjects of conversation between the illustrious statesmen who governed, and the brightest luminaries who then adorned, the empire of the civilized world—

'Sermo oritur non de villis domibusve alienis
Nec, male, nec ne lepus saltet. Sed quod magis ad nos
Pertinet, et nescire malum est, agitamus: utrumne
Divitiis homines, an sint virtute beati?
Et qua sit natura boni? summumque quid eius?'

It is not easy to conceive any thing better than this;—only the next passage beats it hollow, and is itself surpassed by the one after it, 'as Alps o'er Alps arise.'

So far Mr Coleridge has indulged himself in 'a preparatory heat,' and said nothing about the Bible. But now he girds himself up for his main purpose, places himself at the helm, and undertakes to conduct the statesman to his desired haven in Scripture prophecy and history. 'But do you require some one or more particular passage from the Bible, that may at once illustrate and exemplify its applicability to the changes and fortunes of empires? Of the numerous chapters that relate to the Jewish tribes, their enemies and allies, before and after their division into two kingdoms, it would be more difficult to state a single one, from which some guiding light might *not* be struck.' Does Mr Coleridge then condescend to oblige us with any one? Nothing can be farther from his thoughts. He is here off again at a tangent, and does not return to the subject for the next seven pages. When he does—it is in the fol-

* 'Multiscience (or a variety and quantity of acquired knowledge) does not teach intelligence. But the Sibyll with wild enthusiastic mouth shrilling forth unmirthful, inornate, and unperfumed truths, reaches to a thousand years with her voice through the power of God.'

lowing explicit manner.—' But I refer to the demand. *Were it my object to touch on the present state of public affairs in this kingdom, or on the prospective measures in agitation respecting our sister island, I would direct your most serious meditations to the latter period of the reign of Solomon, and to the revolutions in the reign of Reholoam, his successor. But I should tread on glowing embers: I will turn to the causes of the revolution, and fearful chastisement of France.*' Let the reader turn to the first book of Kings, in which the parallel passage to our own history at the present crisis stands, according to our author, so alarmingly conspicuous; and he will not be surprised that Mr Coleridge found himself 'treading on glowing embers.' The insidious loyalty or covert Jacobinism of this same parallel, which he declines drawing on account of its extreme applicability, is indeed beyond our comprehension, and not a less 'curious specimen of psychology,' than the one immediately preceding it, in which he proves the doctrine of *divine right* to be revealed in an especial manner in the Hebrew Scriptures.

We should proceed to notice that part of the Sermon, where the orator rails at the public praises of Dr Bell, and abuses Joseph Lancaster, *con amore*. Nothing more flat and vapid, in wit or argument, was ever put before the public, which he treats with such contempt. Of the wit, take the following choice sample.

'But the phrase of the READING PUBLIC, which occasioned this note, brings to my mind the mistake of a lethargic Dutch traveller, who returning highly gratified from a showman's caravan, which he had been tempted to enter by the words, THE LEARNED PIG, gilt on the pannels, met another caravan of a similar shape, with THE READING FLY on it, in letters of the same size and splendour. "Why, dis is woonders above woonders!" exclaims the Dutchman; takes his seat as first comer; and, soon fatigued by waiting, and by the very hush and intensity of his expectation, gives way to his constitutional somnolence, from which he is roused by the supposed showman at Hounslow, with a—"*In what name, Sir! was your place taken? Are you booked all the way for Reading?*—Now a Reading Public is (to my mind) more marvellous still, and in the third tier of "woonders above woonders!"

Mr Coleridge's wit and sentimentality do not seem to have settled accounts together; for in the very next page after this 'third tier of wonders,' he says—

'And here my apprehensions point to two opposite errors. The first consists in a disposition to think, that as the peace of nations has been disturbed by the diffusion of a false light, it may be re-established by excluding the people from all knowledge and all prospect of amelioration. O! never, never! Reflection and stirrings of

mind, with all their restlessness, and all the errors that result from their imperfection, from the *Too much*, because *Too little*, are come into the world. The powers that awaken and foster the spirit of curiosity, are to be found in every village: Books are in every hovel: The infant's cries are hushed with *picture*-books: and the Cottager's child sheds his first bitter tears over pages, which render it impossible for the man to be treated or governed as a child. Here, as in so many other cases, the inconveniences that have arisen from a thing's having become too general, are best removed by making it universal.' p. 49.

And yet, with Mr Coleridge, a reading public is 'voonders above voonders'—a strange phrase, and yet no fiction! The public is become a reading public, down to the cottager's child; and he thanks God for it—for that great moral steam-engine, Dr Bell's original and unsophisticated plan, which he considers as an especial gift of Providence to the human race—thus about to be converted into one great reading public; and yet he utters his *Profaccia* upon it with a desponding sigh; and proposes, as a remedy, to put this spirit which has gone forth, under the tutelage of churchwardens, to cant against 'liberal ideas,' and 'the jargon of this enlightened age;'—in other words, to turn this vast machine against itself, and make it a go-cart of corruption, servility, superstition and tyranny. Mr Coleridge's first horror is, that there should be a reading public: his next hope is to prevent them from reaping an atom of benefit from 'reflection and stirrings of mind, with all their restlessness.'

The conclusion of this discourse is even more rhapsodical than the former part of it; and we give the pulpit or rostrum from which Mr Coleridge is supposed to deliver it, 'high enthroned above all height,' the decided preference over that throne of dulness and of nonsense which Pope did erst erect for the doubtful merits of Colley and Sir Richard.

The notes are better, and but a little better than the text. We might select, as specimens of laborious foolery, the passage in which the writer defends *second sight*, to prove that he has unjustly been accused of visionary paradox, or hints that a disbelief in ghosts and witches is no great sign of the wisdom of the age, or that in which he gives us to understand that Sir Isaac Newton was a great astrologer, or Mr Locke no conjurer. But we prefer (for our limits are straitened) the author's description of a green field, which he prefaces by observing, that 'the book of Nature has been the music of gentle and pious minds in all ages; and that it is the poetry of all human nature to read it likewise in a figurative sense, and to find therein correspondences and symbols of a spiritual nature.'

MR COLERIDGE'S DESCRIPTION OF A GREEN FIELD.

'I have at this moment before me, in the flowery meadow on which my eye is now reposing, one of Nature's most soothing chapters, in which there is no lamenting word, no one character of guilt or anguish. For never can I look and meditate on the vegetable creation, without a feeling similar to that with which we gaze at a beautiful infant that has fed itself asleep at its mother's bosom, and smiles in its strange dream of obscure yet happy sensations. The same tender and genial pleasure takes possession of me, and this pleasure is checked and drawn inward by the like aching melancholy, by the same whispered remonstrance, and made restless by a similar impulse of aspiration. It seems as if the soul said to herself—"From this state" (from that of a flowery meadow) "hast *thou* fallen! Such shouldst thou still become, thyself all permeable to a holier power! Thyself at once hidden and glorified by its own transparency, as the accidental and dividuous in this quiet and harmonious object is subjected to the life and light of nature which shines in it, even as the transmitted power, love and wisdom, of God over all fills, and shines through, Nature! But what the plant *is*, by an act not its own, and unconsciously—*that* must thou *make* thyself to *become!* must by prayer, and by a watchful and unresisting spirit, *join* at least with the preventive and assisting grace to *make* thyself, in that light of conscience which inflameth not, and with that knowledge which puffeth not up."'

This will do. It is well observed by Hobbes, that 'it is by means of words only that a man becometh excellently wise or excellently foolish.'

ART. IX. *Letters from St Helena.* By WILLIAM WARDEN, Surgeon on Board the Northumberland. 8vo. London, 1816.

THIS is a short and amusing little book, full of entertaining gossip and chit-chat, exempt from baseness, and untainted with malignity. The author, a Navy surgeon by profession, who seems to have passed the greater part of his life on board of ship, happened to serve, in his medical capacity, in the Northumberland, at the time when Napoleon Bonaparte was transferred to that vessel from the Bellerophon, in order to be conveyed to his prison of St Helena. When this accident brought Mr Warden unexpectedly in contact with the Ex-emperor of the French, he appears to have entertained against that extraordinary personage, all the common prepossessions so industriously diffused in England, and so generally imbibed by persons of his situation in life. That Napoleon had adminis-

tered poison to his sick at Acre, and that he had employed assassins to murder Pichegru and Captain Wright, were points of which the Surgeon of the Northumberland was as thoroughly convinced, as of the efficacy of mercury in dysentery, or, as he himself assures us, of the truth of Holy Writ itself. But his mind, though prejudiced, was candid. Living on terms of intimacy with the followers of Napoleon, his conversations with them gradually effaced the unfavourable opinion he had formed of their master. Their devoted attachment to their unfortunate chief, their eagerness to vindicate his fame, their admiration of his character, and affection to his person, made a natural and unavoidable impression upon his mind. The object of so much regard and veneration, could not be 'the brutal monster,' the 'insensible tyrant,' he had heard described. An 'incarnation of the evil principle,' an 'incarnate Moloch' might be dreaded and abhorred, but could not be loved and followed. The change begun by the companions of Napoleon's exile, was completed by himself. His constant good humour and unvarying affability, his patience and equanimity under misfortunes which no mind of ordinary strength could bear, his thirst for knowledge, and eager but rational curiosity, and that fascination of manner, which all who have ever approached his person admit he can exert at pleasure on those around him, made a gradual, and, at length, an entire conquest of Mr Warden; eradicated every unfavourable impression from his bosom, and substituted the opposite sentiments in their places. Some visits which he made at Longwood, after the arrival of the party at St Helena, put the finishing hand to his conversion, and sent him back to Europe, full of admiration for the talents of Napoleon, and zealous to clear his reputation from the unjust aspersions attached to his character.

According to the laudable practice of the Navy, Mr Warden had kept a regular journal of all the occurrences during his voyage, in which he had inserted his observations on Napoleon as they arose; and made notes of the conversations he had held with him, and the persons of his suite, at the time they happened. These notes and observations he has thrown into the form of Letters; and, by the persuasion of his friends, he has been induced to publish them. We heartily approve of this advice, but should have been better pleased if we had had his observations in their original simplicity, without comment or connexion, as affording a more authentic, and probably a more lively and natural picture of his impressions at the moment. But such as it is, we have found his book very entertaining, and we can safely recommend it to our readers, as one

of the few works on Napoleon, that is neither sullied by adulation, nor disgraced by scurrility; neither disfigured by a blind admiration of his defects, nor polluted by a base and malignant anxiety to blacken and defame a fallen man.

But favourably as we think, on the whole, of Mr Warden's performance, we cannot but lament, that one, who had such opportunities of conversing with Napoleon, on the most remarkable events of his life, was not better prepared to derive advantage from such communications, by a more accurate acquaintance with the history and chronology of his own times. We are far from imputing any blame to Mr Warden for his deficiencies in this respect. In his situation, it was not to be expected, that he should have the history of Europe so fresh in his recollection, as to enable him to cross-question Napoleon, on the numerous and important topicks that formed the subject of their conversations. We suspect also that, previous to this voyage, Mr Warden's opportunities of conversing in French had not been frequent; and that, in some of his most interesting communications with Napoleon, he was compelled to have the aid of an interpreter. From these two causes conjoined, we must seek an explanation of some errors and inaccuracies that occur in his historical statements, of which cavillers will no doubt avail themselves, to throw a general discredit upon his book. He tells us, for instance, on the authority of the followers of Napoleon, that Talleyrand approved of the Spanish war. He ought to have said, that Talleyrand first suggested to Napoleon the expulsion of the Bourbons from Spain; and he should have added, that though Talleyrand suggested this measure, he disapproved of the plan which Napoleon adopted for its execution, because he thought it one that could not succeed,—a greater proof, it must be owned, of his sagacity, than of his attachment to the House of Bourbon. In another part of his book, Mr Warden relates a conversation with Napoleon, about the death of Captain Wright, which implies, that Captain Wright died in the Temple, while the trials of Pichegru, Moreau and Georges, were still depending. But Captain Wright, if we are not mistaken, was not made prisoner till after the death of Pichegru; and his death is not said to have taken place till after the surrender of Ulm. Mistakes of this nature certainly detract from the value of Mr Warden's historical recollections; but his descriptions of Napoleon's personal conduct and manners are not affected by his blunders in chronology; and there is an air of plainness and sincerity in his account of what he saw and heard, that recommends it strongly to the confidence of his readers.

As a specimen of the graphical powers of Mr Warden, we shall take the following account of one of his interviews with Napoleon at Longwood.

'On entering the room, I observed the back of a sofa turned towards me; and, on advancing, I saw Napoleon lying at full length on it, with his left arm hanging over the upper part. The glare of light was excluded by a Venetian blind; and before him there was a table covered with books. I could distinguish among them some fine bound volumes on the French Revolution. The heat of the day had occasioned him to dismantle himself of his coat and waistcoat. The moment his eye met mine, he started up and exclaimed, in English, in a tone of goodhumoured vivacity, 'Ah! Warden; how do you do?' I bowed in return; when he stretched out his hand, saying, 'I have got a fever.' I immediately applied my hand to the wrist, and observing, both from the regularity of the pulsation and the jocular expression of his countenance, that he was exercising a little of his pleasantry; I expressed my wish that his health might always remain the same. He then gave me a familiar tap on the cheek, with the back of his hand; and desired me to go into the middle of the room, as he had something to say to me. I now congratulated him on the preservation of his health; and complimented him, at the same time, on the progress he appeared to have made in the English language. 'I certainly enjoy, he said, a very good state of health, which I attribute to a rigorous observance of regimen. My appetite is such, that I feel as if I could eat at any time of the day; but I am regular in my meals; and always leave off eating with an appetite; besides, I never, as you know, drink strong wines.—With respect to the English language, he continued, I have been very diligent: I now read your newspapers with ease; and must own, that they afford me no inconsiderable amusement. They are occasionally inconsistent, and sometimes abusive.—In one paper I am called a *liar*, in another a *tyrant*, in a third a *monster*, and in one of them, which I really did not expect, I am described as a *coward*: but it turned out, after all, that the writer did not accuse me of avoiding danger in the field of battle, or flying from an enemy, or fearing to look at the menaces of fate and fortune; it did not charge me with wanting presence of mind in the hurry of battle, and in the suspense of conflicting armies:—no such thing. I wanted courage, it seems, because I did not coolly take a dose of poison, or throw myself into the sea, or blow out my brains. The editor most certainly misunderstands me; I have, at least, too much courage for that.' (p. 133.) On another occasion, he expressed himself on suicide in the following terms. 'Suicide is a crime the most revolting to my feelings; nor does any reason suggest itself to my understanding by which it can be justified. It certainly originates in that species of fear which we denominate *poltronerie*. For what claim can that man have to courage who trembles at the frowns of fortune?—True heroism consists in being superior to the ills of life,

in whatever shape they may challenge him to the combat.'—p. 58.

We have heard that he had a similar conversation on suicide with one of his generals at Fontainebleau, after his first abdication of the empire, in which he expressed the same sentiments, and concluded with these words—'aussi je ne suis pas tout à fait étranger aux sentimens religieux.'

When the Northumberland came in sight of the frightful rock of St Helena, the attendants of Napoleon assembled on the deck, to contemplate their future prison, and were variously affected by the spectacle. Napoleon himself did not leave his cabin for an hour after the ship had anchored in the bay. He then ascended the poop, and stood there, with his glass in hand, examining the numerous cannon that bristled in his view. 'I observed him,' says Mr Warden, 'with the utmost attention, as I stood beside him for near half an hour; and could not discover, in his countenance, the least symptom of strong or particular emotion.' Mr Warden takes this opportunity of remarking, that during the whole voyage from England to St Helena, he 'never saw any change in the placid countenance and unassuming manner of their distinguished shipmate; nor did he hear of a discontented look, or a peevish expression, being remarked by any other person in the ship.' (p. 101.) The only occasion, indeed, on which Napoleon appears to have betrayed a momentary feeling of irritation, was in consequence of Sir Hudson Lowe having invited him, for the first time, to dine at the Plantation-house, on the arrival of the Countess of Loudon in the island. On Bertrand inquiring, 'what answer it was his Majesty's pleasure he should return to this invitation?' Napoleon replied, 'Say, the Emperor gave no answer.' And when Mr Warden alluded to the disappointment of the people of the town, who had expected to see him pass by as he went to dinner, he exclaimed with some impatience, 'What, go to dinner with a file of soldiers to guard me.' In a few minutes, however, says Mr Warden, he resumed his usual cool manner, and continued the subject. 'After all, he said, they could not expect me to accept the invitation. The distance is considerable, and the hour unseasonable; and I have almost relinquished the idea of exceeding my chain, accompanied, as I must be, by an officer.' Some days afterwards, when he had heard that the Countess of Loudon had left the island, disappointed at not having seen him, he observed, had the Countess of Loudon expressed herself fatigued by the voyage, or had she been indisposed from any other cause, I should have been happy to have waited on her.' (p. 175.)

Nothing appears at this time to have given him so much annoyance as the necessity of having an officer by his side, whenever he mounted on horseback. Mr Warden having observed to him, 'that, considering the active life he had led, it did not appear that he took sufficient exercise to preserve himself in a right state of health;' he replied, 'My rides, indeed, are too confined; but the being accompanied by an officer is so disagreeable to me, that I must be content to suffer the consequences of abridging them. You know, continued he, the island of St Helena, and must be sensible that a sentinel, placed on either of these hills, can command the sight of me from the moment I quit this house till I return to it. If an officer or soldier, placed on that height, will not satisfy your Governor, why not place ten, twenty—a troop of dragoons. Let them never lose sight of me; only keep an officer from my side.' (p. 171.) This small indulgence to a patient but indignant spirit, might, we think, have been granted by one soldier to another. The foreign Commissioners had not yet reached St Helena, whose presence in the island may justly have alarmed Sir Hudson, in more ways than one, for the safety of his prisoner.

At the Briars, a house midway up the mountain, belonging to Mr Balcombe, a merchant of the island, Napoleon took up his residence, at the request of the master of the mansion, while the house at Longwood was preparing for his reception. There happened to be a small Gothic building, about fifty yards from the house, having one small room below and two small apartments above, which was fitted up for his habitation. There was no choice in the arrangement of this confined abode: the ground floor was occupied by him, while De Laze Caze, with his son, who was a page, and the valet in waiting, were to possess the upper story. (p. 104.) Mr Warden, while visiting Mr Balcombe, accidentally met Napoleon, while in this situation. Taking a walk before dinner, he 'met Napoleon cluttering down from among the rocks in his heavy military boots. He accosted me, says Mr Warden, with an apparent mixture of satisfaction and surprise; and reproached me in terms of great civility for my long absence. There was a rough deal board placed as a seat between two stones, on which, after having brushed away the dust with his hands, he set himself down, and desired me to take my place by him. On all sides of the spot where we were seated, rocks were piled on rocks to the height of a thousand feet above our heads, while there was an abyss of equal depth at our feet. Nature seems, in a sportive mood, to have afforded this level space for a semi-aerial dwelling; and while I was gazing with some astonishment on

the barren wonders of the scene around me—' Well, said Napoleon with a smile, what say you to it?—and can you think that your countrymen have treated me kindly?' His conversation then turned on the state and character of the island, of which, books, he said, had given a very partial representation; and on this, as on every other occasion, he was easy, goodhumoured and familiar, without the least apparent recollection of his former greatness; and whenever the subject would admit of it, he never failed to give an air of cheerfulness to his remarks. He inquired after the officers of the Northumberland, whose names he endeavoured to recollect, and expressed a wish to see them in their way to Longwood, where they were employed in superintending the completion of his house; ' if, said he, they will be contented to visit me, as you do now, in the fields—as my present habitation, which serves me for breakfast, dinner and bed-room, is not precisely calculated to receive company.' Napoleon, continues Mr Warden, frequently makes one of Mr Balcombe's family parties, where he is neither troublesome nor intrusive, but conducts himself with the manners of a gentleman, and a lively demeanour that promotes the general vivacity of the domestic circle.' (p. 109.)

The account that Mr Warden gives of the appearance and habits of Napoleon, is striking and descriptive.

' His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness. What hair he has behind is bushy; and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are grey, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form. His face is uncommon; large, full and pale, but not sickly. In conversation, the muscles suffer little or no exertion; with the exception of those in the immediate vicinity of the mouth, the whole seem fixed, and the forehead particularly smooth. That of a Frenchman is generally wrinkled, from the habitual muscular exertion of the countenance, which we call grimace; but however earnest Napoleon may be in conversation, he discovers no distortion of feature. When he wishes to enforce a question, he sometimes employs his hand, but that alone. He sometimes smiles, but I believe he seldom laughs.'

The only occasion, indeed, where Mr Warden appears to have seen him laugh, was on hearing a story about the Abbé de Pradt, whose ridiculous self-sufficiency ' brought his risible faculties into complete exertion.' The composure of his manner dissatisfied Mr Warden, who complained of it to Bertrand; and wished to know, whether he discovered, at any time, the

feelings of affection and tenderness. 'Be assured he does,' replied Bertrand. 'He is not without a heart, in your sense of the expression; but he does not, cannot, will not make a parade of it.' When Mr Warden mentioned the arrival of news of the trial and sentence of Marshal Ney, Napoleon advanced a step nearer to him, but without the least change of countenance. 'What, said he, Marshal Ney has been sentenced to be shot?' The particulars of the trial were then related to him, but he made no comment on them. One solitary expression only escaped him; and that was, 'Marshal Ney was a brave man.'

We have preferred these extracts as a specimen of Mr Warden's book, though to some of our readers they may appear trifling, because they relate to particulars that fell under his immediate observation, and depend neither on the accuracy of his historical reminiscences, nor on the truth of the information communicated to him by others. The remaining space we have allotted to the present article, we shall employ in a short and general review of the public and political life of Napoleon, with such facts and anecdotes interspersed, as have been furnished to us, on good authority, from persons familiarly connected with him at different periods of his fortune, or obtained from some of our countrymen, who saw and conversed with him during his residence in the Isle of Elba.

Napoleon Bonaparte is the son of Charles Bonaparte and Letitia Ramolini. His father, who was a man of talents, served under Paoli; and, after the submission of Corsica to the French, he was more than once deputy of the Noblesse. The family was originally Tuscan, and had been settled for many centuries at San Miniato. In Mazzuchelli, mention is made of several Bonapartes of San Miniato, who had distinguished themselves in the republick of letters; and, so late as 1796, one of the family still survived, a Chevalier de St Etienne, rich and respectable, who claimed, and was proud to acknowledge his relationship with the young conqueror of Italy. At the height of Napoleon's fortune, there were flatterers, who found or fabricated proofs of his descent from the antient princes or tyrants of Treviso. But there was probably as little foundation for this genealogy, as for the miserable impostures of the Emigrants, who represented him as sprung from the lowest dregs of the people. His eldest sister was educated at Saint Cyr; which fact alone, independent of the place held by his father in the deputation of Corsica, would be proof sufficient that his family belonged to the antient order of Noblesse. The name of Napoleon, by which he was christened, is common in Italy. It was one of the family names of the Orsini, and was introduced into the family of Bonaparte by

an alliance contracted with the house of Lomellini in the 16th century. * For these unimportant details, we are conscious we owe an apology to our readers. No persons can have more contempt than ourselves for such frivolous discussions,—the usual, and, in more cases, the sole materials of family history. But, on this occasion, such pitiful arts have been used to distort the truth, that, when the opportunity offered, we could not resist the temptation of exposing ignorance, and detecting malignity.

At an early age, Napoleon was sent to the Military College of Briennes, where he distinguished himself by his proficiency in mathematicks, and his love of reading, but gave offence to his instructors, by his obstinacy in refusing to learn Latin by the usual routine. He would neither get the rules of grammar by heart, nor commit verses to memory; nor compose nor speak in Latin. As a punishment for this perverseness, he was detained a year or two longer than usual in that seminary, but was at length admitted into the *ecole militaire;* and, at the age of 15 or 16, he obtained his first commission in the army. In the year 1785, he lost his father, who died at Montpelier: but that misfortune was in a great measure repaired by the kindness and care of his great-uncle Lucian, archdeacon of Ajaccio, a man of excellent character, and distinguished talent for observation, who is said to have early discerned the extraordinary parts, and prognosticated the future rise of Napoleon. This venerable old man died in 1791, at the age of 75.

For some years after his admission into the army, Napoleon appears to have divided his time between garrison-duty with his regiment and residence on furlough with his family in Corsica. He composed at this period a History of Corsica, and sent it to the Abbé Raynal, then residing at Marseilles, who received this juvenile performance with approbation, and advised him to publish it, saying it was a work that would last. He afterwards cast it into the form of a Memorial for the Government; but public events followed so rapidly, that it was never printed, and is now probably lost. In 1790, he conducted his sister home from Saint Cyr; and on the quay of Toulon, had a narrow escape from the mob, who assailed them with cries of *à bas les aristocrats, à bas la cocarde noire.* Per-

* The following passage, from Sansovino's history of the Casa Orsina, may, perhaps, amuse some of our readers. 'Ma molti piu furono i Napoleoni, perche in tutti i tempi gli orecchi Italiani, o nella pace o nella guerra, udirono questa nobilissima voce in nomini segnalati.' Lib. II. p. 20.

ceiving it was a black ribband in his sister's bonnet, which these worthy patriots mistook for a black cockade, he instantly tore it off, and threw it into the sea. In 1791, he was promoted to be captain of artillery in the regiment of Grenoble, and was quartered at Valence in Dauphiny. In the winter of the same year, he returned to Corsica, and was there employed in raising and forming a regiment of volunteers, of which he was allowed to take the command, without resigning his commission in the regular service. While occupied in this duty, he had occasion to display his coolness and courage, in an affray between his regiment and the national guard of Ajaccio, which caused some bloodshed, and produced much disturbance in the town: And on the breaking out of the war with Sardinia, he gave the first specimen of his military enterprise, by taking possession of the small isles that lie between Corsica and Sardinia. He was about this time intimately connected with the celebrated Paoli, and with Pozzo di Borgo, a young Corsican of talents and ambition, with whom he has been ever since on terms of the bitterest animosity. What was the real ground of difference between these associates, we cannot inform our readers with any certainty. The friends of Napoleon pretend, that, suspecting from the orders of Paoli, it was the intention of that veteran to revolt against France, he remonstrated strongly against the design; in consequence of which, he was arrested, and committed to prison. Escaping from his confinement, he fled to the mountains, and was there seized by some peasants of the opposite party, and brought back to Pozzo di Borgo, who determined to rid himself of a troublesome rival, by delivering him up to the English. This resolution, which might have consigned Napoleon to a jail for years, was frustrated by the corruption or compassion of his guards, who connived at his escape from prison, the night before he was to have been given up to an English vessel, that was then hovering upon the coast. At Calvi, where he arrived without any second interruption, he found two French Commissioners, to whom he communicated the designs of Paoli and Pozzo di Borgo, and soon after he quitted the island and joined the army of Nice, to which his regiment was attached.

The first service on which he was employed, after his return to France, was to superintend, as artillery officer, the batteries between Saint Remo and Nice. From this duty, he was despatched, by his commanding officer, on a mission to Marseilles, and other neighbouring towns, to procure supplies for the army; after which, he was directed to proceed to Auxonne, La Fere, and Paris, for ordnance stores and artillery officers.

The war of the departments against the Convention raged at that time in the South of France; and Napoleon found some difficulty in obtaining from towns in arms against the Government, the provisions necessary for its armies; but, partly by appealing to the patriotism, and partly by working on the fears of the insurgents, he accomplished his object. At Avignon, he was strongly urged, by some Federalists, to join the Departmental forces; but he steadily refused to have any connexion with them, saying, he would take no part in a civil war. While detained at that place, he had an opportunity of witnessing the wretched incapacity of the generals on both sides,—royalist as well as republican; and, after the surrender of the town to Cartaux, who, from a bad painter, had become a worse general, he wrote a pamphlet in ridicule of the whole affair, which he called *Dejeuner de trois militaires à Avignon.*

On his return to the army of Italy, he was invited to assist in the siege of Toulon; and, by his services on that occasion, he contributed materially to the reduction of the place. When he first joined the besieging army, he found it still under the command of Cartaux, who was as obstinate and jealous of others, as he was ignorant and incapable himself. Some time after the evacuation of the town by the Allies, as Napoleon was showing his brother Lewis the works and operations of the siege, he pointed out to him a spot, where an unskilful attack on one of the forts had occasioned a great and unnecessary slaughter of the soldiers. The mounds, under which their bodies had been interred, and other marks of the transaction, were still fresh. *Tenez, jeune homme*, said Napoleon to his brother, learn from this scene, that it is not less a matter of conscience, than of prudence, for a military man to study well his profession. For, had the wretch, who led these brave fellows to the fort, understood his duty, many of them would be now enjoying life, and serving their country. His ignorance has murdered them, and hundreds besides, in the flower of youth, and in the prospect of honour and happiness. These words he uttered with great emotion, and with the tears standing in his eyes. How strange it seems, that one, who had naturally these strong sentiments of humanity, should have been the cause of so much havoc and destruction in the world! The officer at Toulon sacrificed hundreds to his ignorance. How many thousands have perished in Spain, Russia and Germany, victims to the ambition and wilfulness of Napoleon!

The arrival of Dugommier with reinforcements, changed the aspect of affairs at Toulon. In a letter of that able General

to the Convention, he praises Bonaparte, commander of artillery, for his conduct in the attack that led to the capture of General O'Hara. * On the reduction of the town, Napoleon, as a reward for his services, was appointed commander in chief of the artillery of the army of Italy; and, in that capacity, he assisted at the siege of Oneglia, and proposed, but without effect, to Dumerbion, general of the army, a plan for the invasion of Italy, which he was shortly afterwards destined to execute. Removed from his situation in the Italian army by some intrigue at Paris, he was nominated to a command in La Vendée; but, disliking the service, he went to Paris to remonstrate against it. He there found that he was not only named on a service to which he was averse, but that he had been removed from the artillery to the line. Considering this to be a slight as well as a disadvantage, he declined the appointment, and remained some months at Paris without employment. From this inactivity, so unsuitable to his temper and character, he was summoned by Barras, who had known him at Toulon, to take the command of the armed force destined to protect the Convention against the sections of Paris. The dispositions made by Napoleon, secured an easy victory to the Convention; and, in recompense of this important service, he was named *General en second* of the army of the interior. Soon afterwards, he married Josephine, widow of General Beauharnais; and, early in the ensuing spring, he was appointed Commander in Chief of the army of Italy.

It is not our intention to follow Napoleon through the brilliant history of his Italian campaign, the most splendid and least exceptionable period of his political career. In one year he drove the Germans from the shores of the Mediterranean to the heart of Carinthia, defeated and dispersed their armies, and gave peace to the Continent. Criticisms we have heard of military men on his skill and conduct as a General in that ever memorable compaign, of the justness of which we have no pretension to form an opinion. But this we know, that no General, in antient or modern times, ever obtained so many splendid victories in so short a time, with means so inconsiderable, and with such powerful enemies opposed to him. But his least glory was that of a conqueror. Not to speak of the civil institutions in Lombardy, by which he did all that in him lay to secure the happiness and independence of the new republick he had created; he showed himself, on every occasion, the sincere and earnest friend of peace; and merited, if he has not ob-

* Moniteur, 7th December, 1793.

tained, the praise of being the first man in authority under the French Republick, who set limits to its aggrandizement, and honestly endeavoured to restore again tranquillity to the world. The indulgence he showed to the Pope at Tolentino, when Rome was completely at his mercy, procured him no friends, and excited against him many enemies at home. And we can add, on the authority of Melzi, Vice-president of the Cisalpine Republick, a man of talents and integrity, that he concluded the peace of Campo Formio, in opposition to the secret orders and positive instructions of the Directory. Republicans, if any such remain in France, may perhaps be permitted to blame him for his moderation. It was chimerical to hope for any solid peace between the new Republick and the antient dynasties of Europe. But, if he fell into an error, it was by indulging hopes, in which every good man at that time was willing to participate.

But, splendid as were the achievements, and great as were at this time the merits of Napoleon as a warrior, a legislator, and a peace-maker, it is impossible to bestow upon them, even then, our unmixed commendation. The tone in which he offered liberty to the Italians, was that of Khaled propagating his religion by the sword. Converts were praised, protected, and encouraged; but infidels, that rejected his mission and resisted his arms, were given up without mercy to military execution. The great stain, however, on his character at this period, was his conduct towards Venice. There is great reason to believe, that the cession of the Venetian States to the House of Austria, was stipulated by a secret article of the preliminaries of Leoben, —that the causes afterwards alleged for making war on the Venetian republick, were mere pretexts for an unjust invasion,— and that negociations were entered into with the disaffected at Venice, to get possession of the capital without resistance; not for the purpose of restoring liberty to the people, but with an intention of coolly and deliberately delivering them over to the harsh, haughty, and rapacious gripe of the Austrians. In this complicated act of treachery and injustice, it may be difficult to say whether Napoleon or the Emperor of Germany was most to blame. The one betrayed, the other accepted the spoils of a friend. The difference was, that the Austrian had no character to lose, no reputation to forfeit. If such was the price of peace, the world paid dear for its short-lived tranquillity.

Napoleon has been also reproached with having corrupted, during his Italian campaign, not the discipline, but the tone and character of his army, by protecting and encouraging his generals in the most scandalous pillage and extortion, and in

which they quickly became as great proficients as the Commissioners of the Convention itself. It was by his army, too, that the first example was given of military interference in the political concerns of the interior. Hitherto, the armies of the Republick had vanquished its enemies, without ever presuming to take a part in the internal discussions of their country. But in 1797, a party appeared in the Council of 500, in opposition to the Directory, whose views perhaps were innocent, but whose conduct certainly exposed them to suspicion. Some of the leaders of this party were undoubtedly Royalists; but the greater part of their adherents appear to have had no other intentions than to check the arbitrary government and scandalous corruption of the Directory. The course they took for this purpose was to withhold supplies from the government, and institute a rigid inquiry into its expenses. The Directory availed themselves of the effects of this plan of operations; and impressed the armies with a belief, that all their wants and privations arose from a factious opposition in the legislature, which endeavoured to destroy the defenders of their country, for the purpose of bringing back the exiled family. The General of the Italian army encouraged this impression, in a public proclamation to his troops. Addresses from his army were sent to the government, complaining, in language most indecorous and unconstitutional, of the majority of the legislature. It was the design of Napoleon to have followed up these addresses, by marching with part of his army to Paris, on pretence of supporting the Directory and the Republick, but with the intention of procuring for himself a principal share in the government. The Revolution of Fructidor, which happened sooner, and was accomplihsed with greater facility than he expected, prevented the execution of this design. By this event, the party in opposition to the Directory was completely extinguished; and no pretence was left for the general of the Italian army to cross the Alps with his troops. Such, at least, is the account we have received from Melzi of the secret designs of Napoleon at this period. Of the Directory, it was ever his custom to speak with contempt; and, when commenting on their supineness and their blunders, he used to remark, that if any man could combine the new system of France with a military government, he might raise that country to a high rank among nations, and maintain it in that elevation. So early had he conceived that formidable plan, which had so nearly proved fatal to the liberties of the world, and which no power but that of the elements was able to confound.

That his republicanism was already of a doubtful character,

though he assured some one in the Isle of Elba that he continued a good republican till his expedition to Egypt, is further corroborated by some anecdotes we have heard related of him by the late Count Meerfeldt. That nobleman was one of the negociators on the part of Austria at Leoben, and afterwards at Campo Formio. In the course of some discussion, he dropped a hint, that General Bonaparte was in a situation to take the lead either in France or Italy. Napoleon made no reply to the observation, but he did not seem at all displeased by it; and spoke of the attempt to govern France by representative bodies, and republican institutions, *as a mere experiment.* Encouraged by this opening, Meerfeldt ventured, with the approbation of his Court, to propose to him a principality in Germany. Napoleon expressed himself to be obliged and flattered by the offer, as it showed the opinion entertained of his talents and importance, but said it would never answer to him; for if he received such a favour by means of Austria, he must expect to be sacrificed, in the event of any future war with France. Austria, if successful, would cast him off as an useless incumbrance; and France, if superior, would crush him as one who had preferred the patronage of Austria to the career open to him at home. He added, with frankness, that it was his object to get admission into the government of his own country; and that, if he could once set his foot in the stirrup, he had no doubt he should go a great way.

The character of Napoleon, at this period, appears to have been that of an enterprising soldier, with extraordinary talents and genius, but of no fixed political principles or opinions; full of aspiring thoughts, but without any settled plan to gratify his ambition. It was impossible, said Meerfeldt, for any one to converse with him for ten minutes, without perceiving that he was a man of great views and great capacity. His language, his manner, his conceptions, said Melzi, were striking and peculiar. In conversation, as in war, he was fertile and full of resource; quick in discerning, and prompt in pressing the weak points of his adversary. His information from books was small, and he had made little progress in any branch of study, except in Mathematicks; but he had great quickness of apprehension, and wonderful powers of application. Of all his qualities, continued Melzi, the most remarkable was his capacity of long continued and unremitted attention. His projects were vast and gigantick, conceived with genius, but sometimes impracticable, and not unfrequently abandoned from temper, or defeated by his own impatience. He was naturally hasty, decisive, impetuous and violent; but could make himself very agreeable in con-

versation, and showed great deference and civility to those whom he wished to conciliate. Though habitually close and reserved, he was sometimes indiscreet and imprudent from passion,—but he seemed never to unbosom himself from affection. *La balle qui me tuera, portera mon nom,* was one of his sayings, and savours of that fatalism so natural to men whose lives are daily exposed to the chances of war, or to the dangers of the ocean. His figure was at this time pale and thin; and with so slender a frame, his activity and endurance of fatigue appeared quite incredible. We quote Melzi with the greater confidence, because he was a man competent to judge of the attainments, as well as the talents of others; and, at the time we received our information from him, he was retired from the world, and had no motive whatever for extenuating or exaggerating the truth.

Such was Napoleon at his return to France, after the conquest of Italy,—an object of admiration to the world, and of jealousy and suspicion to the government he had served. He was received, however, with every external appearance of confidence and respect; and nominated, even before his arrival at Paris, one of the Commissioners to Rastadt, for the final pacification of the Continent. But he soon discovered, that the negotiation was a mere farce, and that the Directory had no serious intentions of peace. He was appointed to command the expedition against England; but he saw the folly of the enterprise, and withdrew from it. His situation was now become critical. There was no opening for him at home, nor security in a private station, to which, in the early periods of his life, he appears, in moments of despondence, to have frequently looked forward with anxious desire. In 1796, a project had been sent to him for the invasion of Egypt, which he had examined and returned, with his opinion of it, to the Directory. It was now resumed, and the command of the expedition was proposed to him. To have refused a third appointment, would have exposed him to suspicion, and, most probably, to destruction. The expedition to Egypt was calculated, besides, to dazzle his ardent and ambitious mind, full of romantick plans, and fond of extraordinary enterprises. No war could be more unjust. France was at peace with the Ottoman Porte, the nominal sovereign of Egypt; and had no pretence of quarrel with the Beys, the real masters of the country. But this consideration was not sufficient to deter the General, and was little calculated to make impression on the government that employed him. The expedition sailed; and, by most extraordinary luck, it arrived at Alexandria, after the reduction of Malta, without encountering the fleet under Nelson,

which had been despatched by Lord St Vincent to intercept its progress.

In Egypt, Napoleon made war on the same principles as in Italy, but in a style more oriental and despotic. He had to deal with treacherous and ferocious enemies; and he punished their perfidy and inhumanity with a severity and cruelty borrowed from themselves. The inhabitants of Cairo having risen against his garrison, he was not content with punishing those taken with arms in their hands; but, suspecting their priests to have been the secret movers of the insurrection, he collected them, to the number of two hundred, and ordered them to be shot. Such enormities are plainly unjustifiable; yet some palliation may be found, in the indignation of both general and soldiers at the cruelty and brutality of their enemies, who not only murdered all the prisoners that fell into their hands, but mutilated and abused their bodies in a manner too horrible to be related. Policy had also its share in these severities. The miserable inhabitants of the East know no principle of government but fear. The execution of Cairo struck terror into their minds; '*et depuis ce tems là*,' said Napoleon, '*ils n'ont été fort attachés, car ils voient bien, qu'il n'y avoit pas de mollesse dans ma maniere de gouverner.*'

Without entering on the minor accusations against Napoleon, for his conduct in Egypt, the following are commonly mentioned as the deepest and most heinous of his offences;—the massacre of his prisoners at Jaffa;—the poisoning of his sick at Acre;—his pretended conversion to Mahometanism;—his desertion of his army. On these charges we shall bestow a few words, in the order in which they have been enumerated.

Of the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa, Napoleon gave the following account to Lord Ebrington, one of the most candid and intelligent of the travellers with whom he conversed at Elba on the history and past transactions of his life. On Lord Ebrington asking him about the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa, he answered—'*C'est vrai; j'en fis fusiller à peu pres deux mille. Vous trouvez ça un peu fort; mais je leur avois accordé une capitulation à El Arisch, à condition qu'ils retourneroient chez eux. Ils l'ont rompu, et se sont jettés dans Jaffa, et je les pris par assaut. Je ne pouvois les emmener prisonniers avec moi, car je manquois de pain, et ils etoient des diables trop dangereux pour les lacher une seconde fois; de sorte que je n'avois d'autre moyen que de les tuer.*' We quote from the notes of Lord Ebrington, which he has permitted us to use, in preference to the account of Mr Warden, which is less concise.

According to this statement, the breach of parole in the gar-

rison of El Arisch was the ground of justification; the situation of the French army the real motive for this massacre. Now, though it be true that, by the laws of war, a prisoner who has once broke his parole, is not afterwards entitled to quarter, * this is a right but rarely exercised; and in no other instance, we believe, in modern times, has it ever been exerted on so great a body of men as perished at Jaffa. If the French had refused quarter in the heat of the assault, no one could have blamed, or, after the violation of their flag of truce, wondered at their conduct; and, if their general had been aware that a considerable part of the garrison consisted of prisoners liberated on their parole at El Arisch, there can be little question that such would have been his orders: but we doubt if any instance can be found of a garrison spared at the moment of assault, and condemned afterwards to execution. But this is not all. We have been informed, that one third only of the garrison of Jaffa were composed of prisoners taken at El Arisch; and whatever right the laws of war might give to the conqueror over them, we cannot understand how that right could be extended to the rest of the garrison.

Whether a General is entitled, from regard to the safety of his own army, and to the execution of the service on which he is employed, to put his prisoners to death, or confine them in a situation where they must inevitably perish, or deliver them over to a barbarian, in whose hands they have no mercy to expect, are questions we are unwilling to discuss. Our readers will perceive, that on the determination of this point depends not only the reputation of Napoleon at Jaffa, but of Henry V. at Agincourt, of Lord Anson in the South Sea, and of the Bailli Suffrein on the coast of Coromandel. This much at least is certain, that the necessity must be clear and urgent, which can justify acts so repugnant to the feelings of humanity, and so contrary to the practice of civilized nations: and, that there was some appearance of necessity in the case of Jaffa, cannot be denied. It was not safe to dismiss the prisoners on their parole, after the conduct of the garrison of El Arisch. No one could doubt, after such experience of the enemy, that on whatever terms they might be liberated, they would throw themselves, without scruple, into the first place of arms they found open to receive them; or remain behind, and harass the flanks and rear of the French army in its advance into Palestine. The force under Napoleon was too weak to furnish an escort sufficient to convey them to a place of security. It consisted of only 6000 men, and the prisoners amounted to 3000, of whom 1800 were

* Martens on the Law of Nations, p. 291.

shot, and 1200 escaped from their guard. It is but fair to add, that whatever may be our opinion of this execution, the blame of it does not belong exclusively to the commander in chief. It was determined upon in a council of war, at which Berthier, Kleber, Lannes, Bon, Caffarelly, and other officers assisted.

That the intention of administering opium as a poison, to a few of the sick of his army, was entertained by Napoleon, he has related to many, and with this addition, that it was owing to his physician, the design was not carried into execution. But this suggestion arose from a mistaken judgment, not from a *bad heart*, and least of all, from indifference about the fate or fortunes of his soldiers. All accounts agree, that his attention to his sick and wounded, during his Syrian Campaign, was most exemplary. He visited the hospitals in person, exposed himself to the most imminent danger of infection, conversed with the sick, listened to their complaints, saw that his medical officers did their duty; and at every movement of his army, and more particularly at the retreat from Acre, his chief solicitude was about his hospital; and the skill and care with which his sick and wounded were removed, drew praises even from his enemies. On those points, all the medical men of his army concur in one evidence in his favour. Desgenettes, who was chief physician to his army in Syria, is a royalist, but at no time, not even since the restoration of the Bourbons, has he ever mentioned the conduct of Napoleon to his sick and wounded, without the just encomiums which his care and tenderness had deserved. We happened lately to meet with the celebrated Assolini at Munich, who was one of his Medical Staff in Syria. Though no friend of Napoleon, he joined in the universal testimony in his favour upon this subject. Having stated to Napoleon at Acre, that the means of transport provided for the sick were insufficient, he was directed to stop all the baggage horses as they passed, and even to make the officers dismount and give their horses for this service. These orders were punctually executed, and not a sick person was left behind, who in the judgment of his medical attendants could be removed with safety. But let us hear the story of the poisoning, in the words of Napoleon himself. When Lord Ebrington visited him in the isle of Elba, he repeatedly and earnestly requested his guest to question him freely about the past incidents of his life; and when, in consequence of this permission, Lord Ebrington alluded to this report, he answered without hesitation, '*Il y a dans cela un fond de verité.* Some soldiers of the army had the plague. They could not have lived 24 hours. I was about to march. I consulted Desgenettes as to the means of

'removing them. He said it must be attended with the risk of 'infection, and would be useless to themselves, as they were 'past recovery. I then recommended to him to give them a 'dose of opium, rather than leave them to the mercy of the 'Turks. *Il me repondit en fort honnete homme, que son metier 'etoit de guerir et non de tuer;* so the men were left to their fate. 'Perhaps he was right; though I asked for them, what, under 'similar circumstances, I should have wished my best friend to 'have done by me. I have often reflected since on this point 'of morality, and have conversed on it with others, *et je crois 'qu'au fond il vaut toujours mieux souffrir qu'un homme finisse 'sa destinée quelle qu'elle soit.* I judged so afterwards, in the 'case of my poor friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were 'falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me, to have 'him put out of misery; *je lui dis, je vous plains, mon ami, 'mais il n'y a pas de remede: il faut souffrir jusqu'à la fin.*' The truth of this simple and ingenuous confession, we see no reason whatever to question. That this suggestion was most properly rejected by Desgenettes, every one will agree; but he must have a mind strongly biassed by prejudice, who can represent the proposal of Napoleon as arising from a callous insensibility to the sufferings and fate of his soldiers. It had its source, on the contrary, in strong but ill-directed feelings of humanity, which neither he nor Desgenettes had a right to indulge in the manner proposed.

The apostasy of Napoleon in Egypt, we cannot regard in a more serious light, than the feigned Mahometanism of Major Horneman, or of any other traveller, whom the African Association have employed to explore the secrets of the Desert. No one imagines, that Napoleon was a sincere convert to Islamism, or that he adopted the language and sentiments of the Koran, for any other purpose than that of gaining the confidence and conciliating the good will of the natives. He might also hope, by his mystical and prophetic denunciations, to terrify and confound his enemies, and diffuse a superstitious awe around his person; but that he should have seriously intended to set up for a second Mahomet, is an idea that could only have entered into the head of a crazy visionary, who might in other circumstances have been his first disciple. This piece of hypocrisy, according to his own account, answered completely his purpose. 'You can hardly imagine,' said he to Lord Ebrington, 'the 'advantages I gained in Egypt from the adoption of their wor-'ship.' But, after all, it was a low artifice, the device of a cunning, not the resource of an elevated mind. The language of his proclamations has given scandal, and, to a pious ear, it

must be owned, they are shocking and offensive. But we must consider the infidelity then openly professed in France, and recollect that Napoleon, bred in camps, and educated in the Revolution, must have imbibed the loose notions of religion that generally prevailed, at that time, among his countrymen.

His desertion of his army was a military offence against his own government, for which he was liable to be punished. But it was no crime against his army, whom he left in a flourishing condition, as appeared by the footing he was able to maintain in Egypt, and by the resistance they afterwards opposed to the English arms. Whether he was invited back to France by any party at home, or induced by his own reflections to take that bold and decided step, we cannot inform our readers. We rather incline to the opinion, he had no positive invitation from France; but that, hearing of the disasters of the armies, the loss of Italy, and discontent of the interior, he concluded the Directorial Government could not last, and hurried home to profit by the confusion, and secure a place in the new Government to himself. Certain it is, that for some time after he landed, he was doubtful in what manner he should be received; and, till his enthusiastic reception by the Lyonese, it seemed a question whether a scaffold or a diadem would be the reward of his audacity. We have heard, that when the news of his return reached Paris, the Directory ordered Fouché, their Minister of Police, to arrest his person; but Fouché declined the office, saying, '*il n'est pas homme à se laisser arrêter; aussi ne suis-je pas l'homme qui l'arrêtera.*' At Paris he was courted by the different factions that distracted the Republick, and closing with that of Syeyes, he overturned, as is well known, the existing Government, on the 18th of Brumaire, and laid the foundation of a military despotism in its place. He had now his foot in the stirrup, and soon convinced both friends and enemies, that it was not a short way he meant to go.

France was at that time beset with greater difficulties than at any period since 1793. Her armies were defeated and dispirited. Her Italian conquests were reduced to the mountains and coast of Genoa. The greater part of Switzerland was occupied by the Allies. Her own injustice and rapacity had estranged the inhabitants of that country; and, by destroying their neutrality, had exposed her most vulnerable frontier to invasion. Her resources were exhausted, and the enthusiasm of her people was gone. Her Government was without union or authority; torn by factions, and contemned by its subjects. All her attempts to establish a free constitution had proved abortive. The Jacobins were feared and detested for the cruelties they had

exercised, and the incurable extravagance of their opinions. The Moderates were hated and despised for their supineness, incapacity and corruption. The Royalists were troublesome and turbulent in the west; and at Paris, as usual, timid and intriguing. No man, besides Napoleon, had reputation or popularity, except Moreau, who was at that time willing to follow, and was at all times incapable of leading. What degree of political freedom could be safely confided to a people, guilty of so many errors, and so little benefited by experience, was a question that might have puzzled a Washington to decide. But other thoughts than these occupied the mind of Napoleon. His views were all personal and selfish. To give the people as much freedom as they were qualified to use, and gradually to enlarge it as factions became less inveterate, and the public mind more calm and enlightened, was not the object of his policy. He considered not how much power might be safely entrusted to the people, but calculated how little power would content them. The constitution he gave to France was intended to conduct her insensibly to slavery, not to fit her imperceptibly for freedom. He had a crown before his eyes, and was dazzled by the splendour of the bauble. He might have established a republick: To found a dynasty of Kings was his ambition.

The first measures of his reign, for it is idle to talk of the Republick after the 18th of Brumaire, were wise and salutary. Every one acknowledged the necessity of a strong Government. A strong Government they had. Every one exclaimed against the corruption and injustice of their late rulers. Napoleon repressed speculation, and enforced a due administration of justice. All lamented the party divisions, which weakened and distracted their country. Napoleon sought men of talents from every party, and employed them in the public service. All men dreaded what the French call a *reaction*. Napoleon checked every symptom of reaction, and extended protection to all who obeyed the laws, and punished impartially all who infringed them. Persecution had revived the spirit of devotion. Napoleon took religion under his protection, and restored the priests to their altars. The western departments were desolated by civil war, which the abominable law of hostages had rekindled. Napoleon abolished the law of hostages—closed the list of Emigrants—and, by a judicious mixture of mildness and severity, restored tranquillity to those departments. All France joined in an unanimous cry for peace. Napoleon offered peace to his enemies; and, when his proffer was scornfully rejected by England and Austria, he reduced Austria to a submission, and then generously pardoned her. England, the most formidable and in-

veterate of his enemies, abandoned by every ally, at length made peace with him, and acknowledged the Republick.

Napoleon had now reached the summit of glory; and if he had been disposed to give liberty to his country, there was no obstacle to the execution of his design. He had restored peace to the Church by his *Concordat*; and though he had made great concessions to the Court of Rome in that negotiation, he had maintained, and while he remained in France he preserved inviolate, the most complete toleration to his Protestant subjects. He had wished to stipulate for the marriage of the Romish clergy; but found, as he told Mr Fox, that if he had insisted on it, '*on auroit crié au pur protestantisme.*' He had introduced greater equity, and more despatch, into the administration of justice, and was occupied with his noblest and most durable work, the *Code Napoleon*, to remedy the confusion and contradiction of the existing laws. He had established a most excellent police, in which he employed, as *gens d'armerie*, the best and most respectable of his soldiers. His political institutions were not to be praised; but they might easily have been improved. A mute legislature; a tribunate that could talk but not vote; a senate that deliberated in secret, were objects of indifference or derision. But Napoleon had no thoughts of moulding these imperfect institutions into a system of liberty. His eyes were fixed on the vacant throne; and neither his military habits, nor his temper, were fitted for the restraints of limited authority. The Press, which had offended him, was persecuted and subdued. Individuals, who incurred his displeasure, were menaced, arrested and banished, without trial. Personal liberty had no security from the arbitrary mandates of his minister of police. The tribunate was reduced in its numbers, and, some time after, was entirely suppressed. The senate was in perpetual mutation. No institution was suffered to take root, or inspire confidence. Nothing was stable but his power; nothing progressive but his authority. Frenchmen, he said, were indifferent about liberty. They neither understood nor cared for it. Vanity was their ruling passion, and equality, which opened, to all, the prospect of advancement, was the only political right on which they set a value. To sooth this national passion, and to gratify his own ambition, he was most assiduous in extending his influence and dominion over Europe. Piedmont, Parma and Elba, were successively annexed to France. When Melzi counselled him against the annexation of Piedmont, he replied with a smile,—'*Ce bras est fort, il ne demande qu'à porter.*' Luisiana was ceded to him by Spain. St Domingo was recovered with circumstances of

perfidy and atrocity, that have been rarely surpassed in the annals of human wickedness. The Italian Republick chose him for its President. Genoa was saved for a time from the same yoke, by the contrivance of Serra, one of its antient nobles, formerly the friend and associate of Napoleon—but, in consequence of this interference, the victim for many years of his displeasure. Switzerland was compelled to accept his mediation, and to receive laws for her internal government from his palace of the Tuilleries. Germany was partitioned and parcelled out among its princes, as it suited his views and those of Russia. Such, in one busy year, were the fruits of the restless activity and unmeasureable ambition of Napoleon. A plan he had formed to get himself declared Emperor of the Gauls, after his return from Lyons, was defeated by the interference of Lannes, a soldier who had twice saved his life in Italy, and whom his gratitude forgave for this and many subsequent offences, and by the murmurs of his guards, who had not yet forgot the shouts of *Vive la Republique*, which had so often conducted them to victory. But an obsequious senate, and careless people, made him Consul for life, with the power of nominating his successor, and left him nothing to regret or desire in France but an empty title, which the extraordinary and tragical events we are next to relate, enabled him, at no very distant period, to acquire.

When Napoleon first obtained the supreme authority in France, his moderation, so different from the violence of preceding governments, had filled the Royalists with idle hopes and groundless expectations. The Cromwell of the Revolution had appeared, and they mistook him for a Monk. Cured of their error, they sought to avenge their disappointment by a contrivance for his destruction, which, from its qualities, has been emphatically termed the Infernal Machine. Above thirty persons perished by its explosion, but Napoleon escaped. The peace with England put a stop to their machinations; but when the war broke out afresh, their plots were renewed. Georges, Pichegru, and other emigrants, repaired privately to Paris. Moreau, whose unambitious spirit had been converted by intriguers into a malecontent and enemy of Napoleon, entered into their schemes. Meetings were held at Paris, where plans were discussed for the destruction of Napoleon, and the settlement of a new form of government. Accident led to the discovery of their plots. Pichegru and Georges were arrested. Pichegru strangled himself in prison. Georges was publickly executed. Moreau was tried, condemned, pardoned, and banished. The Duke of Enghien, grandson of the Prince of Condé, who re-

aided in the territory of Baden, near the frontiers of Alsace, was arrested by French troops, in violation of the neutrality of Germany, carried to Vincennes, and there tried and shot as an emigrant and conspirator. Of the inferior accomplices, some were put to death, but the greater part were pardoned, or had their sentence of death commuted into imprisonment. Captain Wright, who had been active in landing the conspirators, and appeared to have been privy to their designs, was taken on the coast of France, confined for more than a year in the Temple, and treated with so much harshness and severity, that he put an end to his own existence. The detection of this conspiracy, obtained for Napoleon the last and greatest object of his ambition. He was elected Emperor of the French, and had the empire made hereditary in his family. '*Ce gaillard là*,' said one of his own ambassdors on the occasion, '*sçait tirer parti de tout.*'

Such we believe to be the true history of these transactions. That Pichegru or Captain Wright died otherwise than by their own hands, we have never seen a tittle of evidence to prove, or heard a reason that could bear examination. What possible motive could induce Napoleon to murder Pichegru in secret? The popularity of Pichegru with the army had been extinguished by absence and length of time, and utterly destroyed by his open and undisguised connexion with the enemies of his country. What difficulty was there in trying him by a special commission, and punishing him as a traitor leagued with the enemies of France—as a conspirator against her government, or even as a convict returned from transportation? Surely, the difficulty was much less in his case than in that of the Duke d'Enghien, who had been brought into France by military force, and made amenable to the laws against emigrants, by an act not his own. We have heard it surmised, that Pichegru was tortured in prison, to extort confession of his accomplices, and that to conceal the use of this execrable and illegal practice, which he would have made known on his trial, he was privately assassinated. But the body of Pichegru was publicly exposed after his death. Many went to see it, English *detenus* as well as Frenchmen; but no man pretends to have seen on it any marks of torture. That Captain Wright was most scandalously and cruelly used, we do not doubt. Captain Wright owed no allegiance to France; and, as the servant of a power at war with her, he was bound to obey the orders of his government, and land on her coast such persons as he was commanded to convey thither.—But he was privy to their plots and conspiracies against her government.—What duty owed he to

her government? What offence did he commit against the laws of nations, in aiding or abetting those who sought to overturn it? He was no spy, but an open enemy. When the Bourbons assisted *our* Pretender in his attempts against our constitution in Church and State, did we ever imprison or treat with harshness the Frenchmen employed in that service? When the fortunate issue of the battle of Culloden extinguished the last hopes of *our* exiles, were not the Frenchmen in the service of the Pretender admitted freely to capitulation, and treated like prisoners of war taken in Flanders or in Germany? But though we consider the imprisonment of Captain Wright in the Temple as a mean and unjustifiable act of vengeance, and know that his treatment there was harsh and cruel, we believe that he died by no hand but his own. Why should we be forced, at this day, to call for proofs of these murders, if they were *really* committed? The jailors are still alive, who had Pichegru and Captain Wright in their custody. Have they been examined? No single man could have mastered the gigantick strength of Pichegru. There must then have been accomplices in his murder. Can none of them be discovered? Mamelukes have been mentioned as perpetrators of the deed. There was but one Mameluke in the service of Napoleon, and he abandoned his master on his first abdication. Has this man made any confession of the murder in which he was employed? Is it from tenderness to the reputation of Napoleon, that his enemies have made no inquiry into these facts? They have been long *in* possession of all the means necessary to trace and ascertain his guilt, if it were real. That they have not availed themselves of these means, is a proof of their conviction, that no discoveries are to be made. They chuse to leave a dark suspicion on his fame, rather than institute an inquiry into the truth, which, they fear, would only tend to clear his reputation.

Mr Warden has repeated the account he received from Napoleon of the discovery of this conspiracy. The following particulars are not contained in his narrative, but were communicated by Napoleon to Lord Ebrington. The first information of the arrival of Pichegru in Paris was given by a spy of the police, who reported a curious conversation, that was overheard between Moreau, Pichegru and Georges, at a house on the Boulevards. In this it was settled, that Georges should get rid of Bonaparte, and that Moreau should be First, and Pichegru Second Consul. Georges insisted on being Third Consul, to which the others objected, saying, that as he was known to be a Royalist, any attempt to associate him in the government, would ruin them with the people. On this he said, '*Si ce n'est*

donc pas pour moi, je suis pour les Bourbons; et si ce n'est pas ni eux ni moi, bleu pour bleu, je voudrois aussitôt que ce fût Bonaparte que vous.' When Moreau was first arrested, he was indignant on his examination; but when this conversation was repeated to him, he fainted away.

When the death of Captain Wright was mentioned to him by Lord Ebrington, he did not at first recollect his name; but when told it was a companion of Sir Sidney Smith, he said, 'Est-il donc mort en prison? *car j'ai entierement oublié la circonstance.*' He scouted the notion of any foul play; adding, that he never had put any man to death clandestinely, or without a trial. '*Ma conscience est sans reproche sur ce point.* Had I been less sparing of blood, perhaps I might not have been here at this moment.'

The arrest of the Duke of Enghien on neutral territory was an open and undisguised infraction of the law of nations, for which the apology offered to Baden was no atonement. To try him as an emigrant, when he had been seized in his bed on neutral ground, and brought by an armed force into France, was a shocking and outrageous violation of every principle of justice. What proofs there were of his participation in the plot to assassinate Napoleon, we do not know. Such proofs are mentioned in the sentence against him; but they have never been communicated to the public. The following is Napoleon's own account of this transaction. 'The Duke of Enghien was engaged in a 'treasonable conspiracy, and had made two journies to Strasburg in disguise; in consequence of which I ordered him to 'be seized, and tried by a military commission, who sentenced 'him to be shot. "*On m'a dit qu'il demanda à me parler; ce 'qui me toucha; car je sçavais que c'étoit un jeune homme de cœur 'et de merite. Je crois même que je l'aurois peut-être vu; mais 'M. de Talleyrand m'en empecha, disant, n'allez pas vous com-'promettre avec un Bourbon. Vous ne sçavez cequi en puissent 'être les suites. Le vin est tiré, il faut le boire.*" On Lord Ebrington asking him if it was true the Duke was shot by torchlight. He replied, '*Eh non; cela auroit été contre la loi.* The 'execution took place at the usual hour; and I immediately 'ordered the report of it, with his sentence, to be publicly af-'fixed in every town in France.' It is remarkable, that in this and other conversations on the subject, Napoleon seems always to have considered, that to see the Duke of Enghien and to pardon him were the same thing. Our James II. thought differently, when he admitted his brother's favourite son to an interview, with a predetermination to order him afterwards for execution.

But to return to Napoleon. At the moment when his schemes for the invasion of England had been frustrated by the activity and fortune of our Naval commanders, his soldiers were called from their inglorious encampment at Boulogne, by a new Continental war, which added fresh laurels to his military reputation, and raised him to a pitch of greatness which Europe had not witnessed since the days of Charlemagne. For the third time he conquered and spared the House of Austria; but he stripped her of her Venetian states, and compelled her to resign her antient sceptre and Imperial title. To Prussia he was more obdurate and unforgiving. Besides their territorial cessions, both powers paid enormously for the peace they obtained. From Russia he exacted nothing but to shut her ports against England. It was the good fortune of the Czar that, before the negotiation at Tilsit, Napoleon had conceived the plan of excluding England from the Continent; and, to his concurrence in that measure, Alexander owed the moderation of the terms imposed on him. The two Sovereigns indulged in conversations of the most confidential nature, and Napoleon left the North, with a firm conviction that he had made the Emperor Alexander his friend for ever. As he passed through Milan, he discussed, with Melzi, his Continental system, which was, at that time, his favourite policy. Melzi urged the improbability of Russia submitting long to a measure so manifestly contrary to her interests; to which Napoleon replied, that he depended on the personal sentiments with which he had inspired Alexander for the adherence of Russia to his system. This, observed Melzi, was the more singular, as he related an anecdote of Alexander, which ought to have shown him how little reliance could be placed on his power, even if his inclinations were favourable to France. At Tilsit, Napoleon showed great attentions to General Beningsen. Alexander observed it, and asked him the reason. '*Mais, franchement,*' said Napoleon, '*c'est pour vous faire ma cour. Vous lui avez confié votre armée; c'est assez qu'il ait votre confiance pour m'inspirer des egards de l'amitié.*' Alexander most imprudently replied, that Napoleon was mistaken; that not having military experience, he was compelled to entrust his armies to others; that he was in their hands; and that he feared and detested, but could not do without them.

'During the fortnight we were together at Tilsit,' said Napoleon, 'we dined together almost every day; we rose from table very early, in order to get rid of the King of Prussia, *qui nous ennuyoit.* About nine o'clock, the Emperor Alexander came back to my lodgings, in plain clothes, to have tea; we remained together, con-

versing very agreeably on indifferent subjects, generally of philosophy or politics, till two or three of the morning. He is full of information and liberal opinions, in which he has been instructed by a philosopher, La Harpe, who was his preceptor. But it is sometimes difficult to know, whether the sentiments he expresses are the result of his real opinions, *ou d'une espece de vanité de se mettre en contraste avec sa position.*' In one of these tête-à-tête conversations, they had an argument about the comparative advantages of elective and hereditary monarchy, in which the hereditary sovereign took the part of elective monarchy, and the soldier of fortune, who had risen by his talents to a throne, maintained the side of hereditary succession. How small is the chance, said Alexander, of one calculated for the purple being qualified for government? How few, replied his adversary, have possessed qualities that entitled them to be raised to that distinction? '*un César, un Alexandre, dont on ne trouve pas un par siecle?*' so that the election, after all, must be matter of chance, ' et la succession *vaut surement mieux que les dés.*' Where such doctors have disagreed, we cannot but feel our incompetence to decide; but, if we might presume to offer our humble opinion in so weighty and difficult a matter, we should say that both were in the right; that such monarchs as they were considering, ought neither to be hereditary nor elective. It is in England only, as Napoleon remarked on another occasion, where the King may become, from illness or other causes, incapable; *et les affaires n'en vont pas moins leur train, puisque cela s'arrange entre le Ministere et le Parlement.*

After the peace of Tilsit began the war of Spain, the most unpopular in France, of all the military or political enterprises of Napoleon. On this hackneyed subject we can only repeat what his enemies admit, and what his friends acknowledge, that he had ample provocation to make war with Spain, and to warrant his expulsion of the reigning family; but that no provocation could justify or palliate the base and treacherous arts he employed to accomplish his purpose. We have heard from authority which we cannot doubt, that having succeeded in expelling the House of Braganza from Portugal, by the mere terror of his arms, he determined to pursue the same course in Spain; to fill the kingdom with his troops, and, without commencing hostilities, to decline all communication with the government, or explanation of his views, in approaching Madrid with his army. He calculated that the fears of the Prince of the Peace, and the influence he was known to possess over the Royal family, would induce them to quit their capital, abandon their kingdom, and seek for safety across the Atlantick. In

was then his intention to have proceeded to Madrid, to have convoked the Cortes, and to have left to them the reform of their government, and the apparent choice of their sovereign; who, he was determined, should be one of his own family. He had offered the situation to Lewis, who had refused it. Murat expected it; and his choice had not yet fallen on Joseph. This plan, which was laid with sagacity, had nearly succeeded. The King and Queen had prepared to make their escape to Cadiz; and intended to carry with them all the members of their family. The design transpired; and was defeated by the insurrection of Aranjuez. Beauharnois, the French ambassador, a man of slender capacity, and left in total ignorance of his master's plans, contributed to this revolution; thinking it was the intention of Napoleon to place Ferdinand on the throne, and to connect him by marriage with his family. When undeceived on this point by Murat, Beauharnois exclaimed he was a ruined man; and the other members of the diplomatic body, who had followed his example, and congratulated Ferdinand on his accession, began to feel they had been too precipitate. Then began the odious scene of fraud and artifice which was consummated at Bayonne. The Prince of the Peace was protected from the fury of the populace, and withdrawn from the vengeance of the laws. The King, who had appeared at first resigned to his abdication, was encouraged to protest against it in secret, as an act extorted from him by fear. Ferdinand, after permitting his father and mother to be removed to Bayonne, was invited to follow them, without any acknowledgment of his title. His best friends advised him to decline the invitation, and retire to the south of Spain; but the consciousness of his guilt towards his parents, the cowardice of his nature, and the counsels of a pedant, determined him to go. The consequences are known to all the world. Too impatient to wait for a few months, till Ferdinand had exposed his real character and capacity to his subjects, Napoleon had recourse to force, fraud, and every odious art, to accomplish his designs. Universal indignation was roused throughout Spain—and a sympathy excited for their young prince, whose real dispositions were then known to few. The war that followed was sanguinary and ferocious. Crimes and excesses were committed on both sides; for they were not confined to the soldiers of Napoleon.

With the Spanish war began the downfall of Napoleon. Prosperity had gradually changed and vitiated his character. His head was turned by success; and his temper corrupted by adulation. He thought nothing impossible for him to execute; and could bear no contradiction to his will. Men of sense and

spirit, offended by his rudeness and impatience, left him in disgust. The sycophants and subalterns that remained, hastened his ruin, by their blind acquiescence in all the measures which passion or caprice suggested to him. No truth could reach his ear. To contradict was to offend him. What he ordered, must be executed without remonstrance or delay. His decision, when once made, was unalterable. No rank or station afforded protection against the sallies of his resentment. The press was an engine in his hands to vilify or degrade any man who had incurred his displeasure. But though violent and intemperate in his passion, he was not cruel nor revengeful. *Il offensoit beaucoup plus qu'il ne punissoit*, said one who had felt the weight of his resentment. His second marriage disclosed a new weakness in his character. His vanity was tickled with the thought, that he, a *sous-lieutenant* of artillery, should have married the grand-daughter of Maria Theresa. The idle pomp and ceremonial of a court seemed to delight him as much as if he had been born a Prince. He was solicitous to have the ancient noblesse near his person, and placed several of them about his court. But he was obliged to do this, as he has since confessed, with the greatest caution; *car toutes les fois que je touchois cette corde, les esprits fremissoient comme un cheval à qui on serre trop la bride.*

The war with Russia, when first undertaken, was popular in France. It arose out of the treaty of Tilsit; and Napoleon had justice on his side. Russia had undertaken to exclude English manufactures; and, as Melzi foretold, had been unable to fulfil her engagement. Napoleon armed to punish her for the violation of a treaty, to which she owed her preservation from ruin, when at his mercy. How he failed, and from what causes, need not here be detailed. He had still an opportunity of arresting the course of his fortune. But obstinacy and incredulity prevailed. He could not bring himself to relinquish designs he had so long indulged; and nothing could persuade him that Austria would ever abandon his alliance. Austria was followed in her defection by Bavaria; and the battle of Leipsick ruined his last hopes of universal empire. He was still, however, master of France and Italy, and might still have concluded peace. But, forgetting how much he had broken down the spirit of France, he once more refused to hearken to the counsels of prudence. Instead of courting his people, he disgusted and offended them, by his intemperate quarrel with his legislature. The Allies entered France. The nation remained passive, as the Germans had done, twenty years before, when invaded by the French. The armies fought with spirit and desperation. The

fortune of war was variable. Peace was still offered, and still rejected. Reduced by sickness, and in want of provisions, the Allied army was about to retreat, and had already begun its retrograde movements, when treachery or intercepted letters conveyed the important intelligence, that, in the hope of intercepting their retreat, which was considered inevitable, Napoleon had withdrawn his troops to a distance, and left Paris without defence. This information changed the course of the Allies; and, instead of falling back to Dijon, they advanced on the capital of France. By this unexpected movement, several small bodies of French fell into their hands; and, when they arrived at Paris, the force under Marmont was too weak to resist them, or protect the city. The battle of the 30th of March gave them possession of the heights of Montmartre; and the same evening Paris surrendered on capitulation.

Napoleon reached the neighbourhood of Paris on the evening of the battle, after the capitulation had been concluded. Finding he was too late to save his capital, he retired to Fontainebleau, and then collected his forces. On the 2d of April, he reviewed the corps of Marmont, which had evacuated Paris on the 31st of March, and was then encamped at Essonne, forming the advanced guard, and constituting about one third of his army. Marmont assured him of the fidelity and attachment of his troops, who were indeed proof against seduction; but he forgot to answer for their general. Napoleon had at first intended to march on Paris, and attack the Allies; but, after consulting with the officers of his army, most attached to his person and interests, and listening for the first time to their account of the general discontent in France, which his obstinacy in refusing peace had excited, he determined to abdicate in favour of his son; and, on the 4th of April, he sent Ney, Macdonald and Caulaincourt, with a proposition to that effect, to the Emperor Alexander. As these officers passed the advanced guard of the army, and stopped to have their passports countersigned by Marmont, they communicated to that officer the object of their mission. He appeared confused, and muttered somewhat of propositions made to him by Schwartzenberg, which he had in some degree entertained; but this, he said, materially altered the case, and he would now put an end to his separate communications; to which one of them replied, that he had better go with them to Paris for that purpose, and assist them in the negotiation they had in hand. He did accompany them; but with what views, the future movements of his army will best explain. They left him with Schwartzenberg, and proceeded

Alexander, who referred them to the Senate—[redacted]aving yet made up his mind what course to pursue, [redacted]scovered that he was in the hands of two intriguers, animated, the one by fear, and the other by hatred of Napoleon. When the officer, who had attended the Marshals to the outposts of the army, returned to Fontainebleau, and reported that Marmont had gone with them to Paris, and that he had seen him concealed in the back part of their carriage, every one testified surprise, and some expressed suspicion; but Napoleon himself remarked, that if Marmont had accompanied them, he was sure it was to render him all the service in his power. While these negotiations were going on at Paris, a council of all the Generals of the army was held at Fontainebleau, to consider what should next be done, in case the propositions of the Marshals were rejected; and to this council Souham, second in command under Marmont, was summoned with the other Generals. Souham, who was privy to the secret intelligence of Marmont with the enemy, suspecting from this message that their correspondence with Schwartzenberg was detected, instead of repairing to Fontainebleau, as he was ordered, made his army advance, on the night of the 5th, to the neighbourhood of Versailles, by which he placed them in the power of the Allies, and left the troops at Fontainebleau exposed to attack. His soldiers ignorant of his intentions, obeyed the orders they had received; and it was not till next morning they discovered the deceit that had been practised on them; when, though too late to extricate themselves, they broke out into open mutiny. It is needless to add, that the defection of Marmont's corps, at this critical juncture, decided the fate of the negotiation entrusted to the Marshals. Napoleon, deprived of one third of his small army, was no longer an object of apprehension to the Allies. The treaty of Fontainebleau was signed on the 11th. We have entered into these minute details, because the treachery of Marshal Marmont to his friend and benefactor has not been properly understood in this country. Neither his defence nor his capitulation of Paris are liable to censure. It is his subsequent conduct that will transmit his name with the reputation he merits to posterity.

We must here close our review of Napoleon. We have represented him as he appears to us,—a man of extraordinary talents and dangerous ambition;—better qualified to support adversity with firmness and patience, than to bear prosperity with temper and moderation;—quick and violent in his passions, but more susceptible of friendship than of lasting enmity;—with some of the characteristic vices of a conqueror, but not more prodigal

of blood, nor more indifferent about mankind, than the Cæsars, Alexanders, and Fredericks, who have preceded him in the same career. He was engaged in many wars in which oceans of blood were shed; but in none, the war with Spain only excepted, was he the aggressor. He had nearly reduced the Continent of Europe under one monarchy; but it was in repelling the attacks of his neighbours that he extended his empire. '*Les circonstances* '*en me suscitant des guerres,*' said he, '*m'ont fourni les moyens* '*d'agrandir mon empire, et je ne les ai pas negligé.*' His equanimity in misfortune, and calm resignation to his fate, have been equalled by few—surpassed by none. Mr Warden bears frequent and ample testimony to those virtues; and we can add, they are without ostentation, or appearance of display. When one of his visitants at Elba expressed his surprise at the admirable calmness with which he bore the change of his fortune, he replied, '*C'est que tout le monde en a été, je crois, plus etonné* '*que moi; je n'ai pas une trop bonne opinion des hommes, et je* '*me suis toujours mefié de la fortune. D'ailleurs, j'ai peu joui:* '*mes freres ont été beaucoup plus rois que moi:*—They have had 'the enjoyments of royalty; I have had little but its fatigues.'

ART. X. *Della Patria di Cristoforo Colombo. Dissertazione pubblicata nelle Memorie dell' Accademia Imperiale delle Scienze di Torino. Restampata con Quinte, Documenti, Lettere diverse, &c.* 8vo. pp. 420. Firenze. Molini.

Regionamento nel Quale si conforma l'Opinion Generale intorno alla Patria di Cristoforo Colombo,—Presentato all' Accademia delle Scienze, Lettere, e Arti di Genova,—Nell' Adunanza del di 16. *Decembre* 1812, *dagli Accademici Serra, Carrega e Piaggio.*

MACHIAVEL begins his discussion of the question, whether Dante wrote Italian, Tuscan or Florentine, by a remark so extremely absurd, that, we venture to assert, the most foolish of the common herd of writers would never have ventured to make it, if indeed we except some of the newspapers, who appear frequently to transcribe it. He says, that it is the duty of a good patriot, in all controversies in which the honour of his country is concerned, to lean towards that side which makes for it,—thus wholly destroying the weight of his own statements, by a plain avowal, that he speaks not from his opinion, but from party motives. The learned Academicians who carry on the controversy concerning Columbus's birth-

place, seem to act pretty much upon the doctrine of the Florentine Secretary. The Academy of Turin having published, in its Memoirs, the first of these tracts, in support of the opinion that the illustrious Navigator was a Piedmontese, the Academy of Genoa comes forward to claim him as a Genoese; and avows, pretty directly, that it does so, not for the love of truth, but from the patriotic views alluded to by Machiavel, for it appoints the three learned persons whose names are mentioned above, as a committee, 'to compare with the general and old opinion,'—the one promulgated in Piedmont. We believe no doubt will be started, that the committee appointed to 'compare,' was expected to report the arguments against the pretensions of the neighbouring nation. We could not avoid remarking this very unseemly mode of investigating the *truth*, as peculiarly unworthy of scientific bodies; yet it is equally certain, that the argument is conducted on the part of the Genoese committee with great ability, and to the complete discomfiture of the Piedmontese disputant. Although the great Statesmen who preside over the destinies of 'England, of Europe and the world,' (to use their own phrase), have thought proper to unite Genoa to Piedmont, and have, we conclude, imagined that their good pleasure would instantly make the two countries one, extinguishing all rivalry and jealousy; we must nevertheless so far adhere to the ancient order of things, as to take notice of this historical question, and consider the Genoese and Piedmontese as distinct nations. As the Dissertations before us, more especially the first, are marked by the fatiguing prolixity so generally observable in Italian prose compositions, we shall [redacted]ainly not attempt to follow them closely into all the branches [redacted]he subject. It will be sufficient to give a general outline of [redacted]argument, as maintained upon both sides.

[redacted]Dr Robertson has observed, that the birth-place of Columbus cannot with certainty be ascertained; * and other historians have always concurred in the same expression of doubt. The learned authors, whose dissertations are before us, leave the question where they found it as to the *birth-place*, which must be admitted on all hands to be unknown; the argument relating only to the origin or domicile of his family. Accordingly, we find the reasoning upon both sides ushered in with disquisitions somewhat of a legal form, upon that which constitutes a man's

* Hist. of America, Book II. He makes, indeed, the same remark with respect to the time of his birth; but, in a note at the end of the book, he clearly fixes it, upon the authority of Columbus himself, to have been 1447. Note XI.

'*patria.*' Signor Napione, author of the Dissertation, observes, that though it were granted that Columbus's father had left the residence of his family, and lived in the Genoese territory at the time of his son's birth, this accidental circumstance would not make the latter a Genoese. To fortify this opinion, he cites various well known cases. Thus no one denies, that Prince Eugene belonged to Savoy, though he was born in Paris; nor do we call Boccacio a Parisian, because, beside being born there, his mother was a Frenchwoman. So Petrarch and Galileo are deemed Florentines, though born at Arezzo and Pisa respectively; and Ariosto a Ferrarese, though born at Reggio. It will bring this matter more home to our readers, if we remind them, that one whom we justly rank among *our* greatest men, the late Dr Black, was born in Bourdeaux. Yet we question whether the French might not have put in some claim to the honour of being called his countrymen, if, beside being born in their territories, he had passed a great portion of his life among them, including the whole period of his infancy and education; and had left them, at a mature age, not to return to the country of his ancestors, but to establish himself in some third domicile. Now this is the case of Columbus, upon the supposition of his being born in the Genoese territories; and wherever he may have been born, as even Signor Napione does not pretend that it was in Piedmont, or that he ever returned thither, or settled there, we cannot help suspecting, that this radical part of his argument is rather less sound than he seems to think.

The Genoese Academicians, on the other hand, prefix a whole chapter '*della patria*,' with citations from Vattel. They admit, that a man's birth-place is not always to be deemed his native country; but they contend that, generally speaking, it is so; and that the exception is when he happens to be born while his parents are for a temporary purpose sojourning abroad. They hold the *patria* to be the country in which a man's parents had their fixed residence,—what the lawyers call their *domicile*,—where they lived at the time of his birth, '*cum animo remanendi.*' We leave the contending Academics to settle this point between them, holding it a mere dispute about words, and taking the real question to be, whether Columbus was of a Piedmontese or a Genoese, or, as a third opinion has alleged, of a Placentian family.

Signor Napione, the champion of Piedmont, and his learned and very prolix editor (not that the author is himself at all deficient in prolixity) contend, that the family of the C[illegible] were anciently established as feudal lords of the C[illegible] caro, in the Monferrato. He is not the fi[illegible]

opinion, but he brings new evidence in its behalf. We mention, here, briefly and speedily, the result of his reasonings; but the reader would be egregiously deceived, who should imagine that the Dissertation arrives so quickly at a disclosure of the truth. After the preliminary remarks upon native countries in general, we have a long chapter in praise of Columbus, and of his extraordinary enterprise, exceedingly well garnished with quotations, especially from the poets. Then comes another chapter upon the importance of ascertaining his country, which the author holds to be extreme, but ingenuously admits that the discovery is not of equal value with that of America. * A third follows, upon the uncertainty of his birthplace; a fourth, to prove that he was not a Genoese; and a fifth to show why his origin is a matter of so much obscurity. We then have an account of the manner in which Fernando, Columbus's natural son, describes his family and his education, and another chapter upon the writers who, with imperfect information as to the proofs, traced its origin to the Castle of Cuccaro. Nor is it, properly speaking, before the eighth chapter, that the learned and copious author enters upon his own argument. We need not stop to analyze the chapters which have now been noticed, except as far as relates to the reasoning against the Genoese. The evidence of his son, Ferdinand, is very important. He wrote, as is well known, a very interesting history of his illustrious father's life; and it is remarkable, that although he had been brought up by him, and lived much with him, and was sixteen years old at the time of his death, he knew nothing decisive of the question. He mentions Nerir, Cogoreo, and Bugiasco, three small places near Genoa, as being 'pitched upon by those who desired to cast a shade upon 'the renown of his father.'—While others (he adds) 'wish-'ing to exalt it, described him as a Savonese, Genoese, or 'Placentian.'—But between these different accounts he gives no decision: He only says, that while God was pleased to give him all the endowments necessary for the success of his great enterprise, he also ordained that his native country should be unknown.—Moreover, it is worthy of remark, that he came to Genoa with the view of prosecuting his inquiries into matters relating to his father, and was well received by the principal persons of the city; yet he appears to have found no evidence sufficient to cast any light upon the matter. Our author, however, admits that Oviedo, a contemporary writer, and who was

* 'Io certamente non diro mai che lo scoprir la patria del Colombo tià impresa da equagliarsi allo scoprimento dell' America.' p. 21.

a page in the Spanish Court, states the report among his countrymen to have been universally, that Columbus was a Ligurian.

Let us now see how the position is made out, that the Castle of Cuccaro was both the domicile and the property of the Columbus family. The argument comes ushered in with apologies for the sources from whence it is drawn, namely, the dry and uninteresting records of a court of justice; but, adds the author from Catullus—the lily springs from rotten soil. We could very easily get over this objection to it, if there were not much more fatal ones, as we shall presently see. Columbus, as is well known, obtained from the Crown the right of creating a Magorasco, or entail in his family, upon a certain series of heirs. About seventy years after his decease, the line of male descendants failed, by the death, without issue, of Diego, his great grandson. A question then arose between Don Migno di Portogallo, (grandson of Columbus's granddaughter), Count of Gelves, and two obscure foreigners, who came over to claim this magnificent inheritance, under the original settlement of the Admiral. These were a certain Bernardo Columbus, of Cogoleto, in the Genoese territory, who was speedily disposed of by the Court, and one Balthazar Columbus of Cuccaro, who was a much more pertinacious litigant. We need not trouble our readers with the particulars of this question, further than to state, that it was finally decided in favour of the Count of Gelves *upon the construction of the will;* the Court being of opinion that although Balthazar stood in the relationship to the testator which he pretended, namely, that of his uncle's great-great-grandson, still he was excluded by the issue of the granddaughter, in respect of the limitations in the entail.* Now, the author of the Dissertation has, it seems, for the first time, got possession of a complete set of these proceedings; and he contends that they prove the fact of the claimant's relationship; and the claimant, it is said, was certainly of the Cuccaro family. First, he maintains, that it was admitted by the other party; and he comments legally and technically, according to the doctrines of the Roman law, upon the force of a judicial admission. We can assure the reader, without dragging him through the particulars, that there is nothing like an admission in the proceedings. It is only at the utmost, and even by the author's own showing, the kind of admission which a party makes, who says, 'Grant all my adversary asserts in point of fact to be true, and still he has no case

* It was a question similar to those so well known in England, respecting the construction of limitations upon an indefinite failure of issue

in law;—it is in short a demurrer, and nothing more. But in truth it was not even so much as that.' Balthazar, by the length of the proceedings in his hopeless cause, fell into extreme poverty, and applied for an alimentary provision out of funds left by the Admiral for the benefit of his needy relations. As one of these, he threw himself upon the mercy of the opposite party, who only said, he should not oppose the application to the Court, provided it were without prejudice to his right and title. The Council of the Indies, however, the Court who tried the cause, and had the disposal of the funds, after a year's deliberation, rejected the claim, and decided against the claimant, soon after, upon the merits of the cause. Now, as the Genoese academicians well remark, it is worthy of observation, that in this decision against the claim of aliment, the Court had nothing to consider but the single question of Balthazar's relationship, that is, of Columbus's being of the Cuccaro family; and further, that by the rules of law in questions of aliment, the utmost strictness of proof is not required. 'Non est procedendum rigorose et per apicem juris; sed sufficit id ex quo *suspicari possit* victoriam ad actorem pertinere.' So that, as far as the judicial proceeding is evidence in the present controversy, the weight lies against the argument of the Piedmontese authors. Indeed, they appear to be aware of this themselves; for, with a degree of disingenuousness only to be found in controversies where the petty feelings of national animosity at once encourage and blind the combatants, they have suppressed all mention of the decision. They pompously detail the admission of the parties, and draw from thence an argument, that the relationship was clearly proved. They do not add, that the Court declared its opinion to be the reverse; and, after this notable piece of candour, they add, 'potra ciascuno di noi esclamare con intima compiacenza, come già Archimede, *ho trovato.*' *Diss. p.* 72.

The next proof urged in defence of their position, is, if possible, more feeble; it is the opinion of Sordi, a famous lawyer of those times, we are told, upon Balthazar's case. This opinion is brought out with the usual parade and boasting of these learned persons, as a new and irrefragable evidence in the controversy, and compared to pure gold found in rocky places. To be sure we are somewhat let down in our expectations of the value of this treasure, by the first sentence of the statement, namely, that the proof is contained, not in any thing said by Sordi, but in his silence. It seems his opinion was taken after Balthazar's evidence to prove his pedigree had been adduced; and he gives his answers in Balthazar's favour, with his reasons, saying nothing that implies any doubt of the relationship being

substantiated. Now, we have carefully examined all that the author of the Dissertation has thought fit to give of this opinion, and the reasons in its support; and the reader may rely upon it, that the case laid before Sordi took the proof of the pedigree for granted. A tree was given, to which he refers; and the question put to him related merely to the point of law, the construction of Columbus's will.

The proofs adduced by Balthazar in the cause, to trace his relationship, form the next and most material part of the Piedmontese argument. A variety of witnesses, it seems, were examined in the neighbourhood of Cuccaro, who all spoke to the report of the Admiral's being a descendant of the family. They asserted that they had heard a hundred and twenty-eight different persons speak of this; and three of the witnesses said they heard it from a certain Cornacchia di Vignale, who had sailed with Columbus. As for the documentary evidence, it consists of feudal investitures, which prove nothing more than that certain persons of the name of Columbus were proprietors of Cuccaro, a thing not denied by any one. The only matter, then, to be regarded, is the depositions of the witnesses. Now, it must be observed that they all came from the spot, and at a period when the national vanity was concerned in proving Columbus to be a countryman, as well as in gaining Balthazar's highly important cause against the Spanish claimants. Besides, they differ among themselves; some outstripping others in their zeal, as might be expected in such circumstances. Thus, one says that Columbus and his brothers were *born* at Cuccaro, which never has been pretended by any other person, and is formally disclaimed by Balthazar himself. Further, it must be remembered that all the witnesses were speaking to an event about a century and a half prior to the time of their examination. As for those who cited the testimony of Cornacchia, we must observe, that they differed materially in their accounts. One said that Cornacchia told him he had sailed with Columbus at the age of twenty, and been discharged for sea-sickness; another, that he was a hundred and twenty years old when he died; and a third, that he sailed in Columbus's first voyage to the West Indies, which was in 1492, and would make Cornacchia's age thirty at the least, instead of twenty, the evidence being given in 1583; but as the man was dead some time before, he must have been considerably above thirty at the date of the voyage.

But the story told by these witnesses, not to mention the impossibility of one discharged for sickness sailing on the voyage of discovery, and that of Balthazar and of Signor Napione himself, is wholly destitute of probability, and quite irreconcileable with the

known facts, more especially with the statements of Don Ferdinand, the Admiral's son. No one can believe that the latter could have been ignorant of the origin of his family, if it was so currently talked of by his father, that a man who was on board his ship a few days, and then sent ashore as unfit to keep the sea, knew all about it. The ignorance of Ferdinand plainly shows, that for some reason or other Columbus avoided the subject. It is equally incredible, that the facts which Ferdinand could learn nothing of when he visited Genoa, should, twenty years afterwards, be so well known to every body in the neighbouring territory of the Montferrato. But, most of all is the discrepancy to be noted between what he says of his family being in a reduced state, and what the Piedmontese story sets forth. Ferdinand's words are, that the Admiral's progenitors were of noble origin, but fallen by reverse of fortune into great necessity and distress; and that he had not been able to discover how they supported themselves. This is surely a very different account from that of the Cuccaro witnesses, and Piedmontese academicians, who make them lords of castles; and that of Balthazar, who says the Admiral's grandfather was so important a personage, that he left the guardianship of his children to the sovereign of the country at his death. Signor Napione, indeed, seems aware how much this discrepancy is likely to affect his hypothesis, for he devotes a chapter to an attempt at reconciling it with Ferdinand's narrative. As a single failure in this attempt is sufficient to decide the question, we shall go no further than to show, that his own account leaves the family much too wealthy to answer Ferdinand's description. In page 97, where he is trying to bring down the share that fell to Domenico, the Admiral's father, of the grandfather's castles, he omits one, Conzano, altogether. But his share of Cuccaro alone is admitted to be worth fifty * *scudi-d'oro* a year; equal to above three hundred at the present time;—a fortune which, we apprehend, no native of Piedmont would, even at this day, describe as importing 'great necessity and distress.' Besides, it is to be remarked that Ferdinand's account is wholly inconsistent with the supposition of the Admiral's father having been the first poor man among his ancestors, or rather, we should say, the first man not in great affluence; and Signor Napione is compelled to admit, that according to his story the grandfather had, from one of his castles alone, a revenue equal to above six thousand scudi-d'oro of the present day. We conceive this failure in the description to be so fatal to the identity of the Columbus family of Cuccaro

* The author says a *twentieth* in one line, and an *eighteenth* in another. We take the smallest sum.

with that mentioned by Ferdinand, that no further reasons need be offered to destroy the hypothesis of the Admiral being a Piedmontese. But, before dismissing Signor Napione's work, we must protest against so confident an appeal to judicial proceedings in questions of historical research. No doubt, the rules of evidence adopted by Courts of Justice are in many cases as strict, and in some more strict, than those which guide the historian in his decisions upon disputed facts. But one circumstance perpetually interferes to prevent our relying upon the facts admitted or held to be proved in those courts; they must decide for or against; they cannot leave the matter doubtful:—whereas the historian is not bound to determine, and follows no such peremptory injunction, but may leave any point undecided, if there be not satisfactory means of ascertaining it.

We have already remarked, that the tract of the Genoese Academicians is much abler, and more conclusive;—it has also the great advantage of being incomparably more concise. Indeed, it is neither interrupted by the endless digressions, nor loaded with the disproportioned appendix, which render the other work hardly legible. We have anticipated the arguments by which these learned and ingenious persons refute the position, that Columbus came from Cuccaro. It remains only to state, shortly, the substance of the evidence in favour of the received opinion, that he was a Genoese; for those who contend, that he came from Pradello, in the Placentian territory, have not only to get rid of a strong expression against this notion, used by Ferdinand in his History, but the document upon which they principally rely, an award made respecting a claim to the property of Domenico, the Admiral's father, *ab intestato*, during the absence of his sons, * is not only liable to just suspicions, but proves, if admitted to be authentic, that Domenico had been long established at Genoa. Upon the whole, the received opinion seems the best founded, and the least liable to any fatal objections; although, from the circumstance of the Admiral's family having fallen into great misery and obscurity, it may be impossible to ascertain the point precisely.

It has been generally believed in that country, that the immediate ancestors of Columbus were engaged in the weaving of woollen cloths; that some of them were seafaring men. Now, several documents are produced, of unquestioned authenticity, in

* They are described as having gone abroad long ago in quest of unknown islands, and never since been heard of—an expression quite inconsistent with the great fame of the expedition, and the speedy success that attended it.

which transactions respecting the sale, and transportation by sea, of that commodity, by persons whose names agree with those of his family, as do also the dates of the instruments with the time of their living, are recorded. It deserves, too, to be mentioned, that Balthazar, in the course of the lawsuit, repeatedly admits the Admiral to have been born at Genoa; and that Saliviero, a learned lawyer of that age, and the historian Herrera, also a contemporary, adopt the same opinion without hesitation. But the chief evidence is drawn from a will of the Admiral, dated in 1497, in which he expressly describes himself as a Genoese, and bequeaths a legacy to the Republick. This being decisive of the question, if allowed to be genuine, its authenticity has been attacked by the advocates of the opposite positions—principally on the ground of the Republick never having claimed the bequest, and of a pretended singularity in the subscription. Here the proceedings in the lawsuit are of material use towards proving the document. It was given in evidence, and mainly relied on by one party. The others never disputed its authenticity at all—They only denied its validity as an entail of the property and offices. Balthazar himself at first asserted, that it was not a valid entail; but he finally admitted it to be clothed with all the requisite solemnities. It is alleged, that Don Ferdinand makes no mention of it in his History. But if this argument were admitted, it would prove that the Admiral made no will at all, as he alludes to none; yet all parties admit the authenticity of some will or other. There are several corroborating circumstances produced by the Genoese Academicians in behalf of the document, which we shall not enter further into, than to observe, that no reasonable doubt of its authenticity seems to remain; and we are therefore spared the trouble of any more detailed statement of their argument in support of the commonly received opinion. It may only be proper to notice the supposed objection, drawn from a source deserving of the utmost attention, the History of Don Ferdinand; in which it is said, that some derived his birth from three small places near Genoa, and others from Savona, Genoa itself, and Placentia; but that all the writer can say, is, that God has left it uncertain. From another passage, however, it seems pretty clear, that he himself, however uncertain as to the precise spot, believed it to be on the sea-coast, and consequently in the Genoese territory. For he says, with his wonted simplicity and piety, 'that some persons would have had 'him essay to trace the Admiral's descent from noble blood, 'but that he refrained therefrom,—believing that our Lord, 'who had elected him for so great a work as the one he did

'accomplish, and appointed him his chosen apostle, as in truth 'he was, willed that he should be like the other apostles, whom 'he had called from the *seas and rivers*, and not from high 'places and palaces, to make known his name to the nations.' We must add a remark, with regard to the argument drawn from the passage commonly given in histories of Columbus, and adopted by Dr Robertson from Herrera, that he first made an offer of his services in the Voyage of Discovery to the Republick of Genoa, as his native country. There seems very great doubt respecting the truth of this received anecdote; and accordingly, the Genoese Academicians do not rely upon it.—In fact, the earliest Genoese writers who mention Columbus, Gallo and Senarega, do not in any way allude to it; and Pietro Maffei not only makes no mention of the proposition to the Genoese government, but expressly says—'Lusitano *ante omnes* Regi illam expeditionem suasit:' whereas the common story is, that he gave the preference to his countrymen. We thought it fair to remove this undue addition to the weight of an argument sufficiently powerful without it.

We shall close this article with calling the reader's attention to a document of great curiosity in the history of the illustrious man of whose origin we have been discoursing, and which nevertheless appears to have been almost entirely overlooked by the celebrated authors who have treated of his story. It is a letter written by him upon his return from the first voyage in which he discovered the New World. He landed, as is well known, at Lisbon, and remained there a few days before sailing for Palos, from whence he had departed. During that short residence, afraid, it should seem, lest some accident of the sea might prevent him from reaching the seat of the Spanish government, as indeed he had suffered severely from two recent storms, which had placed in the utmost hazard his return to Europe, he addressed to one Don Raphael Sanzio, of the King's Council, a concise but very interesting narrative of his prodigious discoveries. Of the original Spanish letter, we have not been able to learn any thing; nor do we believe that it ever was published; for Muñoz, who mentions his having seen it, says, that it was in the 'Manuscript History of Bernaldez, who had preserved 'it almost intire.' That this precious document should never have been printed, will excite the less surprise, when we recollect that there is great reason to doubt whether the original work of Don Ferdinand itself was ever published. This at least is certain, that for ages it has only been known through the Italian translation; that no older edition of any kind is extant; and that no author ever has mentioned the original Spanish.

Of the letter of Columbus, then, we have only a Latin translation, which is extremely rare, as it should seem, from the historians having made hardly any mention of it. Even Dr Robertson, the most diligent of mankind, appears to have been ignorant of its existence. He makes not the slightest allusion to it: nor does Don Ferdinand, in his work already so often referred to. There is a copy of this letter in the Brera library at Milan, printed in 1493, and the only one extant of that most ancient edition. We have seen three other copies in the French King's library at Paris, and compared them with this. The one most nearly resembling it, forms part of a work published in 1494, and intitled, '*Caroli Verardi in laudem Serenissimi* '*Fernandi Hisp. Reg. &c. &c. Obsidio, Victoria et triumphus* '*et de insulis in Mari Indico nuper repertis.*' * The latter part of the title is found to refer wholly to Columbus's letter. It is printed again in a collection of six pieces by Henricus Petrus at Basil, in the year 1533, who says he took them all '*ex an-*'*tiquo et scripto exemplari.*' And it is given, with less correctness, in the collection called Hispania Illustrata, tom. II. p. 1282, published in 1603 at Frankfort. The only two other copies known to exist, are the one in the Magliabechi Library at Florence, described by Fossius, and another at Rome, in the Casanata Library. The English translation, which we shall subjoin, of this piece, is from the Milanese copy, the most ancient and correct, together with the MS. note upon it. We have a few particulars further to premise.

It is clear, that the Admiral confines himself to a very short account of his grand discovery; for he makes no mention of some of the incidents, the most touching him personally, in the course of his voyage. Thus, he says nothing of the discontents and mutiny of his crew; the alarm excited by the variation of the compass; the loss of his vessel by shipwreck in the West Indies; the desertion of Pinson; the separation of the Pinto,

* Our readers will be edified with the following specimen of the strain in which true Castilians venerate their legitimate Sovereign. After exulting in his great attributes, the panegyrist comes to the fruitful topic of his vast power, and says, 'De auctoritate in rege 'presertim supervacaverim est dicere; quem omnes socii et popu-'lares colunt ut deum; nostri *metuunt ut pestem.*' To the worship of his neighbours, the Royal descendant of Ferdinand may have succeeded for any thing we know; to the peculiar species of veneration rendered to that Prince by his faithful subjects, we believe he has pretty fully established his claims—and so loyal a people are not likely to withhold it.

which, it must be observed, had not rejoined him when the letter was written,—for she arrived after him at Palos. Nor does he allude to the two violent storms on the voyage homewards, one of which had so nearly prevented his return. With respect to the more publick transactions, he scarcely omits any of importance. From these omissions, no discredit is thrown upon the document, which is incontestably genuine. But a very extraordinary circumstance might seem at first to occasion some doubts. Columbus says, that he arrived in the Indian Sea the thirty-third day after his departure. Now, by the concurrent testimony of all historians, from Don Ferdinand to Dr Robertson, he sailed from Palos the third of August 1492, and discovered the island of Guanahani or St Salvador, on the night of the eleventh of October, or rather at two in the morning of the twelfth. Nor is it possible that he could have made the passage in the shorter period, under the difficulties of a first voyage, and including his stopping at the Canaries. We take it that this difficulty is easily removed, by attending to the words of the translation. 'Tricesimo tertio die postquam a *Gadibus* discessi.' He never sailed from Cadiz—but from Palos; and '*Gadibus*' must be an error of the translator or his printer for *Gomera*, the Canary Island whence he took his departure; and where, as Robertson observes, the voyage of discovery may be said properly to begin. Now, according to Don Ferdinand, he left Gomera on the sixth of September; and thirty-three days from that brings him to the ninth of October, when he certainly was in the Indian Sea, and so confident of making land, that he only desired his mutinous crew to bridle their impatience for three days longer, and he assured them of landing within that time, as in fact they did. If, however, the time refers to his discovering land, and not to his arrival in the Indian Seas, then we submit that the difference of three days is easily accounted for, upon the supposition of the number having been originally written in figures thus, XXXVI; and the translator or printer having copied III, instead of VI, by a natural blunder.

Don Ferdinand says, that he entered the Tagus on the *fourth* of March 1493—came before Lisbon on the *fifth*—was sent for by the King the *seventh*—departed for Seville on Wednesday the *thirteenth*—and arrived at Palos on Friday the *fifteenth*. Dr Robertson states his departure on the ninth, which was the day he returned from his visit to the court. Now the letter is dated the *fourteenth*. But this seems a discrepancy of no moment. In all probability, the date was written XIII. in the original Spanish; and the translator, or the copy from which he wrote, made it XIV.

Translation of COLUMBUS's *Letter from the Latin of the Milanese Edition,*

CONCERNING THE DISCOVERED ISLANDS.

A Letter of Christopher Columbus (to whom our age is much indebted) concerning the Islands lately discovered in the Indian Sea—in search of which he had been sent eight months before, under the auspices, and at the expense of the most invincible Ferdinand, King of the Spains—addressed to the Magnifico Don Raphael Sanxio, Treasurer of the same most Serene King: Which Letter, the Noble and learned Aleander de Cosco has translated from the Original Spanish into Latin—on the third of the Kalends of May 1493—*in the first year of the Pontificate of Alexander Sixth.*

HAVING now accomplished the undertaking upon which I set out, I know that it will be agreeable to you to be informed of all that I have done and discovered in my voyage. On the thirty-third day after I had left Cadiz, I reached the Indian Ocean, where I found a great many islands, peopled by innumerable inhabitants, of all which I took possession, without resistance, in the name of our most illustrious King, with public proclamation and hoisting our colours. To the first of these islands, I gave the name of the Divine Saviour, trusting to whose protection I had reached it and all the rest. Its Indian name, however, is Guana-hanyk. In like manner, I gave new names to the whole. One was named from Holy Mary of the Conception—another Fernandina—another Isabella—another Joanna—and in like manner of the rest. When we landed upon that island, which, I have just said, was named Joanna, I proceeded along its shore, somewhat towards the west, and found it of so great an extent, without any apparent termination, that I conceived it not to be an island, but part of the Continent—a province of Cathay. However, you see neither cities nor towns situated on its shores—only a few villages and rural farms. I could not enter into conversation with its inhabitants; and, accordingly, as soon as they saw us, they took to flight. I advanced forward, thinking that I should find some town, or country houses; but, at length, perceiving that nothing new was likely to appear, however far we might go—and that our progress was carrying us directly north, which I was particularly desirous to avoid, as winter was now set in, and the winds were besides favourable for our voyage southwards, the direction which I wished, I determined to make no further search, but returned to a harbour, whose situation I had marked. I notwithstanding sent from hence two of our men into the country, to inquire, whether there were any king or cities in the province. They pursued their course for three days, and met with innumerable people and inhabitants—a paltry race, however, and without any government;—so they returned. I had, in the mean time, been informed by some Indians, whom I found there, that the country was in fact an island. I accordingly proceeded to

wards the east, always keeping along the shores, for three hundred and twenty-two miles, where the island is terminated. From hence I saw another island to the east, distant from this of Joanna 54 miles, to which I immediately gave the name of Hispaña, and made for it. As I had before done at Joanna, I coursed along it to the east, by the north, for 564 miles. Joanna, and the rest of these islands are astonishingly fertile. This one is surrounded by the safest and most admirable harbours which I ever saw: There are likewise in it many very lofty mountains. All these islands are very beautifully shaped, in a great diversity of forms. They abound in the finest variety of trees, so lofty that they seem to reach the stars—never, I believe, without foliage; for, when I saw them, they were as beautiful and green as our trees in Spain are in the month of May—some in flower—others bearing fruit—others in a different state, but each most suited to its quality: The nightingale, and innumerable other birds of all kinds, sung amidst their shades; and yet it was the month of November when I passed under them. In the above-mentioned island of Joanna, there are moreover seven or eight kinds of palm-trees; which, for stature and beauty, (as indeed may be said of all their other trees, herbs, and fruits), far surpass ours. There are pines, too, of an admirable beauty—fields and meadows of the utmost extent—birds of many different species—honey of various flavours—metals of all kinds, except iron. In that one which, as I have already said, I called Hispaña, the mountains are the highest—the country and woods are of great extent—the meadows very fruitful, and particularly well adapted for corn, pasture, or the situation of houses. The convenience of the harbours in this island, and the abundance and salubrity of the rivers, must almost exceed the belief of those who have not seen them. Its trees, pastures and fruits, are very different from those in Joanna. It abounds, besides, in various sorts of aromatics,—in gold and metals. Of this island, and of all the others which I have seen or obtained any knowledge of, the inhabitants go naked, both sexes alike, just as they were born; except that some of the women have a leaf, or some sort of cotton covering, which they themselves prepare for that purpose, about their middle. As I have already said, all these people are utterly without iron of any sort;—they are also without arms, of which they know not the use, and indeed would be ill adapted to make use of them; not from any bodily defects, for they are well formed, but because they are remarkably timid and fearful. The only kinds of arms they possess are canes parched in the sun, on the roots of which they fix a sort of spearhead of dry wood sharpened into a point: Yet these they do not often dare to use—for it frequently happened that when I had sent two or three of my men, to some of the villages that they might have communication with their inhabitants—a whole body of Indians would come out;—but no sooner did they see our men approach, than off they set, parents deserting their children, and children their parents without any scruple. Nor was this owing to any

violence on my part, as I was particularly anxious that they should meet with no injury;—on the contrary, among whatever people I landed, or whom I could bring to a conference, I always imparted to them, in quantities, whatever I happened to have—such as cloths and many other things—nor took any thing from them in return.—But they are by nature of a very timid disposition.—Whenever they know themselves to be in safety however, and get over their fears, they are an uncommonly simple and honest people—very liberal in bestowing whatever they possess.—They never refuse a request: nay they themselves invited us to make demands of them.—They have in truth a show of the greatest good will to all: they give things of great value for what is of scarce any—and are indeed content with very little or almost nothing in exchange. I however made a point that they should not be imposed upon by the very trifling and worthless articles which were apt to be given them, such as broken bits of earthen ware, or of glass—likewise nails;—although the truth is, if they might but obtain these, they thought themselves possessed of the most beautiful ornaments in the world. A sailor, on one occasion, got for one nail as great a weight of gold as would have made three golden nobles: and in the same way, for other articles of still less value, they gave whatever the purchaser was inclined to ask them.—But because I felt this to be an unjust species of traffic, I forbid it; and gave them many useful and beautiful articles which I had brought along with me, without any return being asked—that I might render them more friendly to me—that I might gain them over to the Christian faith—that they might be well affected towards our King, Queen, Nobles, and the whole Spanish people, and might search out for those things in which themselves abound, and of which we are much in want, and, laying up stores of them, have wherewithal to enter into traffic with us.—They have no idolatry amongst them;—but seem to have a firm persuasion, that all force, power, and all good things, are from Heaven,—from whence indeed they imagined that I had come down with my ships and sailors; as I discovered from them, after they had so far lost their apprehensions as to converse with us.—They are neither sluggish, nor rude,—on the contrary they are of an intelligent and piercing mind;—and the relations which those of them who ferry across the seas give of the various particulars which they have seen, are very distinct and lively.—But none of them had ever before seen any people clothed, or ships such as ours.—As soon as I had come into that sea, I carried off by force from the first island which I reached, a few of the inhabitants, who might be instructed by us, and instruct us in the course of our voyage, concerning the matters with which they were conversant;—and the plan turned out remarkably well. In a very short time, we understood them, and they us by gestures and signs, and even words;—and they were of very great use to us. They never, however, gave up the impression, however long they remained with us (and indeed they still are with us) that I had lighted down from Heaven;—and they spread the notion wherever we

landed—calling out with a loud voice, which was repeated from one to another—Come, Come, and you will see a race of ethereal people!—The consequence has been, that, laying aside their fears formerly entertained, vast crowds of men and women, children and adults, young and old, came round us from all quarters; some offering us meat, others drink, with the utmost and most incredible kindness.— All these Islands possess many boats made of solid wood,—and although very narrow, yet resembling our boats both in length and form, only considerably more rapid in their course.—They are managed by oars only. Some of them are large, others small, and others again of a middling size. With the larger ones they pass from one island to another, and carry on a traffic throughout them all, innumerable as they are. I have seen some of these boats or barges which carried seventy or eighty rowers. In all these islands there is no diversity in the appearance of the people; their manners and speech are alike—so that they all understand one another:—a circumstance peculiarly important for the purpose which our most Serene King had principally in view—their conversion, I mean, to the holy faith of Christ. As far as I can make out, they are very far from being disinclined to it. I already mentioned how I coasted along the island Joanna 322 miles to the east; and I am persuaded, from what I saw and heard, that this island is greater than England and Scotland together. It contains two other provinces which I did not see, one of which the Indians call Anan, where there are men with tails—and that province is 180 miles long, according to the report of those Indians whom I carry along with me, and who are very well acquainted with these islands. The circumference of Hispaña I take to be greater than that of all Spain, *a Cologna usque ad fontem rubidum*—if I may reckon as a fourth of the whole, that side, which I passed along in a right line from west to east, about 540 miles. On this island of Hispaña, although I had solemnly taken possession of all these islands in the name of our invincible King—I yet fixed upon a spot more advantageous than any other for commerce, and every opportunity of wealth—with a view to the erection of a metropolis, to which I have given the name of our Lord's Nativity—and of which, in a more peculiar manner, I have taken possession for the King. There I immediately gave orders for the building a fort, which will soon be finished—in which as many men as may be necessary, with all sorts of arms, and more than a year's provision, may be left. Here likewise I shall establish a carpenter's workshop, and leave people skilled, not only in this, but in other arts, partly on account of the great friendship and kindness which I have experienced from the King of this island, the inhabitants of which have been most amiable and well-affected; and the King has even gloried in styling me his brother. If they should change their dispositions, they yet cannot hurt those who are left in the fort, however desirous they might be of doing so. They have a great dread of arms—are themselves naked, and remarkably timid—so that the possessors of the fort may in fact be said to possess the whole island,

without any hazard to themselves, if they will keep within the laws and regulations which I have prescribed for them. In all these islands, according to my information, no man has more than one wife, except the Chiefs and Kings, who may have as many as twenty. The women seem to work more than the men; and I have not been able to discover, whether there is any such thing as separate property; for I have always seen these people impart to each other whatever they had, particularly food, and things of that sort. I found no monsters among them, as some have imagined, but everywhere men of a very estimable and benign aspect. Neither are they black, like the Africans: their hair is smooth and long. Indeed, they do not live in a country where the solar rays are particularly powerful, being distant from the equator about six-and-twenty degrees. The cold is very severe on the tops of the mountains. Yet the Indians of these regions prevent its most disagreeable effects, partly by the use of very high-seasoned food, of which they are extremely fond; and custom inures them to the climate. There are then, as I have said, no monsters, at least that I saw; and the only information I received of any such, was of the inhabitants of an island called Charis, which, to those who are sailing for India, follows second in order immediately after the island of Hispaña. This people are looked upon by their neighbours as very ferocious, so as even to eat human flesh. They have many various sorts of boats, with which they pass into all the Indian islands, and carry off whatever they lay their hands on. They differ in no respect in appearance from the other islanders, except that they have long hair like women. They make use of bows, and cane spears with whetted points, fixed, as I have already described, in the thicker part. From their ferocity, they are objects of great terror to the rest of the Indians; but, for my part, they do not seem to me more formidable than the others. They cohabit with a race of women who are the sole inhabitants of another island immediately succeeding Hispaña, as you sail for India. These women are not employed in the common occupations of their sex, but, like their husbands, carry bows and spears, and are protected by plates of brass, with which their island abounds. I have been told that there is another island still larger than Hispaña: its inhabitants have no spears—but, like all the others, are overflowing with gold. Some of the inhabitants of this, and of the other islands which I have seen, I have along with me, who confirm, by their testimony, the above particulars.

To conclude with summing up, in a few words, the advantages to be derived from this our short voyage and speedy return—I may fairly promise, that I can supply our invincible Sovereigns, if I am supported by their kind assistance, with as much gold as they can have occasion for—and as great a quantity of aromatics and aloes and rhubarb, as their Majesties may think proper to require. I have no doubt that these will be collected in great abundance by the men whom I have left in the fort—for I myself made no longer stay than the winds forced me—except the time that I remained in the

city of the Nativity while the fort was building, and I was providing for the safety of those who were to be left. These are very great, and, as yet, unheard of advantages; but they might be much further extended, if, as would be reasonable, a supply of ships should be given me. This great and wonderful field of discovery is far beyond our merit, and can correspond only to the magnificence of the Christian Faith, and to the piety and religion of our Sovereigns. It is not the accomplishment of an human intellect, but is truly the gift of the Divine Mind. It is not unusual indeed with God to listen to the entreaties of his servants who love his precepts, even when they seem to be asking impossibilities—as appears to have been his dealing with us who have been permitted to perform, what the powers of men had never before so much as bordered upon. For whatever may have been hinted in former times of the existence of these islands, either in writings or in discourse, it is certain that it was only by obscure conjecture, and that no one ever asserted that he had seen them; and accordingly, their existence appeared merely fabulous. Let then our King and Queen, their Nobles, and all their happy realms—and indeed all the nations of Christendom, return thanks to our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ, because he has magnified us with so great bounty and victory:—let solemn processions and other holy offices be celebrated; and let the temples be veiled with festive boughs. Glory be henceforth to Christ on the earth, as there is glory in the Heavens—for he is advancing forth to bring salvation to the perishing souls of the Heathen. Let us too rejoice, both on account of the exaltation of our Faith, and of the increase of our temporal advantages, in which not only Spain but all Christendom will participate. This then is a short narration of our performances. Farewell.——Lisbon, the day before the Ides of March.

We subjoin the MS. note describing the volume from which the above letter is extracted.

'Constat foliolis novem in 8° vel 4° parvo. Fol. primo recto habentur insignia Regis Hispaniar. cum Inscriptione Reg. Hispaniae; eod. verso tabula exhibens *Oceanicam classem.* Fol. 2do recto Epistolae initium cum titulo supra relato cui praemittuntur haec verba char. maj. *De Insulis Inventis.* Eodem fol. 2. verso tabula exhibens Insulam Hyspanam. Fol. 3. recto sequitur Epistola, eodem verso tabula exhibens Insulas Fernandam, Isabellam, &c. Fol. 4. sequitur textus. Fol. 5. recto iteratur tabula exhibens *Oceanicam classem.* eod. verso, uti & fol. 6°. sequitur textus. Fol. 7°. verso tabula exhibens Insulam Hyspanam. Deinde sequitur textus usque ad 9m fol. rectum quo Epistola absolvitur absque ulla nota typograph. char. est Gothicus nitidus. Lineae in qualibet pag. 27. Desunt custodes & numeri paginar. Fol. 1m. 2m. 3m. & 4m. prae se ferunt signaturas i, ij, iij. Tabulae ligno exculptae, sed satis elegantes. Initiales literae minio pictae.

Editionem hanc, quae Saci est XV. nullibi descriptam invenimus.

Edition. alteram Saci pariter XV. memorat Fossius (F. I. p. 561) sed ab hac nostra plane diversam, utpote quae quatuor solum° plagulis constat, tabulis caret, &c.

ART. XI. *Statements respecting the East India College, with an Appeal to Facts, in refutation of the Charges lately brought against it in the Court of Proprietors.* By the Rev. T. R. MALTHUS, Professor of History and Political Economy in the East India College, Hertfordshire, and late Fellow of Jesus College, Cambridge. London. 1817.

THESE 'Statements' we trust, will not fail to command that attention which is eminently due to every subject recommended by the name of their author. Distinguished as his writings are, not more by their originality and reach, than by their tendency to the practical improvement of society, we are not aware that he has often touched on matters of greater moment than those now before us. To the inconsiderate, indeed, Hertford College may appear of much the same importance with Harrow; and the abolition of either may seem an affair of individual interest rather than of national concernment. But others will recollect, that this seminary is the avenue to the civil appointments of India, and that it sends forth those who ought to dispense the blessings of regular government to sixty millions of people, and on whom depends the present happiness, perhaps the future destinies, of British Asia.

It seems almost frivolous to observe, that it is impossible to estimate correctly, either the utility of the Hertford establishment, or the propriety of the studies pursued there, except in reference to the functions to be discharged by those whom it is intended to educate, and the qualifications they are required to possess. But, however plain this may be in reason, we are afraid it has been so little regarded in practice, that many have presumed to condemn the College, without even adverting to the ends it is designed to attain. It is curious, though mortifying, to hear a well known Proprietor censuring, and with ridicule, any attempt to enlarge, by instruction in the moral sciences, the minds of our youth destined for India, whose future occupations he has represented to be, (p. 90.) 'the 'weighing of tea, the counting of bales, and the measuring 'of muslins;' but it is more natural and excusable, that many, whose pursuits have never made them acquainted with East India affairs, should still view the Company in their original character of traders, and deem a mercantile education the most suitable for their servants. Such persons, whose er-

ror is not willing, but accidental, may submit to be told, that though the East India Company, in its commencement, was a corporation of merchants, occupied in augmenting the profits of its commercial monopoly; yet it has grown, by a progress of unparalleled prosperity, to be the sovereign of a mighty empire. The duties and conditions of its servants, have undergone a corresponding change. From being clerks, factors or writers, they are now advanced to the situation of Judges, Ministers of State, and Governors of provinces. This revolution, principally suggested to the Marquis Wellesley, whom Mr Malthus has called 'the ablest Governor-General that India ever saw,' the celebrated establishment which he proposed to found at Fort-William; and it may be useful on this point to extract some observations from his Lordship's Minute in Council, dated August 18. 1800.

'In proportion,' it is there observed, 'to the extension of this beneficial system, the duties of the European civil servants of the East India Company, are become of greater magnitude and importance: The denominations of writer, factor, and merchant, by which the several classes of the civil service are still distinguished, are now utterly inapplicable to the nature and extent of the duties discharged, and of the occupations pursued by the civil servants of the Company. To dispense justice to millions of people of various languages, manners, usages and religions;—to administer a vast and complicated system of revenue, throughout districts equal in extent to some of the most considerable kingdoms in Europe:—to maintain civil order in one of the most populous and litigious regions of the world:—these are now the duties of the larger proportion of the civil servants of the Company.'

After further remarks respecting the judicial functions, he continues—

'These observations are sufficient to prove, that no more arduous or complicated duties of Magistracy exist in the world, no qualifications more various or comprehensive can be imagined, than those which are required from any British subject who enters the seat of Judgment, within the limits of the Company's empire in India.' He then passes to the administration of the Revenue, and, in general, to the Political, Financial and Diplomatic employments; and adds—'The Civil servants of the English East India Company, therefore, can no longer be considered as the agents of a commercial concern; they are, in fact, the ministers and officers of a powerful sovereign; they must now be viewed in that capacity, with reference, not to their nominal, but to their real occupations. They are required to discharge the functions of magistrates, judges, ambassadors and governors of provinces, in all the complicated and extensive relations of those sacred trusts and exalted stations, and under peculiar circumstances, which greatly enhance the solemnity of [redacted] obligation, and aggravate the difficulty of every

public charge. Their duties are those of statesmen in every other part of the world, with no other characteristic differences than the obstacles opposed by an unfavourable climate, a foreign language, the peculiar usages and laws of India, and the manners of its inhabitants.'

These remarks, derived from a source of unquestionable authority, are quite decisive, with respect to the nature and extent of the qualifications that ought to be found in the servants of the Company. Unhappily, it is not an object of satisfactory or pleasing contemplation to consider how far a supply of persons, adequately accomplished, is likely or possible to be obtained. In most countries, it is not the subordinate professions merely that are filled by the natives, but all the higher walks of life;—the judicial, executive and legislative departments, are open, in a greater or less degree, to the talents and ambition of the whole community. It is far otherwise in India, which exhibits the striking and novel spectacle of an immense Empire, from the administration of which, all its native talent is carefully excluded. The policy by which our possessions in that quarter of the globe must be maintained, requires them to be governed by a succession of strangers, drawn from their home by the prospect of rapid fortune; prohibited from establishing themselves permanently in the country; destitute of kindred feeling and sympathy with their subjects; and anxious to return, while yet in a condition to enjoy the wealth they may have acquired. The promise of riches, joined to the honour and splendour of many situations in the government of the East, will unquestionably always attract some portion of the natural and improved abilities of Britain. It must nevertheless remain for ever true, that the civil and political employments of our own country, will furnish a sphere of exertion the highest, the most honourable, and infinitely the most envied by our own citizens. The inconsiderable remnant of talent, which accidental circumstances, and a spirit of adventure, may divert to our Indian dominions, must ever be insignificant, in comparison with that which is preferably occupied at home, and lamentably deficient when contrasted with the exigencies in the government of a population nearly four times greater than that of our empire in Europe. But, scanty as the allowance of talent that can be spared must be in all circumstances, it is yet further reduced by the intervention of the Company itself. The civil servants being largely paid, the moment of their arrival, what is thought a due regard to economy dictates, that their number should not exceed the situations afforded by the government. This limited number, too, is selected by the nomination of the Company at home; and the patronage derived from this source, forms in

reality the most valuable privilege of the proprietors. From these causes, it happens that the appointments of the East are not made an object of open competition, even to the few whose inclinations might lead them to embrace the service; that the choice of those actually appointed is often without discrimination; that many are named for no other reason, than because their chance of success is low in a European profession; and, in general, that favour and not ability, is the passport to advancement in India.

In these circumstances, it would yield some comfort to believe, that the talent which can be procured for the government of India, however inadequate in extent, is yet in a situation favourable to its cultivation, and its beneficial direction. But even this consolation is denied us. The want of rivalship, which has been already adverted to, implies the absence of the most powerful excitement to exertion in human affairs. Compared with the situations, the number of competitors is so small, that every one is sure to reach, in time, a lucrative appointment, and possess the means of realizing his fortune. It is natural, then, to think that the civil functions must often be but carelessly executed, since dismissal from employment can scarcely occur, and negligence does not always retard promotion. The condition, too, of Europeans, as mere sojourners in India, cannot be without an evil influence on their conduct. Even where assiduity and effort are not necessary for the successful prosecution of a profession, a certain honourable discharge of its duties is generally ensured, if it be practised under the observation of those with whom we live, and whose esteem is essential to our happiness. But when it is exercised far from that country, in which a man's thoughts and wishes are centered, and in which he looks forward to pass the decline, perhaps the maturity of life, it is but too natural to regard with indifference a conscientious fulfilment of its duties; and to gain, by the speediest means, that wealth and station that may enable him to accomplish his desired return. At home, besides, the dread of public opinion, especially in political professions, brings aid to failing honesty, and curbs the excesses of misconduct. But there is little public opinion in India; little at least that is availing in its operation. The natives are vastly too depressed, that a respect for their sentiments should either serve to stimulate or awe their European masters; and the servants of the Company, independently of an overweening selfishness, and disregard of their subjects' welfare, not unnaturally created by their peculiar situation, will not be disinclined to exercise towards each other a reciprocal forbearance, and to forgive in their neighbours that negligence and deficiency which they may

perhaps be sensible require pardon in themselves. Add to all this, the unusual and innumerable perils spread around the entrance of public life in India, from the luxuries of the climate, —the sudden and almost unbounded command of money,—the more dangerous possession of unaccustomed power,—the abject servility of the natives;—and it cannot fail to be manifest, not only that India is governed without the assistance of that natural and cultivated talent, which, in the ordinary course of things, and under a well regulated constitution, ought to be devoted to its administration; but that even the poor allotment of British talent, which alone, from inevitable causes, it can procure, is certain to be injudiciously selected, and by no means most successfully applied.

All who feel interested in the good government of India,—and we trust they form a vast majority of this nation,—will inquire with anxiety how far any remedy can be applied to the evils springing too surely from the causes which we have now indicated, but which we have no leisure at present more fully to develop. Some of these evils are unquestionably inherent in the scheme of policy which has been deemed necessary for the maintenance of our Eastern possessions. But much may be done towards the removal and alleviation of others, partly by establishing some control over the abuse of patronage in undistinguishing appointment, and partly by insuring, so far as is possible, a liberal and enlightened education to those young men who may be selected for the administration of India. It may be thought, indeed, that the care of acquiring the requisite qualifications might be safely entrusted to the individuals themselves. Such freedom is not only without danger, but is reasonably considered to be attended with advantage in European professions. But these, it must be remembered, stand in a very different situation from the various employments of Indian Government. They are accessible to all who feel inclined to enter them,—they are exercised at home, and under the inspection of those in whose society life is to be spent; and, on these accounts, but especially from the unrestrained competition, success, in any high degree, cannot be attained but by the possession of all the knowledge and capacity they involve. Under these circumstances, every candidate may be left to himself; for, if he intends to follow in earnest the path he has chosen, he must come fully prepared in information and ability, else he will be outstript by a thousand rivals. It would be idle, however, to expect, in any profession, a greater degree of talent and accomplishment, than its general character renders necessary for a fair and average success. This principle seems too obvious to need illustration; and it applies immediately to the

subject before us, in demonstrating the propriety, nay, the necessity, of resorting to artificial means, for securing the qualifications, without which the Company's servants cannot execute their functions, so as to impart the blessings of good government to the people placed under their care. Without rivalry,—careless of acquiring the affection or esteem of the natives,—certain of fortune,—tolerably secure that their conduct will be favourably considered by their equals,—and always looking forward to pass what they must regard as the best part of their existence, in a country where their affluence and former employment will procure them respectability, while their errors, and perhaps their crimes, are unknown,—individuals so circumstanced cannot be supposed, if abandoned to their own discretion, to qualify themselves beyond that very moderate degree which is requisite to secure their advancement within a reasonable period, or to save them from the censure of their superiors, but which will be far indeed from yielding to India an administration, conducted with the justice and wisdom which we flatter ourselves are visible in Europe. If, indeed, it could be shown, that qualifications corresponding to the high and arduous duties to be performed, were necessary for success, or were even rewarded by a proportionate rapidity in promotion, and in the accumulation of an honourable fortune, education might be safely confided to individual care; and the interference of Government, in prescribing a particular system, instead of being desirable, might be matter perhaps of objection. Unfortunately, however, it seems plain, upon very slight consideration, that there is no such necessity established, nor any such reward offered as can justify a reliance upon private interest for the attainment of this national object. Even if individuals were inclined to bestow all pains upon the education demanded by the Indian service, it may fairly be doubted whether adequate means could be within their reach. Residing in every different part of the country, it is impossible to imagine they could find in their own vicinity such assistances as would be necessary to complete an education so difficult and diversified; and if, in process of time, all these aids were to be found in a single spot, the maintenance of the young men there, would be too expensive for many parents to afford; and their assemblage, necessarily exempted, on this supposition, from the restraint of Academical discipline, would be beyond estimation injurious to their moral and literary habits. The inferiority, besides, in which the dignity of Members of the Universities tends to place all teachers who do not belong to their order, would not improbably occasion the loss of many valuable guides, whom the establishment of a University might procure. It is not perhaps too

much to suppose, that if the East India Company did not honour the instructors of their youth, by forming them into a Collegiate establishment, the talents of a Malthus and a Hamilton might have been withheld from the education of their servants.

It may perhaps be said, that there is no need of trusting the education entirely to individuals, since the certainty of its having been given in a requisite degree, can easily be obtained by means of examinations under the superintendence and authority of the Company. We confess that we have no faith at all in mere examinations, as a test either of ability or of information. Even in those branches of knowledge to which they are most applicable, and supposing them to be conducted with the most perfect fairness, the results will often depend upon qualities which have little or no connexion with those that should principally be regarded in an Indian appointment. But a still more decided objection to reliance upon such a criterion is, that it by no means applies to many of those powers and acquirements, of which it is most important to ascertain the existence. They may be used with success in the exact sciences; but they can afford no adequate measure of progress in the attainment of general knowledge, nor satisfactory proof of an enlightened education, in which the foundation has been laid for those general studies that should form the character, and mature the mind, of a statesman or a judge.

These considerations, we own, induce us to expect our remedy from another quarter, and to call in the assistance of institutions which in general may be unnecessary, but are rendered eminently expedient by the peculiarities of this case. In our opinion, it is impossible to doubt, that two or three years' study at a university, so constituted as to furnish the peculiar education required, should be made an indispensable preliminary to the appointment and transmission of a young man to India. If any attention be bestowed on the Establishment, at all answerable to its importance, it can hardly fail to concentrate the ablest instructors in the various departments it may be thought necessary to teach. Their lessons may not, indeed, always insure proficiency; but the best chance, we think, of advancement, is had. There may be some students so invincibly dull, and so incorrigibly obstinate and contumacious, as to render vain every attempt to inform them. But such never was, and never can be, the general complexion of the students; most of whom will avail themselves of the opportunities in their power, and apply themselves with assiduity to acquire that know-

ledge which those best acquainted with the Company's affairs deem it necessary for their honour and their advancement, that they should possess. Such an establishment, undoubtedly, is subject to all the inconveniences which attend the collection of a number of young men for the purposes of education. But it has the advantages likewise. Unquestionably, it should not be more exceptionable on this head, than the great public schools, or the Universities; while it is manifest, that with a view to the professions to be supplied from the several institutions, the latter might be spared much more easily than the former. We shall afterwards advert to the objections which have been so hastily drawn from some late disturbances at Hertford; and would merely add here, that examinations grafted upon such an institution, and aided by the knowledge which the professors could not fail, in the course of some years' instruction, to attain of the students' character, would become doubly efficient. They would, on the one hand, necessitate his study, by the knowledge that his progress was an object of continued attention; and, on the other hand, being often repeated, in all variety of circumstances, they would furnish the means of forming a correct estimate of his capacities and attainments. This last consideration should be especially remarked, as by no means the least important. The necessity of attending an establishment like what we now speak of, would make known the fitness of each person for the service to which he was designed; and, by pointing out those whose moral or intellectual habits were such as to render their rejection advisable, it would create a very salutary control over indiscriminate appointment, and furnish indeed the only effectual check against nominating to the arduous charges in the government of the East, persons confessedly unfit for the more easy and unembarrassed professions of Europe. The *veto* thus constituted might not be often called into exercise; but its existence seems almost necessary. It is not likely indeed to be yielded without opposition, since it does in a slight degree abridge a privilege to which, in the opinion of some selfish men, too great latitude cannot be allowed. But surely a paltry consideration of patronage cannot weigh for an instant, in the mind of any one interested for humanity, against what is essential to the good government of India.

These general remarks, and the principles they embrace, seem sufficient to justify the opinion, that a Collegiate establishment is the best means of alleviating the evils arising from the manner in which the Indian government is supplied with the servants its administration requires. Attendance for two or three years upon such an Institution, would, in most cases, secure, and in all

render very probable, the acquisition of the desirable attainments; while the discovery which, in this course of study, must be made, of character and abilities, would ascertain, without danger of error, those few instances where it might be necessary to prevent or recall the appointment. The establishment being supported, in a great measure, at the Company's charge, requires from the students a contribution very much inferior to the expense at which a private education, not half so valuable, could be obtained, and consequently enlarges the field of competition. It were very erroneous, however, to discuss this question, as if it were now for the first time proposed to erect such a seminary, and as if it were a matter of doubt whether it was likely to be attended with advantage. The truth is, the point has been settled by experience. The Marquis Cornwallis felt severely the deficiency of the Company's civil servants; and Lord Wellesley was led, by the absolute necessity of applying an immediate remedy to the evil, to found his College at Fort-William. He knew that the evil consisted mainly in defective education; and he consequently projected an establishment calculated to implant and nourish the knowledge most useful in Indian government. His establishment was disapproved of by the Directors, from the indefinite expense in which it appeared to involve the Company; but they recorded their approbation of the enlightened principles on which it was planned, not in words only, but by erecting the more moderate, and, we believe, more advantageous, institution at Hertford. Since the facilities of education were thus increased, the deficiencies of the civil servants have been in great part removed. A visible melioration has taken place; and, as we shall afterwards see upon the authority of Lord Minto, the exigencies of the service are better met;—an improvement directly ascribed to the institution which Mr Malthus has been forced to vindicate.

We have been induced to extend these observations, upon the necessity of having a prescribed method of educating the Company's servants; because some persons seem to have entertained a wish of entirely abolishing the Hertford College. Such an event, in our opinion, would prove a great calamity to India; and we think the contest is half decided in favour of the Institution, by proving that in some form or other it ought to exist. Whether it might not be amended in its constitution, is a question of minor importance to the public, and has, besides, received a satisfactory answer in these 'Statements.' The principal point which has hitherto been agitated, is, whether the present system should be followed in preference to the

plan originally projected by Lord Wellesley. His Lordship intended, that the Company's servants should be educated solely in India, while, according to the system now followed, the education is in a great measure divided,—one branch being given in England, and the other in Calcutta. In order to appreciate the merits of these two schemes, it must be remembered, that a knowledge of the Eastern languages is absolutely necessary for the Company's servants, since no tolerable government could exist, without an easy communication between the people and their rulers. This necessary branch of acquired knowledge is taught in India, with peculiar advantages and facility. But its rudiments may, without difficulty, be obtained in England; and we are inclined to agree with Mr Malthus, that the weightiest considerations justify and require the foundation of the general education to be laid solely in England. It has happened, accordingly, in this, as in many other cases, that the system which a combination of accidental circumstances contributed to form, appears in reality to be the most expedient. During their residence in Hertford College, the students make great advances in the work of general knowledge, and particularly in the moral sciences. They begin, too, the study of the Eastern languages, in which it is the sole object of the Calcutta establishment to perfect them upon their arrival in India. The reasons which principally weigh with Mr Malthus, in preferring this separated system to a College exclusively Indian, is, in the *first* place, the expense, which, though not perhaps a matter of great importance, if considered relatively to the objects of the Institution, seems to have been a serious objection in the eyes of the Company, and which undoubtedly, if the systems are nearly effectual in the same extent, is sufficient to cast the balance. The College now existing in England does not cost one sixth part of the expense which must have been incurred had it been erected at Fort-William. His *next* reason is much stronger, that the College in England is preferable, with respect to the regularity of the students' conduct, and their personal expenses. On this point he observes, (p. 36)—'It is generally acknowledged, that the young men who go out as writers to India, have the power of borrowing money, almost to any extent, from natives, who speculate upon their future rise in the service; and, during the early part of their residence in Calcutta, it is but too common to indulge in an expenditure greatly beyond their incomes. They find themselves, besides, the members of a privileged cast; and the almost arbitrary control which they exercise over the persons whom they chiefly see about them, must have a necessary tendency to foster their caprices, and render them impatient of authority. If to these causes of irregularity, we add the seductions of a luxu-

rious climate, and consider, at the same time, the critical age, from sixteen to nineteen, at which they are at first exposed to these temptations, it is difficult to conceive a more dangerous ordeal. The deficient discipline of our schools and universities in England, has often been the subject of complaint; but it may safely be pronounced, that, if our youth, from sixteen to nineteen, were exposed to the same temptations as they would be during a three years' residence at a College in Calcutta, their discipline would not admit of a comparison with what it is at present.' He adds, with great propriety, that the maintenance of discipline can be much more easily accomplished here than in India; because the ultimate punishment of expulsion, which forms the hinge of discipline, can scarcely be inflicted in India, where the person expelled is necessarily deprived of every means of support, and has not, as in this country, the choice of many different professions, in any of which he may retrieve his character, and advance his fortune. The severity of this necessary punishment is such as almost to prevent its infliction. But the *third*, and perhaps the strongest, reason of all is, that, 'in point of efficiency, it can hardly be doubted, that the foundation of a general education would be better laid in England than in India. The most important period in the education of a young man, is the period in which he commences a more general course of reading than that which is pursued at schools; and it is of the utmost consequence, that this period should be passed under circumstances favourable to habits of study and industrious exertion. But it is not easy to conceive a more unfavourable time for the formation of these habits, and the commencement of new and difficult studies, than the two or three years immediately succeeding the transition from a common school in England to an university in India, at the age of sixteen. Suddenly possessed of an unusual command of money, surrounded by natives devoted to his will, tempted to indulgences of all kinds, by the novel forms in which they present themselves, and discouraged from severe application, by the enfeebling effects of the climate, he must possess a very steady and unusual degree of resolution, to begin a course of law, history, political economy, and natural philosophy, and to continue his classical studies, at the very same time that he is required, as his paramount duty, and the immediate passport to an official situation, to make himself master of two or three Oriental languages. Such a course of general reading may undoubtedly be pursued in India at a future time by individuals, during the intervals of official occupation; but it may be considered as certain, that, except perhaps in a few rare instances, little or no attention would be paid to these studies in a three years' residence at Calcutta from sixteen to nineteen; and that, if such a general education be necessary, the foundation of it must be laid in England.' p. 41.

For these reasons, generally, we coincide with Mr Malthus, that 'two objects are to be kept in view; one of the highest utility, and the other of paramount necessity. As a foundation of general knowledge is best laid in the West, and the necessary languages are best acquired in the East, it seems highly probable that two establishments, one in England, and the other in India, may be required to accomplish most effectively the objects in view:—the English establishment to give as good a general education as can be communicated within the age of 18 or 19, with some instruction in the rudiments of the oriental languages; and the Indian establishment to be confined exclusively to these languages, and particularly to act as a final test, as far as languages go, of qualification for office.' p. 43.

It would be quite unfair to the Hertford Institution, not to make room for the following statement of the mode of study which is there pursued.

'Every candidate for admission into the College, is required to produce a testimonial from his schoolmaster, and to pass an examination in Greek, Latin and Arithmetic, before the Principal and Professors. This previous examination at once prevents persons from offering themselves who have not received the usual school education of the higher classes of society; and those who offer themselves, and are found deficient, are remanded till another period of admission.

'The lectures of the different Professors in the College are given in a manner to make previous preparation necessary, and to encourage most effectually habits of industry and application. In their substance, they embrace the important subjects of classical literature, the Oriental Languages, the Elements of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, the Laws of England, General History, and Political Economy.

'At the commencement of the Institution, it was feared by some persons, that this variety would too much distract the attention of the students at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and prevent them from making a satisfactory progress in any department. But instances of distinguished success, in many departments at the same time, have proved that these fears were without foundation; and that this variety has not only been useful to them, in rendering a methodical management of their hours of study more necessary, but has decidedly contributed to enlarge, invigorate, and mature their understandings.

'On all the important subjects above enumerated, examinations take place twice in the year, at the end of each term. These examinations last about a fortnight. They are conducted upon the plan of the great public and collegiate examinations in the Universities, particularly at Cambridge, with such further improvements as experience has suggested. The questions given, are framed with a view to ascertain the degree of progress and actual profi-

ciency in each particular department, on the subjects studied during the preceding term; and the answers, in all cases which will admit of it, are given in writing, in the presence of the Professors, and without the possibility of a reference to books. After the examination in any particular department is over, the Professor in that department reviews at his leisure all the papers that he has received; and places, as nearly as he can, each individual in the numerical order of his relative merit, and in certain divisions implying his degree of positive merit. These arrangements are all subject to the control of the whole Collegiate Body. They require consideration and attention, and are executed with scrupulous care and strict impartiality.

'Besides the classifications above mentioned, medals, prize-books and honorary distinctions, are awarded to those who are the heads of classes, or as high as second, third, fourth, or fifth, in two, three, four, or five departments.

'Those means of exciting emulation and industry have been attended with great success. Though there are some, unquestionably, on whom motives of this kind will not, or cannot, operate; and with whom, therefore, little can be done; yet a more than usual proportion seem to be animated by a strong desire, accompanied by corresponding efforts, to make a progress in the various studies proposed to them.

'Those who have come to College tolerably good scholars, have often, during their stay of two years, made such advances in the classical department, as would have done them great credit, if they had devoted to it the main part of their time; while the contemporary honours, which they have obtained in other departments, have sufficiently proved that their attention was not confined to one study; and many who came from public and private schools at sixteen, with such low classical attainments, as appeared to indicate either a want of capacity or application, have shown, by their subsequent progress, even in the classical department, and still more by their distinguished exertions in others, that a new field, and new stimulants, had wrought a most beneficial change in their feelings and habits, and had awakened energies of which they were before scarcely conscious.

'There are four or five of the Professors thoroughly conversant with University examinations, who can take upon themselves to affirm, that they have never witnessed a greater proportion of various and successful exertion in the course of their academical experience, than has appeared at some of the examinations at the East India College.' p. 49.

Such is the nature of this Institution, and such the reasons which recommended its adoption. It is very satisfactory to learn, that its general success has been answerable to the object held in view, and to the expectations of those who were most solicitous in effecting its establishment. Even in shortening the

period usually occupied by the study of the Eastern languages, its influence has been most remarkable. Without stopping to examine all the details conclusive upon this head, which are to be found in Mr Malthus's pamphlet, it is enough to mention the proficiency which the documents for the year 1811 prove the Hertford students to have attained. In that year, twenty students left the College of Calcutta, of whom twelve were, and eight were not, educated in Hertfordshire. The average stay of the former was ten months,—and of the latter three years and two months. If some allowance must be made for the earlier age at which the students not educated in Hertfordshire may have come to Calcutta, it should be remarked, on the other hand, that the College at Fort-William is directed exclusively to the acquisition of the languages. The difference in short is such, as it is quite impossible to explain, except on suppositions the most honourable for the English College, and for the gentlemen by whom it is conducted.

With respect to the progress of the students in general information, and in those higher studies and pursuits which fit them for discharging the arduous and exalted duties of the situations they are destined to fill, very ample testimony has been transmitted from India. We have not space to introduce the whole here; but we cannot deny ourselves the satisfaction of inserting the following extracts.

'In 1810, Lord Minto, after having noticed particularly a certain number of students who had greatly distinguished themselves, adds, "It is with peculiar pleasure that I do a further justice to the Hertford College, by remarking, that the official Reports and Returns of our College will show the students who have been translated from Hertford to Fort-William, to stand honourably distinguished for regular attendance,—for obedience to the statutes and discipline of the College,—for orderly and decorous demeanour,—for moderation in expense, and consequently in the amount of their debt,—and, in a word, for those decencies of conduct which denote men well born, and characters well trained. I make this observation with the more satisfaction, as I entertain an earnest wish to find it proved, that the preliminary tuition, and general instruction afforded to the succeeding generations of the Company's servants at Hertford, will be found of more *extensive* (I should be disposed to say more *valuable*) influence even for India, than a greater or smaller degree of proficiency in a language or two of the East, can prove at that early period."

'In 1812, the following passage occurs in a letter from the College Council of Fort-William to the Governor-General in Council, dated December 29th, and recorded in the Bengal Public Consultations of the 1st of April 1814—

' " We take the liberty of repeating in this place, the observations made by the Right Honourable the Visitor, in his speech pronounced at the deputation holden 22d December 1810, that the improvement (a very great and general one) which we have thought ourselves warranted in asserting has been very conspicuous in the conduct of the students who have passed through the College at Hertford. We trust and believe that this is no accidental circumstance; but, at all events, the fact is in our opinion certain, that due regard being paid to numbers, no similar Institution can afford a greater proportion of young men more distinguished by the manners of gentlemen, and general correctness and propriety of deportment, than the present students of the College at Fort-William." '

' These public testimonies from the College at Calcutta, are confirmed by the accounts of individuals who have returned from India within the last six or seven years, who agree in stating, that what has been sometimes called the New School of writers at Calcutta, is very superior indeed, both in conduct and attainments, to those who were sent out upon the old system.' p. 52.

These testimonies would even be flattering, did the permitted period of study entitle us to expect actual proficiency in the branches of knowledge that are taught. Two years, or three, however, beyond which the stay in this country cannot be protracted, is evidently too short to authorize such an expectation; and it should always be considered, that the only object attainable, is to lay a foundation fit for the superstructure of general and enlightened science. The Institution will have achieved its purpose, if the seeds of knowledge be implanted, and the mind trained to habits which promise assiduous and successful cultivation. The fruit must be produced and matured in the season of manhood. In fact, who is not aware that the completion of education, and the chief attainment of knowledge, must always be accomplished by the individual himself, at a period when advancing age, and the business of life, preclude the possibility of receiving any immediate assistance, which a seminary of instruction might be thought calculated to yield? From Hertford College nothing more can be exacted than from any similar institution; and we believe none exists in Britain, more especially in England, where the course of study is better adapted to enlarge the understanding of the youth,—to open to their view, and to encourage their prosecution of those sciences which have for their immediate object the various relations of society,—and which exert the most direct and practical influence on the government, and consequently on the happiness, of a people.

Believing in the necessity of making a prescribed course of study an indispensable preliminary to employment in India, and looking to the nature of the Hertford establishment, and the

success with which it appears to have been followed, it cannot be imagined that we should ascribe much weight to the objections suggested by some casual irregularities in its discipline. Such disturbances, had they been much more extensive than they appear to have been, might have afforded some reason for reforming the constitution of the College,—but unquestionably yield no argument for its dissolution. The object which, in this question, must never for a moment be disregarded, is the good government of India; and if the College be calculated to secure or facilitate the attainment of that grand end, any occasional disturbances and consequent expulsions, must be looked on merely as an inconvenience or slight evil necessarily incurred in the prosecution of a great good. We may regret such accidental misfortune; but not otherwise than as we regret the general imperfections of human society. The punishment of the greatest criminal is always an evil; but it vanishes from observation amidst the thousand advantages which spring from a wise and good administration of government. We can easily sympathize with the relations of one who, by misconduct, implying perhaps no very fatal vice in character, has forfeited the appointment by which he hoped for riches and honour. To them the punishment may very naturally appear a measure of undue harshness. But if, in reality, it be necessary to maintain the discipline, and to ensure the advantages of the Institution, is it possible for any candid or reasonable mind, unhurt by disappointment, and unbiased by affection, to contrast, for a moment, this private and not unmerited suffering, with the loss of the object from which it is inseparable? Expulsions are common at all the great schools; and, directly or indirectly, they are not infrequent at the Universities. Yet, in these cases, they never excite public clamour. It may easily be concluded, therefore, with what justice reproach has on this account been heaped upon the College of Hertford, and those who preside in it.

In what we have now said, it has been supposed, that the disturbances, and their consequences, are derived from the nature of the Institution, and therefore admit of no remedy consistent with its continuance. The fact, however, is very much otherwise. The great causes of insubordination are external, and their operation, we are convinced, may be effectually excluded. There are two circumstances, it must be admitted, which render Hertford College more liable to be occasionally infected by a spirit of contumacy than most other similar assemblages of young men. Both of them have been remarked by Mr Malthus. The *first* is, that the students are not only at that period of life which makes it most difficult

to find restraints adapted to the correction of their excesses, but they are all nearly of the same age. They form, therefore, a sort of turbulent republic; and there is no regular gradation of power. The superintendence and rule of the masters is not aided by the natural aristocracy of the seniors, which is gradually established in all the great schools, and constitutes an intermediate authority of the greatest advantage in facilitating the government of the whole. The *second* permanent difficulty to be encountered is, that many of the young men are in reality displeased with their nomination, and altogether averse to India. One would naturally imagine that their indisposition should manifest itself at home, so as to prevent their appointment. But, in general, a young man, however reluctant to the profession proposed for him, is scarcely able to contend with his relations; and, driven by their menaces, or overpersuaded by their caresses, he cannot but yield an apparent assent to their wishes. His real reluctance, however, remains the same. The restraint of College discipline irritates his displeasure; its natural vent is insult and rebellion; he may easily find companions for conspiracy; and the ultimate punishment he rather courts than avoids. Nothing but a positive disinclination to the service, can account for the persevering opposition which, in some instances, appears to have been shown to all the regulations of the College. These two difficulties are unquestionably peculiar to Hertford; but they are certainly not of such magnitude as to present any very material, far less insuperable, obstruction to a beneficial course of study. In order to check them, there is no need of introducing any system of excessive restraint or intolerable police. All that can be required, is a firm and resolute discipline,—mild, yet steady, in its action,—temperate, yet certain in punishment; but, above all, in those cases which demand the highest penalties, inflicting expulsion absolutely and without recall. Expulsion is the very keystone of subordination. All ordinary academical regulations would be idle, and baffled, except for its sanction; and it must be resorted to occasionally, without reference to individual feeling, if the government of the Institution is to be better than a mere mockery. It is, no doubt, severe; but it is evidently not more so in Hertford College, than in either of the Universities, or in the great schools.

But though it is obvious that the Heads of the College ought to have been invested with a jurisdiction sufficient to enforce the necessary discipline, particularly considering the recent date of its establishment; yet in fact the Collegiate authorities were not, for several years, entrusted with the power of expul-

sion. The Directors reserved it in their own hands; and in all cases of importance, the Principal and Professors were directed to report to the Committee of College, and to wait their decision. The consequences of such a system are easily foreseen, and are thus described by Mr Malthus.

'It was in consequence believed by many students, that unless the offence was peculiarly flagrant, they would run little risk of losing their appointments; and that their powerful friends in the India House would make common cause with them, in defeating the decisions of the College Council. This opinion seems to have commenced early, and to have diffused itself pretty generally; and there is little doubt that it contributed to facilitate the rise of that spirit of insubordination which began to manifest itself in the third year after the College was established. It must be obvious, that no steady system of discipline could be maintained, while the Principal and Professors were, on every important occasion, to appeal with uncertain effect to another body, where the student hoped that his personal interest would prevent any serious inconvenience. Yet this continued to be the constitution of the College for a period of six years; during which, there were three considerable disturbances. On these occasions, of course, the Directors were called in; and although the more enlightened and disinterested portion of them, who saw the necessity of an improved education for their servants in India, were unquestionably disposed to do any thing that was proper to support the discipline; yet, the proceedings respecting the College were marked by an extraordinary want of energy, promptness and decision; and indicated, in the most striking manner, the *disturbing* effects of private and contending interests. On occasion of the last of these disturbances in particular, (that of 1812), the management of which the Court took entirely into their own hands, they detained a large body of students in town for above a month; and, after entering into the most minute details, and subjecting all the parties to repeated examinations at the India House, came to no final decision. The case was then referred back again to the College Council, who were desired to select for expulsion a certain number of those concerned, who should appear to them to be the most deeply engaged as ringleaders, and the least entitled to a mitigation of sentence on the score of character. When this was done, and a sentence of expulsion passed in consequence on five students, a subsequent vote of the Court restored them *all* to the service; and they were sent out to India, without even completing the usual period of residence at the College!!!' p. 71.

A spirit of insubordination and resistance unavoidably grew up under a system of so little efficacy as this. And when, very lately, the Principal and Professors were invested with the powers of management found necessary at the universities and great schools, they had not only to strive against the usual difficulties,

but to conquer and eradicate a malady which unskilful treatment had fixed deeply in the Institution. They were further embarrassed by opposition from a quarter where they should have found the fullest support. A considerable body of the Directors and Proprietors have shown themselves hostile to the establishment. Whenever any sentences of importance have been passed, the College has been almost always required to defend them; and, in these circumstances, it must be difficult for the students to believe, that the power of expulsion can be effectually exercised by those, in whom it must reside if discipline is to be preserved. But, independently of constant interference with the government of the College, the hostility evinced by many seems to have encouraged an idea among the students, that its dissolution would be the consequence of any very violent excess. The young men have considered the establishment as in some sort at their mercy; and they are rebellious, not merely from thinking that the influence of their friends will support them, but because they imagine that the Collegiate authorities themselves will be somewhat afraid of enforcing discipline, in opposition to a determined show of resistance. Under all these circumstances, it is certainly not wonderful that occasional disturbances have occurred, and that expulsion has become necessary. On the contrary, we are rather surprised to find that Mr Malthus can report so favourably upon the general behaviour of the students. We have seen that Lord Minto expressed the highest approbation of the conduct of the Hertford students in India; and his testimony is a pleasing corroboration of Mr Malthus's Report.

'With regard to the discipline of the Establishment, it will be readily allowed, that it has not been, in all its parts, so successful. It is well known, that disturbances have occasionally taken place, which, at the moment, have shown, in a considerable body of the students, a total disregard of the rules and regulations of the College. The principal causes of these disturbances will be the subject of inquiry in the next section; but it is proper to observe here, that the public would form a most incorrect notion of the general state and character of the discipline, if they were to draw hasty inferences from these temporary ebullitions. When they have subsided, few traces of their first existence are to be found; and, in common times, the whole business of the College proceeds with a degree of decency, order and decorum, which has often been the admiration of strangers, and would be perfectly satisfactory to every competent judge.

'In their moral conduct, the students of the East India College may be advantageously compared with those of either University, or the senior part of any of our great public schools; and they are

rather singularly free, than otherwise, from the prevailing vices which beset young men of seventeen, eighteen and nineteen, particularly when collected together in a large body.' p. 50.

Mr Malthus's principal complaint is, that the authority of the Principal and Professors has not received a support sufficiently firm and decided. To the want of this, he attributes the insubordination which has been made the ground of so much public clamour; and nothing, we think, can be fairer or more reasonable than his demand, that the efficacy of the establishment should be tried with the usual advantages. Concerning the result of the experiment, we have no doubts.

'If the Legislature,' he says, 'think that the institution of the College was an error, and that the acknowledged and glaring deficiency in the education of the Company's Civil servants upon the old system, may be supplied in some other way more effective, and less subject to difficulties, let it at once be abolished. But, if no plan presents itself which holds out a fair prospect of doing what is specifically wanted, better than the one actually established, let the existing institution be supported in such a manner as to put an end to all that doubt and uncertainty which is so fruitful a source of offences. If the statutes and regulations of the College are faulty, there are legal means of altering them; if the Principal and Professors are, from any cause whatever, incompetent to their situations, all or any of them may be removed; but if the establishment itself be a proper one, and destined to answer a very important purpose, it should be so fully and cordially supported, as not to be liable to be shaken by the caprices of a few young men. Such caprices it is impossible to answer for, in an Establishment not as yet sufficiently sanctioned by time, and to which the parents and friends of many of the students are known to be hostile. But, by steadiness within, and strong support without, they may undoubtedly be rendered at first ineffectual, and, by degrees, be prevented from showing themselves in acts of insubordination.' p. 78.

We have already occupied so much space, that we can scarce advert to the causes which have chiefly exposed the College to be resisted and decried. They are too obvious, however, to be mistaken. The preservation of patronage, and of the interest derived from it, is undoubtedly the great object with many proprietors; and the prosperity of India, and the happiness of its people, are either not considered, or regarded as subordinate. To all such, who care little or nothing about the education of the Company's servants, the College at Hertford must unquestionably be offensive. The[illegible] deem it, [illegible]lour and reason they should, an ine[illegible] pa[illegible] the person nominated by thei[illegible] h[illegible]ning a liberal and enlighte[illegible] for the situations he is des[illegible]mparably lower than that at

which the same advantages could elsewhere be procured. It is the wish of these men that their appointment should be absolute, subject to no delay, and no restriction whatever. They disliked the College, therefore, even when the power of expulsion was reserved by the Directors; and their aversion is still further increased, now that it has been conferred upon the Collegiate authorities, so as to make it more difficult to defeat its operation. In short, they disapprove of the Establishment, precisely for the very reason which appears to us most to recommend it; we mean, the control which it indirectly exercises over the appointments to India, either by correcting previous deficiency of education, or in the few cases in which the extreme remedy may be required, by preventing the transmission of a servant burdensome to the Company itself, and pernicious to its subjects. The Company approved the principles which dictated Lord Wellesley's establishment, and gave them effect in erecting the College at Hertford. On that occasion they acted like enlightened sovereigns; and we do sincerely trust, that, in spite of the cabals of those who seek above all things personal importance, they will be steadfast in the performance of that most sacred duty which binds them to promote the welfare of India.

Viewing the subject as we now do, we think it right, in concluding, to propose for serious deliberation a suggestion contained in a note of the publication before us.

'Little other change is wanting, than that an appointment should 'be considered, in spirit and in truth, not in mere words, as a prize 'to be contended for, not a property already possessed, which may 'be lost. If the Directors were to appoint one fifth every year, 'beyond the number finally to go out, and the four fifths to be the 'best of the whole body, the appointments would then really be 'to be contended for, and the effects would be admirable. Each 'appointment to the College would then be of less value, but they 'would be more in number, and the patronage would hardly suffer. A Director could not then indeed be able to send out an 'unqualified son.—But, is it fitting that he should?—This is a fair 'question for the consideration of the Legislature and the British 'Public.' p. 108.

QUAR-

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which created an epoch in our own Literature; but the events of the present age have opened a wider field for the excursions of the human mind, and justify the more comprehensive plan of the CORRESPONDENT. *France* and *England*, from their rank among the nations of Europe, are indisputably called to take a leading part, in the maintenance of the general Peace, as they unhappily did in the Wars, by which it was preceded. They need repose, and order, and stability, not only on their own account, but for the common good of mankind.

Impressed with the magnitude of these considerations, several of the most distinguished Writers, French and English, men no less respectable in rank and character, than eminent in literary attainments, have concurred in a project, which, in this Age of Alliances, however novel, ought not to be thought surprising—the project of a *Literary Alliance*, to promote reciprocally, between the two countries, that Spirit of Union, which is the true and only "Bond of Peace."

Union springs from confidence, and confidence requires mutual esteem; but to esteem each other more, it is necessary, that France and England should know each other better. They have been too long kept in ignorance of each others' Laws, Institutions, Customs, Manners, Arts, Sciences—in short, of every thing, that constitutes or characterizes a nation. To the old stock of national prejudices and rivalships, always existing between neighbouring countries, the several revolutionary governments of France added a settled policy of animosity and ran-

cour. " In order to keep alive a hatred between two " nations made to esteem each other," says the Duc de *Levis*, " they interrupted the communications under the " most rigorous penalties :" and this detestable project was rendered but too successful by the absolute Slavery of the Continental Press, and by the regular employment of hired libellers, to misrepresent the views and conduct of England.

On the side of our own countrymen, we cannot pretend to assert, that no similar prejudices have existed. For a quarter of a century, we have been accustomed to view France, on the dark side of the picture; and what we have seen in her to admire has unfortunately been thrown into shade, by the prominence of objects creating only horror, or disgust. Since the peace, various circumstances have occurred, to prolong the erroneous impressions received, on both sides. Ignorant travellers, factious journalists, the mistakes of the prejudiced, and the artifices of the malevolent, have left the French and English people still, in a great degree, blind to each others' real merits—mutually suspicious—and mutually deceived.

How is it possible, to correct these misconceptions; to open sources of accurate information; to present faithful delineations of life and manners? It has been considered, that the most effectual mode of attaining these ends would be by the publication of a Periodical Work, comprising the *Letters* of such Authors as those above alluded to, each writing in his own language, in his peculiar style and manner, and on the topics most familiar to

himself. Such, therefore, will be the substance of the CORRESPONDENT. Each Number will contain, in nearly equal proportions, the productions of French and English Writers; but the former will be *translated into English*, the latter will appear in their original form. Of course, the French letters will relate, in general, to France, as the English letters will to England; without, however, excluding the occasional notice of occurrences, in other countries, which may have a bearing on the general object of the Work. Care will be taken, that the translations shall be executed with spirit; and shall preserve, as much as possible, the facility of Original Composition. Thus, the whole will appear, *in English*, at London; as it is intended, that the whole shall do, in French, at Paris.

By such an arrangement of plan, and such a combination of talent, each nation will be enabled to plead, as it were, it's own cause, and to do justice to it's own character. The mistakes and oversights, of which foreigners are so frequently guilty, will be avoided: questions will be placed in the clearest light: facts will be stated on the most authentic testimony. This plan, too, will secure to it's execution the utmost possible Variety—Variety in the Authors, Variety in the Subjects, Variety in the Style and Manner of Treatment. Hence it may be relied on, that in the CORRESPONDENT will be found a depth of research, on weighty and important subjects—compositions distinguished by the force and eloquence of the style—and others again by the brilliancy and playfulness of the wit. The Work has been in contempla-

tion, almost ever since the first Restoration of the French Monarchy; but it was determined, that it should not be brought before the Public, without every possible guarantee of success, in the Talents and Principles of the Writers. In this manner—"long choosing and beginning late"—the scheme has been fully deliberated on, discussed and digested, both in France and England; and it now comes forward, with confidence, to claim the attention of both countries.

It is manifest, that a Work of the nature proposed, will not admit of any very exact previous enumeration of subjects. Circumstances will, from time to time, indicate those, that possess the greatest interest, whether in Morals, in Politics, or in Literature; but it is easy to conceive the principal outlines of a correspondence, such as that, which is here projected. The Writers will undoubtedly discuss those great *moral truths*, which are the root and origin of all that interests human nature. On the subject of *Religion* indeed, obvious reasons demand a reserve; but on *Education*, which forms man to his duties and on *Laws* and *Manners*, which guide him in their discharge, the Writers in the CORRESPONDENT may be expected to enter into very interesting details. They will certainly investigate the *Political Institutions* of the two countries, in reference to the changes which they have already undergone, and the manner in which they are at present established. They will analyze and explain the force and effect of *Language*; so as to afford, as it were, a sort of running commentary to those technical expressions, by which facts are often distorted, and

history becomes mystery, even to the cotemporary reader. They will investigate such *Events*, as appear to lead to important consequences, in the history of the times; and will delineate the characters of those *Persons*, who exercise a powerful influence over the fate of their cotemporaries. It needs scarcely be added, that authentic documents, or indisputable testimony, will alone be resorted to, as the foundation of the articles last mentioned. *Literature* and the *Arts* will serve occasionally to diversify the subjects and the style of these Letters. Much curiosity naturally exists in each country, to know the state of Literary and Scientific Associations in the other —the Names and Merits of celebrated Authors—the chief Libraries, Museums, and other remarkable Collections—the Works of Art—the Drama—in short, all that falls under the cognizance of Criticism, and is to be judged of by the Laws of Taste. These, as well as the subjects before noticed, we can venture to assert, will be treated with superior ability in the pages of the CORRESPONDENT, which, we trust, will serve as a worthy link, connecting the Literature of France and England—a garland of variegated, but perennial beauty—

——— Mixta rubent ubi LILIA multâ
Albâ ROSA.

Prospectus

OF

A NEW WORK, ENTITLED,

ANNUAL

BIOGRAPHY AND OBITUARY,

WITH SILHOUETTE PORTRAITS.

TO insist on the Advantages derived from Biography, would be equally unnecessary and impertinent. *Recent Memoirs* may not indeed possess some of the Advantages resulting from profound Study and mature Investigation; but they are eminently calculated to gratify a laudable Spirit of Inquiry, and that too, before Curiosity has been suffered to evaporate in protracted Expectation. By their Means, a Multitude of fugitive and contemporaneous Facts may be embodied, as well as collected; while they serve to embalm the Memory of those good and great Men, deservedly dear to their Friends and their Country!

It has been long lamented, that a Work, composed for the express Purpose of perpetuating the Reputation of their illustrious Countrymen, should still remain a *desideratum* in English Literature.

Accordingly, many of our celebrated Philosophers, Statesmen, and Warriors, frequently glide away from the Stage, on which they have acted such conspicuous Characters, without leaving a Trace behind; except in Publications generally destined to close their Ephemeral Existence with the Day in which they appear. And who, in the present Age, can be expected to drudge through a rapid Succession of Periodical Works in Search of the meagre Memorials generally allotted to departed Excellence, or wait in patient Expectation, for the tardy Justice of a ponderous Biographical Dictionary?

It is perhaps from the Want of a Contemporary Asylum of this Kind, that our Nation has been reproached with never having commemorated Bacon, Lord Verulam, as a Philosopher; while the Merits and Exploits of Marlborough, the greatest Captain of his Age, are only to be found imperfectly interspersed in the mixed Details of general History. The late Mr. Cavendish, one of the most successful of our Modern Experimenters, is indebted to a neighbouring Nation for

a Funeral Panegyric. It was reserved for Strangers to detail the Merits, to pronounce the Eulogy, and to strew Flowers over the Tomb of this celebrated Man, to whose original Discoveries we are, in part, indebted for a Knowledge of the very Air which we breathe.

To endeavour to wipe away this Charge of Biographical Penury, it is proposed to publish an Annual Volume, which, without neglecting the Facts scattered in Fugitive and Miscellaneous Publications, shall contain a Variety of Original Documents, Remarks, and Illustrations. In fine, while here, as in one of the Temples of Antiquity, celebrated Men, in the Language of our great National Bard, may at length find "a Local Habitation and a Name;" neither Facts nor Opinions shall ever be tinctured or distorted by the petty Enmities of private *Life*, or the Political Hostilities of the passing Day.

Contents of Annual Biography and Obituary,

OF

1816.

PART I.—Memoirs of those celebrated Men, who have died within the Period of the present Year, among whom are,

The Right Hon. R. B. SHERIDAN; Dr. ADAM FERGUSON; the Justices LE BLANC, DAMPIER, and HEATH; Right Hon. P. DUIGENAN, M. P.; G. G. EARL of WARWICK; N. C. MUNDY, Esq.; THOS. JONES, Esq. M.P.; Mr. JUSTICE HARDINGE; JOHN COURTENAY, Esq. M.P.; Sir HERBERT CROFT, Bart.; DAVID WILLIAMS, Esq.; Lieut.-Gen. Sir GEORGE PREVOST; Dr. HARRINGTON, of Bath; Viscount HOOD; EARL of BUCKINGHAMSHIRE; Dr. WATSON, Bishop of Llandaff; Mrs. ELIZABETH HAMILTON, &c. &c. &c.

Also an Account of

Dr. ROXBURGH, the Indian Botanist; Dr. CLEAVER, Bishop of St. Asaph; JOHN BARDLEY WILMOT, Esq. F. R. S.; SAMUEL WHITBREAD, Esq. M. P.; Dr. W. JACKSON, Bishop of Oxford; CHARLES, Duke of Norfolk; and Dr. VINCENT, Dean of Westminster, &c. &c. who died in 1815.

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PART II.—Neglected Biography, with Biographical Notices, Eleges, and Anecdotes, of several eminent Englishmen and Foreigners.

PART III.—Miscellaneous Communications.

PART IV.—Analyses of recent Biographical Works.

PART V.—A General Alphabetical List of Persons who have died within the British Dominions, in 1816, so as to form a Work for Reference, both now and hereafter.

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On the First of November, 1816, *was published*,

PART I.

(TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY)

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OF the improvements made in this Edition of STACKHOUSE'S HISTORY of the BIBLE, the Publishers cannot offer a more perspicuous and accurate view than is given in the following Extracts from the Editor's *Advertisement*, which will be published with the first Part. After briefly stating the Utility of the Work, and the Object which the Author appears to have had in view, when he wrote it, and bestowing on the labours of Mr. Stackhouse the praise to which they are entitled, the Editor proceeds thus:

"Stackhouse's History, however, is not a perfect work; nor is perfection to be "looked for in any work of the kind. In every detail of the Divine operations, as "well of grace as of nature, obscurities and difficulties are to be expected; obscuri- "ties which human sagacity cannot penetrate, and difficulties which the most highly- "improved talents will never be able wholly to remove; but the discoveries that have "lately been made in different departments of science, and the light that has been "thrown upon many facts recorded in the Old Testament, may enable a man of mo- "derate talents to remove many difficulties which could not be removed by our Au- "thor; and the means of removing the remainder will be gradually furnished by the "most infallible of all discoverers—*Time*.

"It was my access to many of these discoveries, and by no means an overweening "confidence in my own powers or attainments, that first induced me to undertake a "new edition of this work; and that the reader may not expect from my labours "more than I have attempted to perform, it will be proper to state to him the extent "of the purpose which I had in view.

"In the character of a Deist, the Author urges against the Scripture History, ob- "jections, of which some are shrewd and plausible; whilst the answers by which he "repels these objections have been very generally censured as prolix and feeble. "The censure appears to me to be often unjust. An objection to an event of great "antiquity may be rendered striking and plausible in a very few words, merely by "concealing from the reader the manners and opinions of the age in which it occur- "red; whilst the answer, containing a full and clear view of these manners and opi- "nions, cannot be given but in a large detail. Objections, therefore, to ancient "truths, may be short and striking, whilst the most satisfactory answers that can be "made to them must be more or less prolix.

"It cannot, however, be denied, that some of our Author's answers to objec- "tions, which he has stated with great force, are really feebler than they might have "been made; and my original purpose extended no further than to give additional

" strength to these answers, or to substitute others in their stead. But as I was pro-
" secuting that purpose, and therefore reading the history with close attention, I
" found some important doctrines, which have been the subject of much controversy,
" stated in vague and ambiguous terms; and it occurred to me, that I might render
" the work more valuable, by treating the same truths in language more precise, and
" at the same time less technical.

" The words of every living language are daily deviating, though by slow steps,
" farther and farther from their original meaning; and many of those controversies,
" which divide the family of Christ, are kept alive only by the combatants not ad-
" verting to this circumstance. Wherever I found it overlooked by the Author, and
" perceived, at the same time, that I could give precision to ambiguity, by merely
" subjoining a note at the bottom of the page, or by inserting a clause in the body of
" the work, I have done nothing more; but doctrines, which appeared to me to be
" erroneously stated, or stated in terms that could not be rendered perspicuous and
" precise by these means, I have treated in separate dissertations, or in appendixes
" to dissertations written by him. I have, however, suppressed nothing of his; so
" that where he and I appear to differ in opinion, the reader may at once decide be-
" tween us.

" I trust, indeed, that this edition of Stackhouse's *History of the Bible* will be
" found more valuable than any preceding edition; but as I certainly am not able,
" so I request the reader to be assured that I never attempted to give such an edition
" of this work, as a countryman of mine is said to have boasted that he had given
" of the poems of Virgil—an edition *sine menda!* That I have left much undone that
" could have been performed by others, no man can be more fully aware than my-
" self; that what I have done will give universal satisfaction, I am too well ac-
" quainted with the theological department of the republic of letters to expect; but
" that my *endeavours* have uniformly been to remove from the Scripture-history,
" difficulties with which it appears to the unlearned reader encumbered, and from
" some of the doctrines of Christianity, those superstructures of wood, hay, and
" stubble, under which they were long buried, I am conscious; and of the satisfaction
" arising from that consciousness no man can deprive me. It will, however, I ac-
" knowledge, be grateful to me, to find that my labours have given general satisfac-
" tion to those, who are accustomed to 'ask for the old ways, and to walk therein;'
" for such as may look for novelty in *doctrines* which have been taught near two
" thousand years, must be disappointed. For any novelty, or supposed novelty of
" *language*, in the illustration of those doctrines, I have no other apology to make, than
" that as I do not consider any particular words or phrases as more sacred than others,
" I have always employed that language, in which I could state, with the greatest pre-
" cision, the truth, as I believe it to be in Jesus; and should any pious Christian, who
" imagines that there is a kind of orthodoxy in *sound* as well as in *sense*, be offended
" at the words employed in any particular discussion, the only favour which I have to
" beg of him, is, that he will suspend his judgment, and proceed without prejudice,
" to the end of the reasoning, when I trust he shall find my faith as orthodox as
" his own."

To these Extracts from the Editor's Advertisement, the Publishers beg leave to add, that the difficulties in the History of the Old Testament, which it is hoped will be found removed in this edition of Stackhouse's Work, are chiefly those in which modern geologists have endeavoured to involve the Mosaic accounts of the Creation and the General Deluge; those which have arisen from misapprehension of the purposes for which the Children of Israel were separated from the surrounding nations, and placed under the tuition of the law, as a schoolmaster, to bring them to Christ; and those which are occasioned by mistaking the characters of some conspicuous individuals, and expecting in men whom the Bible represents as incorrigible sinners, the virtues and piety of saints.

In the History of the New Testament, it has been endeavoured to put to rest some acrimonious controversies, by stripping the questions at issue of every thing extraneous, and avoiding the use of all vague and ambiguous language; to account for the harmony of the three first Gospels, without the aid of any other hypothesis, than that the Evangelists conducted themselves as all other judicious and virtuous men have done in cases somewhat similar: and to vindicate the evidence on which we believe the Gospel Miracles, from the objections urged to it by Hume and Laplace, with their followers. All these topics and some others of nearly equal importance, are discussed by the Editor in separate Dissertations; but it is hoped that on a variety of Scripture-passages some light has been thrown likewise by the Notes now, for the first

 to the bottoms of those pages, in which any difficulties occur.

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